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EX-EMPEROR OF GERMANY

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THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCE WILLIAM IN SCOTTISH DRESS ON THE OCCASION OF A VISIT TO BALMORAL CASTLE

MY EARLY LIFE

BY

WILLIAM II.

EX-EMPEROR OF GERMANY

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

WITH A FRONTISPIECE IN COLOUR AND
FORTY OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO MY CHILDREN AND
GRANDCHILDREN
AND
THE GERMAN YOUTH!

94306

PREFACE

IN the loneliness of my exile in Holland my thoughts often travel back to the past. And the darker the present appears, the further these thoughts wander and seek the radiant sunshine of the happy years of peace and youth. Before my mind's eye the days return in which my Fatherland grew to unity and strength. And through my memory once more march the mighty figures of the first German Emperor and his Paladins; the long faded portraits take on colour and life, and with resistless force the shadows of the beloved dead press round me.

In the circle of these figures, whose names history preserves, the author sees himself included. He lives again the years of childhood and youth; he sees himself with his parents, brothers and sisters; he sits again under the strict master with boys of his age in the Gymnasium; laughs and romps on the seashore and in the Park of Sanssouci; once more wears the white cap of the Borussia Corps, and attends many a stiff lecture. The "march past" rings out, and with beating heart the young lieutenant marches by his grandfather the Emperor. Years pass, and the radiant dream of a day now becomes the stark reality of arduous service. Drill is practised; words of command sound forth; the sun flashes back from the parade ground as, like every other Prussian of military age, the Prince does his utmost: service to the King, service to the Fatherland, service to the People! Service and study—these are the symbols of the preparation for the highest office in the Fatherland.

With deep emotion I take my pen in hand to recapture the figures and events of the years that passed over me. In many lonely hours of reflection I have seen my whole life unrolled before me. I have bestowed anxious thought on finding an answer to the many questions which Fate put before me. And if indeed many a riddle was solved only for

many another to take its place, that is but the common lot of mankind. We do not solve the ultimate questions in this world. The Almighty Guide knows the course of our destiny: let that suffice!

* * * *

I have not written this book without recourse to original sources of information which were available to assist my recollection. In the first place my father's diaries were at my disposal, which he kept with the greatest care, and which comprise the years 1860 to 1888. Next I place my own letters and reports to my grandparents, to my aunt the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, and also to my tutor, Hinzpeter. Of great value, further, were Hinzpeter's autograph memoranda on the aims and results of his system of education which he embodied in a manuscript volume of 287 folio pages in 1889: to this work, which has nothing to do with what has already appeared in print, Hinzpeter gave the title: "The Education of Prince William of Prussia, the present Emperor William II." In conclusion, for the years of my childhood and school life I had, besides some school exercises, an important source in my "Curriculum Vitæ," or Life's Course, which, like my other schoolmates, I had to hand in in October, 1876, some months before our leaving examination. Without this document I could hardly have reconstructed important phases of my development. On that account I use it repeatedly in places where my recollection fails to give me any help. The most important documents I give in an appendix.

In the selection, arrangement and sifting of the vast and wide-reaching historico-political materials which I was not in a position to procure here, especially in regard to events which happened in my adolescence, my loyal helper, Dr. Kurt Jagow, in Berlin, has assisted me with unwearying intelligence just as he did before in the putting together of my "Comparative Historical Tables." Here again let me express my gratitude to him.

THE AUTHOR

Doorn
July, 1926

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MY EARLY LIFE

CHAPTER I

MY CHILDHOOD AND MY PARENTS

Osborne—The Prince Consort—Marriage of The Prince of Wales—Military Memories of Berlin—Death of my Brother Sigismund—My Father's Ideals, Historical Tastes, Liberal Politics, Tolerance, Gentleness and Humour—My Mother's Complex Character, Wide Range of Interests; Artist and Critic; Her Love of Italy—Her Pioneer Work in Education of Women, Hygiene, Nursing, &c.—Never Fully Appreciated.

OSBORNE is the scene of my earliest distinct recollections. Vivid to me even now is the personality of my grandfather, the Prince Consort. He took a great deal of notice of his eldest little grandson, and used to like dandling me in a table napkin. He died in 1861: this must therefore have happened on a visit paid by my parents to the British Court between June and August in that year. I was then two and a half.

Clearer still are my memories of my second stay in England, which took place in March of the year 1863, on the occasion of the marriage of my uncle, afterwards Edward VII. I was dressed in kilts for the ceremony in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and still recall my delight in the blue cloaks of the Knights of the Garter, and the deep impression made on me by the music of the Horse Guards, especially by the drum, fastened on one man's back and there struck by another, and by the beauty of the Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The performance was rather long for a child's patience: when my Uncle Leopold (later Duke of Albany) told me not to fidget, I drew the little dirk belonging to my Highland outfit—an incident about which I was greatly teased in later years.

No special incidents marked my next visit to Osborne in the summer of 1864, and it has consequently become part of my general childish memory of England, to which I shall return.

I made other journeys in my childhood : to Reinhardsbrunn in Thuringia in September, 1862, to Swinemünde in August, 1863, to the Baltic and the Riesengebirge in the summer of 1864, and to Oeynhausen in June and Wyk in July, 1865 : of which mere mention suffices.

* * *

The memory of any child born in Berlin must be tinged with a military colour. It was impossible to think of the capital of Prussia without soldiers and regimental bands. The midday changing of the guard was part of the picture of the city. So-called church parades still took place on Sunday in my childhood. The garrison parade in Berlin occupied both sides of " Unter den Linden," the infantry taking the south side, the cavalry, on foot, the north. My grandfather took the salute at the Opera Place : a spectacle which the princesses of the royal house used to watch from the windows of their palace, where a window was likewise reserved for us children.

I can still recall watching the splendid Austrian regiments which took part in the war with Denmark march by the windows of the Crown Prince's palace in the year 1864. Particularly fine was the appearance of the Hungarian Infantry Regiment, King of Prussia No. 24 (known as the Prussian Foot), then commanded by my grandfather, with their snow white coats and pale blue breeches. When, shortly after my accession, I became commander of the regiment, I presented it with an oil painting of my grandfather taking the salute in the Opera House Square. In the World War they especially distinguished themselves before Lemberg. I also remember the return of the victorious troops in 1864, and, above all, the moment when the *Danebrog* was displayed.

While my father was fighting in the 1866 war, my little brother Sigismund was taken from us. This loss was a heavy blow to my parents, and one which they never got over. My father's coming home at the end of the war is still vivid in my mind ; we were at Heringsdorf, on the Baltic, and I had to say a poem to him, referring to Sigismund's death. Later we all went to Erdmannsdorf in the Riesengebirge,

where my mother had established a hospital for German and Austrian wounded. There we saw the troops returning from Austria, among them the Fusilier battalion of the Royal Grenadiers, whose flag she crowned with laurels; and, in September, after our return, I saw victorious troops pass for the second time along the *Via Triumphalis* of the city.

Such were my earliest impressions.

* * *

My father lives in the mind of his own and of succeeding generations as the victor of Königgrätz and Wörth who helped to forge Germany's Imperial crown; as the amiable and popular Crown Prince; and, as Emperor, in the brief reign that followed his long waiting, touched with a sort of tragic radiance, as the man of sorrows, who bore with noble fortitude sufferings that carried him off before his time.

I cannot remember a time when he was not a passionate believer in the idea of Germany and an enthusiast for the creation of a new German Empire. As a boy I always regarded it as a special favour to be allowed by him to look at Bock's splendid book on the "German Treasures of the Holy Roman Empire." It was so big that I had to spread it out on the floor, and I was never tired of looking at the pictures, which my father would explain as he squatted beside me on the ground. When the great year 1870 brought the fulfilment of his dreams within sight, he got Counts Stillfried, Harrach and Seckendorff to make designs for the insignia of the new Empire. He had no use for that of the Master of the Ceremonies, but had the water-colour sketches of the other two hung up in the ante-chamber of his workroom, writing "not approved" under Seckendorff's crown, and "good" under Harrach's, which characteristically, was more medieval in feeling. To my father, the new German Empire was a continuation of the medieval, the Emperor the successor of Charlemagne. Further proofs of this romantic point of view are given by the episode, on which I shall touch later, of the Goslar throne at the first opening of the Reichstag, his original decision to be called Frederick IV, and his endeavours to get the old Imperial jewels transferred from

Vienna to Germany (Nürnberg). The new Empire having no insignia of its own, the Prussian had to be used.

Such predilections apart, my father was an ardent student of history, and above all of the history of our house. He occupied himself with our archives, studying them for the purpose of restoring or, as I shall describe in a moment, creating, epitaphs; collating, arranging Queen Louise's letters and adding material from oral tradition bearing upon her. He was responsible for the establishment of the Hohenzollern Museum, and collected much scattered material for it. So far as I know, it was the family museum at Copenhagen which gave him the idea. The reconstruction of the Cathedral as a church worthy of a capital city and as a new mausoleum for our ancestors was the labour of decades. He would, in the seventies, often take us children to the vault in the old cathedral, then in a miserably neglected state, and only improved on his initiative. He was at great pains to devise characteristic epitaphs for the tombs of the men and women of our line. After endless polishing he would despatch his form of words to learned experts for their alterations and improvements. I was able later on to complete his plans for the Cathedral, but the epitaphs were still unfinished when the Great War broke out. I shall have more to say later of the manner in which he taught us to know the topography and history of the Mark, as well as of his wide interest in art and science and his intercourse with artists and men of letters, and our visits to museums, galleries, theatres and studios.

It is common knowledge that my father was more or less a Liberal in politics: so far as concerned relations with the States, a centralist; and, in foreign affairs, inclined to England rather than to Russia. Whether he would have developed these ideas in action if his reign had been longer I cannot say. I do not believe it. His was a deeply religious nature. He frequently took part in my religious instruction, and often took me with him to service in the Cathedral. I always noticed that such hours were uncommonly congenial to him. In his extreme tolerance and genuine respect for other creeds he followed the

traditions of our house; at the same time he never concealed his own Protestantism.

My father's goodness of heart amounted to tenderness, and even to softness. He had the most genuine sympathy with any and every form of suffering. Kindly and friendly in personal relations, he was full of jokes and a great tease. At the same time he was an authoritarian in his bones, and not too tolerant of opposition. A sort of presentiment of his terrible fate seems to have visited him. He was subject to fits of depression, and what he used, laughing at himself, to call "Weltschmerz." In such a mood he said to Hinzpeter, in the 'seventies, that he would never rule: the succession would skip a generation. My tutor told me of this long after my father's death: the words still held the tragic echo of the doom that was to translate them into actuality.

* * *

My mother was a much more complex character. Endowed with a keen and penetrating intelligence, and by no means devoid of humour, she had a remarkable memory, and a singularly well informed and cultivated mind. A woman of unwearied energy, she was passionate, impulsive, argumentative, and had an undeniable love of power. Hinzpeter told me that during the first ten years of her married life she was wrapped up in the husband she adored; she was the wife rather than the mother, and her three elder children had a stern upbringing. Not till the Crown Prince began to be drawn into politics did she turn to her nurseries. Her younger children, who knew her as a tender mother, idolised her. The death of my brother Sigismund may have helped to bring this transformation about after 1870: her tender heart never recovered from the pain of his death and that of my brother Waldemar, thirteen years later.

Coming to Prussia as she did as a very young English princess, my mother had to learn to adapt herself to entirely new circumstances. In this she never quite succeeded. There was a want of give-and-take, on both sides. Her qualities were inadequately appreciated; her contrariety remained. Only too truly did her brother King Edward say of her that in

Germany she praised everything English, in England everything German.

Her interests were extraordinarily comprehensive, ranging, as they did, from politics, philosophy, arts and crafts, social questions and the education of women, to charity and gardening. Her political views, being those of English Liberalism, were bound to bring her into collision with the old Prussia of her day. Unlike many German princesses married to foreigners, the home of her birth stood first with her to the end. Even one like myself, purely German and Prussian in thought and feeling, can understand and even honour such faithfulness: but it did lead to difficulties such as should be avoided between mother and son. On this I need not dwell.

My mother was an enlightened critic of art, and familiar with most of the European galleries. Her own collection of pictures formed the nucleus of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. She painted herself both in oil and watercolours, landscapes in the Italian style, portraits, still life and above all flowers. I remember happy hours spent in the studio on the first floor of the Crown Prince's Palace at the Upper Wallstrasse corner, its window looking out over the Neue Wache, my mother sitting at her easel, while I read aloud to her from some humorous English tale, and how she every now and then dropped her palette to enjoy a hearty laugh. Her library, which was also her sitting-room, was always charming. It was in the archway between the Crown Prince's Palace and the Princesses', and had windows on either side looking down on the Linden and the Upper Wallstrasse: as a child I used to love to watch the bustle of the streets from thence. Between the windows were my mother's many books in open shelves, among which I delighted in browsing.

Italy had a magnetic attraction for her, and she went there every year, to renew her intimate contact with its art treasures. She spoke Italian as perfectly as English, German and French. On the rare occasions when I could be with her in the southern sunshine I felt how deeply attached she was to the country, its people and its history. Never shall I forget some days spent in October, 1887, at Baveno on Lake Maggiore. When we went

PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM
WITH HER ELDEST SON (PRINCE WILLIAM),
MAY, 1859
FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH

out walking together, my mother loved to visit a mason's yard, where stone and marble workers were busy on architectural capitals, friezes and reliefs, chattering the while in characteristic southern fashion. She was never tired of admiring the skill and sureness of their almost instinctive handling of the marble, without any models. "What a people!" she cried. "They are born artists. They know intuitively how to do things. The old Roman culture is still active in this people."

Another unforgettable experience was when she took me to the Borromean Islands. As we wandered along the terrace of the glorious old palace and through the fragrant orange groves she said reverently, "This is the scene of 'Know'st thou the Land,'" and, pointing to the palace, "That was what the poet had in mind when he said 'Know'st thou the house—on pillars rests its roof.'" It was indeed a magnificent spot, worthy of celebration by our greatest German poet.

My mother did much to foster arts and crafts in Germany. The Arts and Crafts (Kunstgewerbe) Museum in Berlin, opened on November 21, 1881 (her birthday), was really her creation. As a child I saw in our home the first shelves of majolica ware that were to fill the ground floor of the Museum.

Unwearied, too, was her work for the improvement of the education and industrial efficiency of women, then at a very low level. One result of her efforts was the Victoria Lyceum in Berlin, the first of many subsequent educational institutions of the kind. In her charitable work, again, she was a pioneer in the sphere of hygiene and sanitation. It is impossible to overestimate what she did to spread things we now take for granted, such as baths. Nursing was in her own view her peculiar province: she created the Victoria Association of Nursing Sisters and, during the war, set up hospitals in her Palace in Berlin, in Homburg and in Erdmannsdorf in Silesia: more than that, the establishment of the Imperial Health Department is due to her. She had the highest respect for the surgeons of the Prussian Army, and enjoyed a sort of professional friendship with Surgeon-Generals Wilms and Böger.

Her love of nature was intense. She had a passion for flowers, parks and gardens—not my only inheritance from her!

At Homburg her love of garden architecture had free play and what she made out of that piece of ground is amazing. She was an indefatigable walker and an enthusiastic horsewoman.

Assuredly my mother was a woman of great gifts, full of ideas and initiative. If, however, she was never quite appreciated as she deserved, the fault was not wholly that of others. I am convinced that history will give her the full recognition that, like so much else, was denied her in her lifetime. The tragedy of my father's life was hers : perhaps hers in even greater measure.

CHAPTER II

MY PARENTS' INTIMATES AND ADVISERS

Generals von Mischke, von Stosch, von Blumenthal and von Winterfeld—Baron Roggenbach, Count Seckendorff, von Friedberg, Count Usedom, Ernst von Stockmar, Prince Adalbert, and Winter, the Mayor of Danzig—Men of Science, Scholars and Historians: Virchow, Helmholtz, Curtius, Ranke, Treitschke, Zeller, Delbrück—Curtius's enthusiasm for Greek Culture.

A WORD, now, on those composing the inner and outer circle of my parents' lives.

Nearest to my father was, undoubtedly, General von Mischke. The sympathetic figure of the Major, as he then was, belongs to my earliest recollections. He was a straight and simple officer with a heart of gold, as we children felt: an upright and genuine man, heart and soul devoted to my father. Mischke was an intimate friend: the most intimate friend he had. The origin of their friendship I do not know. For us children, Mischke was there: he was father's friend; he belonged to us, we grew up under his eyes. He possessed an uncommon fund of native humour, and drew on it with no small skill when he found my father cross or afflicted by "Weltschmerz." He often accompanied him on his journeys. On my father's accession he was ennobled and made Chief aide-de-camp. At the unveiling of the fine equestrian statue of my father, a few years after my own succession, General Mischke, in a moving speech, paid a tribute to my father marked by fine insight. He was not merely fulfilling a duty—the speech came from the heart of a friend. Up to his death our relations were cordial: I never forgot what he was to my father.

Next to Mischke, Jassmund must be mentioned. My father's personal aide-de-camp in the 'sixties, he was dear to

both my parents, and his death, in battle, in 1870, was a deep grief to them. He was buried at Bornstedt.

Another intimate was General von Stosch, Chief of the Admiralty for a decade. A fine character, and an able and extraordinarily efficient man. His services to the navy were priceless: he overcame all the prejudices then existing against this arm. He was an "intimate enemy" of Bismarck, who distrusted his influence with the Crown Princess, and suspected him of an ambition to be Chancellor. His dismissal in 1883 was resented as a personal affront by my parents.

General von Blumenthal, my father's Chief of Staff from 1866–1870, belongs to a different category. Him my father regarded with gratitude and deep respect. I have often seen him with my father, and we also visited the worthy general in Magdeburg, where he had command.

A thoroughly superior man was my father's later Chief aide-de-camp, von Winterfeld. He had earlier been my grandfather's aide-de-camp for a considerable time, and then occupied various posts on active service: under me he was General Commanding the Guards. Although but a short time with my father, he won all our respect and confidence. An amusing story is told of him. Owing to some sort of throat trouble, he had a husky voice, which by no means impeded his performance of his military duties, moreover his head was rather on one side, and inclined to shake somewhat, so that those who did not know him imagined that he was denying or questioning what was said. Once, when he was inspecting recruits, he said to one of them, in his curiously low voice: "Where do you come from, my lad?" The fellow, in his innocence, assumed that the others were not supposed to hear, and answered, *sotto voce*, "From Kottbus, your Excellency." As the General was preparing another question, his head shook and the recruit, imagining himself doubted, and anxious to substantiate his "confidential" communication, added, again in a very low voice, with affectionate intonation: "Yes, yes, your Excellency." Whereat everyone was highly amused.

Another general of the same name, though differently spelt,

GRAND DUCHESS LOUISE OF BADEN

(DAUGHTER OF KAISER WILLIAM I)

FROM THE PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER

was von Winterfeldt, Military Chamberlain to my uncle Prince Alexander of Prussia, and also an intimate friend of my father's of many years' standing. He was a bluff soldier with a way of blurting out the truth, sometimes humorously, but always without any top-dressing. He had a perfect loathing of what he called people "with a Court bend in their backs," who were awestruck in the presence of princes and spread all sorts of sensational tales outside. He had no use for the ambitious "climber": the man who, as he put it, was "stuffed with his own mattress." When I asked him to place an acquaintance in his spiritual home, instead of trying to characterise him, he would merely throw me a "Stuffed-up!" His observations were apt to be made in the purest Berlin dialect.

* * *

Baron Roggenbach, Minister in Baden, though not exactly one of my father's intimates, was close to him politically and connected with our family in many ways. In the stormy days of the revolution, my grandmother, Empress Augusta, had learned to value his judgment and character: to the end of her life she regarded him with friendly confidence and frequently consulted him. This, of course, brought Roggenbach into contact with my father, in whom he took a lively interest. My mother, too, he had known from girlhood, since both Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort had the highest regard for him. He was also on most friendly terms with my aunt Louise of Baden and the Grand Duke Frederick, his hereditary chieftain.

My youthful recollection of Roggenbach is of a superb *raconteur:* when he told anecdotes of the Baden Chamber in his rich dialect we laughed till we cried. He would often come and listen to our lessons: we felt he was a very learned man. The only occasion on which I came into direct personal contact with him was on my return from San Remo in 1887. I shall refer to this in its proper place. After my father's death he withdrew into retirement: in our last conversation together, soon after my accession, he said that he desired, from now on, to live in the spirit of the inscription he had

selected for his tomb: *Bene vixit qui bene latuit.** When I told Prince Bismarck this he remarked grimly: "*Male vixit, male latuit.*"† He and Roggenbach detested one another.

A special part was played by Count Götz von Seckendorff. Called from the First Guards (Infantry) Regiment to serve in my mother's household, he later became the Empress's Chamberlain. Artistically he was exceptionally gifted: his water-colours, especially his Italian landscapes, were admirable, and in time he developed into a successful painter of still life in oil. His unique knowledge of old masters made him absolutely at home in European galleries and museums: he had in addition a remarkable gift of tongues, and spoke English, French and Italian as fluently as German. Personally he was distinguished by a blend of courtesy and cool reserve. He accompanied my mother on all her journeys abroad, and was invaluable to her in her visits to collections and studios, in the selection and purchase of pictures: he was thus of special service to her in Italy. She on her part secured him opportunities of extended travel. For instance he accompanied the British Expedition of 1868 to Abyssinia, on Lord Napier's staff, and when my uncle, the Prince of Wales, went to India, he included him in his suite. From that time on the Prince held Count Seckendorff in high esteem. His latest achievement was the beautiful Exhibition of French masterpieces, mainly in French possession, at the Berlin Academy a few years before the World War. Altogether Count Seckendorff was an outstanding figure in the art world, and as such invaluable to my mother.

There was always a warm welcome in my parents' house for the future Minister of Justice, von Friedberg, a valued intimate of my father's, and a familiar figure to us children from our earliest youth. We honoured and believed in him. He was a fine man, straight, selfless and loyal. My parents held him in high regard, and so did I later; during his brief reign my father presented him with the Black Eagle—one of the few marks of appreciation he could give to those who stood near

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* Well lives he who lies well hid.
† Ill lives he and lies ill hid.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, 1858

INSCRIBED BY H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA OF ENGLAND

him. There will be more to say of Friedberg when I come to the ninety-nine days.

Another important person was Count Usedom, ex-diplomat and Director of the Royal Museum; with his whiskers and clean shaven chin he looked just like a river pilot. He had been Prussian Ambassador at Rome in the 'forties and, according to my father, told excellent yarns of his experiences there, which could always be counted on to make my mother laugh. His wife Olympia, a resolute dame of English origin, was in the habit of giving forth her views on all and sundry, high and low, with quite appalling frankness; her voluminous daughter Hildegarde was one of the infatuated Wagnerians one used to meet in those days. Her father's views on this subject were by no means respectfully expressed.

Ernst von Stockmar, the gifted son of the famous confidant of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, had been my mother's private secretary. I often went with her to visit him, and used to be given the honourable task of cutting his books. As a young Lieutenant I continued to visit him, though I cut no more books. In his latter years he was crippled and had to take to a wheeled chair.

My mother had a real devotion for Prince Adalbert, Admiral and creator of the Prussian Navy—due perhaps to her being a daughter of sea-ruling England. Lessing, the Director of the Arts and Crafts Museum, a notable connoisseur with a special knowledge of Roman and Byzantine art, was another favourite. He did much work on my mother's Tornow Collection, then on the first floor of the Princesses' Palace, later to form the nucleus of the Arts and Crafts. In appearance he was one's notion of a Babylonian King, and he impressed us greatly by his highly original choice of expressions. My mother also saw much of Virchow and Helmholtz, who were often at our house: Frau von Helmholtz was a close friend of hers.

Another member of my father's Liberal group was Winter, then Mayor of Danzig. He was a first-rate administrator; for instance he installed a water supply in Danzig, and stamped out cholera and typhus there. I do not recall often seeing the famous Pastor von Bodelschwingh, who founded the Home

Mission Institutions in and around Bielefeld, although he was very close to my father, whose playmate he had been.

In addition to Virchow and Helmholtz, I recall as frequent visitors to my parents' house Ernst Curtius, the great classical scholar, the historians Ranke and Treitschke, the philosopher Zeller—a great friend of my mother's—and Geffcken and Gustav Freytag ought to be mentioned. I never saw Geffcken, so far as I can recall: Treitschke made the deepest impression on me. Freytag's rather weak personality was a shock: his works, especially "Ancestors," which I had read with enthusiasm, had given me quite a different impression of him. Hinzpeter records that in 1870 he disappointed my father, too, though in another way. He had taken him on his staff in the hopes that he would produce some great war descriptions: they were not forthcoming.

Hans Delbrück, the historian and, later, professor at Berlin University, I also recall. He had been tutor to my brother Waldemar, who died in 1879, and used to argue with my mother on political and historical questions, to her great delight. It was a meeting of two born controversialists and lovers of contention.

Professor Ernst Curtius, the archæologist, my father's former tutor, was a man whose sympathetic personality called out all my admiration and reverence. In his infectious enthusiasm for old Hellas and the Hellenes he seemed to me like a veritable Herald of Classical Greece.

A light would spring up in his eyes, normally directed with vague dreaminess to some distant point, when he had a chance of dilating on his beloved theme: one felt that he saw the people and events of classic days moving bodily before him, so vivid was his description. He kindled in me a flame of enthusiasm for classical antiquity, and especially for Greece, that has never left and will never leave me. Something elevated in his own soul enabled him to comprehend and to portray all that was noble in the life of ancient Greece: he never wearied of showing how superior the old Greeks were to every other nation of the earth in their power to interpenetrate all things with the spirit of harmonious beauty. I devoured his *Greek History*

CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM WITH HIS FAMILY, 1875

with feverish delight : to me it was not a dry historical work but a classical Saga.

Curtius was slight in build : there was a touch of classic grace in the fine sculpture of his features, while his expression was lit by an intelligence capable of flaring into passion. Like many a professor, he was absent-minded. I often met him on his walks and always saw the same sight. Hands behind his back, hat pushed off his brow, Olympus or the Acropolis before his mind's eye, he pursued his dreaming way, unaware of what went on around him, never recognising anyone whom he encountered. If I addressed him he would at first hear nothing : then, as though awakened out of sleep, he would shake me warmly by the hand and say, " But, my dear Lieutenant, to what do I owe this pleasure ? What may your name be ? "

We owe it to Curtius and to my father that the German Empire took its due part in the discovery of ancient Greece, and its archæologists played a leading rôle. I need only mention Olympia.

CHAPTER III

MY EARLY EDUCATION

Governesses and Tutors—Fräulein von Dobeneck, Captain von Schrötter, Sergeant Klee—Soldiers and Civilians—Hinzpeter: his Spartan *régime*, Rigorous Methods, and Gospel of "Renunciation"—A Grim Calvinistic Pedant, yet Tolerant in Religion—My Debt to his Zeal for Social Reform—My Interest in Classical Legends, History and Languages, and Distaste for Mathematics—English and French Governesses—Physical Training: Gymnastics, Swimming, Shooting—The Agonies of the Riding School—Hinzpeter's Account of his Method and my Martyrdom.

UP to my seventh year, my education was in female hands—female, but none too tender! Fräulein von Dobeneck, my instructress, was a great gaunt dame of firm character and her method by no means excluded the use of the palm. Later "Dokka," as we children called her, took charge of my sister Charlotte: I do not know whether they got on better together. She meant well, ever so well, and I am too deeply involved to say whether the "blame" were more hers or mine. At the time, of course, I had no doubt: youth is as swift with its judgments as with its words.

My parents desired that the civilian side should predominate over the military in my education. There was no use, however, in blinking the fact that the future King of Prussia must learn the craft of arms in childhood if he was to understand and appreciate the basis of his kingdom. In January, 1866, accordingly, I was given a military governor in the person of Captain von Schrötter, then of the Guards Field Artillery, later Military Attaché in London. He was a simple, straightforward person for whom I had a great respect. He succeeded in making the business of learning the divisions of the Army, its uniforms and weapons, pleasant for his pupil and in maintaining and extending an interest early awakened by the example of my

grandfather and my father. I look back on my first military mentor with real gratitude.

Another soldier belongs to the picture of my earliest youth—Sergeant Klee, later of the Crown Guards. It fell to this excellent man to instruct me in the drum! I did fairly well here, thanks to the love of the instrument native to every German boy: if the effect was not always perfectly harmonious, it was noisy enough. For a boy of my age that, no doubt, was the principal thing. The good fellow who took such pains to make me a real master of the drum has kept a warm corner in my heart through all these years: his recollection is a piece of the unforgettable happiness of childhood.

The serious side of life now began to open before me. It was first embodied in the person of a High School teacher, Schüler, from Potsdam, to whom destiny assigned the task of initiating me in the mysteries of writing and reading. He was a good, kind man, and I was devoted to him. In Erdmannsdorf in particular we passed happy hours both in work and play.

With the 1866 war a new chapter opens in the history of my education. For then the military governor assigned to me six months earlier was joined by a civil tutor, and a personality entered my life which was to have a decisive influence on my whole spiritual development.

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George Hinzpeter was not quite 39 when he became my tutor. Born in Bielefeld, he was educated at the local High School, where his father was a professor. Leaving the university with a doctor's degree in philosophy and classical philology, he returned home to teach. In the fifties he became tutor first to the two Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg princes, then to Count Emil von Görtz-Schlitz, afterwards an intimate of mine. It was in Count Görtz's house that my father made his acquaintance and heard such an account of his capacity that he determined to get hold of him for my brother Henry and me. In 1866 Hinzpeter came to us and stayed for nearly thirteen years.

Hinzpeter was an able man, thoroughly well educated. His knowledge was extensive and his interests wide. Distin-

guished in bearing and conspicuously upright, he was very ambitious. His educational system was based exclusively on a stern sense of duty and the idea of service; the character was to be fortified by perpetual "renunciation," the life of the prince to be moulded on lines of "old Prussian simplicity" —the ideal being the harsh discipline of the Spartans. When our Meiningen cousins came on a visit, I had, as host, to offer them cakes, but must take none myself; "Renunciation" was the word. Dry bread for breakfast: a frugality on the lines of the black soup of the Spartans. No praise: the categorical imperative of duty demanded its due; there was no room for the encouraging or approving word. I remember an occasion when I went from Cassel to Berlin for my grandfather's birthday, and left before the evening party in my zeal for work. After travelling all night, I reported to Hinzpeter, who was still in bed. No word of commendation: only the instruction to prepare for the first lesson. This refusal of praise was part of a system with a perfectly definite object. The impossible was expected of the pupil in order to force him to the nearest degree of perfection. Naturally, the impossible goal could never be achieved; logically, therefore, the praise which registers approval was also excluded. A military example will illustrate how the system worked.

In my grandfather's time the Prussian Cavalry threw up two outstanding leaders: Rosenberg, Commander of the Rathenow (Ziethen) Hussars, and Krosigk, of the Guards. Krosigk's method of horse-breaking was serious and systematic: he used the ring as a means of training horse and rider "for the attack." He worked out his obstacle jumps on an orderly plan, training his highly disciplined horses to jump in formation over every kind of barrier which they could surmount with rider and full field equipment on their backs. Rosenberg's method, on the other hand, was casual and "genial": he never overdid the ring. What he did was to present the horses with all sorts of obstacles not contemplated in the rules. For instance they had to leap over hurdles with firing going on on either side, or over a burning wood pile. In the ring he would have the poles set as high as the horses' heads.

He knew, of course, that no horse could take such a height : at the same time he wanted it to have the nerve to try the impossible. Hinzpeter made the same demand of his pupil, while making him thoroughly aware of the limits of his capacity.

Views on such a system will vary. To me it seems that an education from which all joy is excluded is psychologically false. Joyless as the personality of this dry, pedantic man, with his gaunt meagre figure and parchment face, grown up in the shadows of Calvinism, was his educational system ; joyless the youth through which I was guided by the " hard hand " of the " Spartan idealist."

Under Hinzpeter work started at 6 a.m. in summer, 7 a.m. in winter, and went on to 6 or 7 at night, with but two breaks, devoted to meals and physical exercises. The strain on a boy of seven was pretty severe.

Hinzpeter's aim was the harmonious development of his pupil's mental powers by the old " classical " methods of mental gymnastic. Its points were the acquisition of the power to solve mental tasks through constant practice : a conscientious pursuit of knowledge and understanding : the achievement of a historical point of view ; and, above all, the habit of duty. There must be no disturbance of this plan either by the demands of a ceremonial kind, inevitably considerable for a prince of the reigning house in Berlin, or by the claims of other branches of my development, such as riding, swimming, fencing, dancing and practice in French, English, etc. All this had somehow to be fitted in ; but Hinzpeter's great plan must not be disturbed.

His religious instruction was, to my mind, quite excellent. Though a Calvinist himself he gave his pupils Bible and Hymn Book and left all dogmas and creeds severely alone. They were, in his view, " products of the human spirit " apt to " parsonify " the grand and simple outline of the Christian Faith as taught by our Lord, and confuse the mind of a child. To this wisdom I owe the fact that questions of dogma and interpretation have never been of great importance to me, and I have always been able to approach the problems

presented by the co-existence in Germany of two great creeds with genuine detachment. I have always stood aloof from theological controversy, and to this day regard the notion of a dominant orthodoxy with horror. No other principle in religious education could have been proper for a future king.

At a time when they were almost entirely neglected, Hinzpeter's heart was stirred by social questions. His Christianity implied a real acceptance of the love of one's neighbour. As a son of the soil, he knew the labour question at first hand. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons he used to take my brother Henry and me over a factory or workshop, smithy or foundry, pointing out everything significant, with two ideas in mind—an understanding of the productive process, and a grasp of the social question. His general attitude may be indicated by the fact that whenever we visited a workshop we had to go up to the overseer, take off our hats and thank him in suitable words. In this way we gained a respect for the craftsmanship of the manual worker, and an appreciation of the conditions under which he worked. We saw the deadly risks to which he was exposed and how, working a twelve hours' day for wretched wages, he had no opportunity to live a human life. We saw the miserable housing conditions of the workers and their families, and the grim poverty, often, of their homes. Worst of all was the soul-destroying power of the machine, in which the worker was the tiniest cog in a gigantic clock. The man working at the bench, in the furnace or the foundry could never look upon a finished product which gave him the pride of the craftsman in the work of his own hands and the deserved recognition of hard toil. He was not a whole, only an infinitesimal fraction. Early on I thus learned to understand the German workman and to feel the warmest sympathy for his lot. This was, in fact, Hinzpeter's greatest contribution to my real education, and I have never forgotten that I owe it to him.

I shall often have to refer to Hinzpeter again : all I need say at this point is that, despite the hard school he put me through, I have never lost my sense of grateful respect for all he did for me. I learned from him the biggest lesson a man can learn—

PRINCE WILLIAM IN EARLY YEARS

FROM A MINIATURE IN COLOUR

to work and do his duty. I never lost touch with him: up to his death I saw and corresponded with him. He used to keep me in touch with the movement of scientific research and, especially, with the progress of social studies. In 1889, when there was serious trouble among the Westphalian miners, his experienced counsel was placed at my service. In 1890 I made him a member of the Prussian Chamber, and in the same year he became an executive member of the Committee I appointed to go into educational reform.

Bismarck and many others believed that Hinzpeter set me against the great chancellor. This was not the case: though his constitutional views certainly did not allow for an omnipotent chancellor. What Hinzpeter did to raise the social status of the teacher ought never to be forgotten by university men. I was glad to be able to show my appreciation of him by making him a professor and a State Councillor. Not that any such external honours exhausted my gratitude. We can never fully repay our parents and those who have brought us up.

In my first four years with Hinzpeter I was mainly occupied with Latin, arithmetic, history and geography. Latin came comparatively easily, thanks largely to my excellent memory. My favourite subject from the first was history: at first the classical legends. As I put it in my *Life*, "From the beginning I had a special predilection for the history of the Greek heroes, especially those of the Trojan War: Achilles being my favourite." My devotion to the classic world, which later found scope in archæology, and still remains with me, dates from these early days. At the same time I soon acquired an intense interest in German history, sharpened of course by the events of 1870. For arithmetic and mathematics generally I did not care, nor was I ever good at these subjects. I learned what I had to, but never reached a more than average standard.

For languages on the other hand I had a decided gift, notably for English and French, which were of course especially important in view of my future position. I had naturally learned the rudiments of English from my mother, and later she often spoke English with us, by way of practice. My first definite

instruction was given me by Miss Archer, a friend of hers. She was a lively, pleasant person and I enjoyed my lessons. Her educational abilities were remarkable, and the school she later set up in Berlin was said to be very successful. After her came Miss Byng, like herself a charming Englishwoman, who subsequently acted as governess to my sisters.

My English teachers were constantly changing, but up to the time of my removal to Cassel my French teacher, Mlle. Darcourt, remained unchanged. She was a delightful elderly Frenchwoman, who came to us from Lord Seymour. In 1875 she married Hinzpeter. She did not, however, accompany her husband to Cassel, and only joined him permanently after I had passed my "Abiturienten" (school leaving) examination. They then settled in Bielefeld, where I often visited them.

Captain von Schrötter, my military governor, unfortunately was only with me for a year. In 1867 he was replaced by First Lieutenant O'Danne, of the Instructors Battalion, who had an impressive appearance and sang agreeably, but lacked character. When my father took him to France during the war he was bitterly disappointed in him.

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My physical training proceeded step by step with my mental education. My actual constitution was sound; I could stand mental effort and bodily exertion at least as well as, and in some respects better than, my companions. Unfortunately, however, I was abnormally prone to catch any infectious disease that was about, and suffered from it in an uncommonly acute form. If anyone near me had a trifling cold I invariably caught it, and that in a feverish form which meant at least a week's complete incapacity for work. I had therefore to try to protect myself as far as possible from infection.

One definite disability I did suffer from. At birth my left arm had received an injury, unnoticed at the time, which proved permanent and impeded its free movement. Medical science had not then at its disposal the orthopædic methods which to-day would have overcome such a condition. I was subjected

PRINCE WILLIAM

AT THE AGE OF ABOUT 4

to what would now be called purely lay treatment, with no result save excruciating pain.

The gymnastic exercises given me from 1866 onward by the competent and sympathetic Captain von Dresky, of the Second Thuringian Infantry No. 32 (later head of the Central Gymnastic Institute), were originally designed simply and solely to strengthen this arm. He only gradually brought me to real gymnastic exercises, and of course I could never practise them with the enthusiasm of ordinary children.

Swimming, on the other hand, though difficult at first, I grew to like excessively, and acquired considerable proficiency in it. I also showed a decided turn for other aquatic sports, such as sailing and rowing. And I became an excellent shot.

My greatest troubles were with riding. It gave me some atrocious hours. On this I will quote Hinzpeter's account of his educational methods :

" Riding, at first actually dangerous and forced upon him with stern discipline, despite his tearful resistance, was finally mastered and practised with delight and skill. The process, which it cost unspeakable self-control to watch, illustrates the method so aptly that it may be worth setting out in detail. When the prince was eight and a half years old, a lackey still had to lead his pony by the rein, because his balance was so bad that his unsteadiness caused intolerable anxiety to himself and others. So long as this lasted, he could not learn to ride : it had to be overcome, no matter at what cost. Neither groom nor riding-master could do it. Therefore the tutor, using a moral authority over his pupil that by now had become absolute, set the weeping prince on his horse, without stirrups and compelled him to go through the various paces. He fell off continually : every time, despite his prayers and tears, he was lifted up and set upon its back again. After weeks of torture, the difficult task was accomplished : he had got his balance. These morning exercises in the alleys of the Park were a nightmare to everyone : worse for the torturer than for the tortured. Such an unusual, if natural, weakness could, however, only be overcome by unusual energy and ruthlessness. This once done, and the prince put on a level with other boys, thanks

to the fact that his own powers had been called into action, he could be handed over to his riding-master for further, and, as it proved, rapid instruction."

The result justified Hinzpeter's method. But the lesson was a cruel one and my brother Henry often howled with pain when compelled to witness the martyrdom of my youth.

CHAPTER IV

ROUTINE AND RELAXATION

My Brother Henry's Bookbinding and Cabinet-making—Berlin as a Prison—The Delights and Freedom of Potsdam—Long Hours of Work—Walks and Excursions with my Parents — Pfaueninsel our favourite Resort — Visits to Royal Relatives — Princess Liegnitz; Queen Elisabeth and her Model of the "Heavenly Jerusalem"—Bathing, Boating and Sailing—Shooting with my Father: my First Pheasant, Hare and Stag — Visits to Museums, Zoological Gardens, Theatres and Opera—My Father's Musical Instruction—Games and Playmates: my Brother Henry and his enthusiasm for the Navy; Mortimer von Rauch, von Rex, von Hänisch, the brothers von Bronikowski, Prince George Radziwill, the brothers Bunsen, Eugene von Röder and Poultney Bigelow—Domestic Theatricals—Churches and Preachers—Christmas Festivities—I am given a Commission in the Prussian Army on my Tenth Birthday—Marching, Drilling, Parades and Manœuvres—Holiday Excursions to the Black Forest and Reinhardsbrünn—Visits to Factories and Glassworks, Krupp's Works at Essen, Blankenberghe, Norderney, Heligoland, Wilhelmshaven—My First Sight of German Ironclads.

BY way of supplement in this context, I should like to correct a statement which has often been made; namely, that I had learnt bookbinding in accordance with the old Hohenzollern tradition which prescribes that every prince must learn some craft. It was not so with me, and indeed, having regard to my arm, could not be so. On the other hand my brother Henry learnt bookbinding with the son of Collin, the Court bookbinder. He pursued this trade with great enthusiasm, as in general he showed marked inclination for handiwork; later on at Cassel he spent three years learning cabinet-making. At that time his bookbinding, at which he was in the habit of working in the Crown Prince's Palace, Unter den Linden, met with little appreciation on account of the inevitable smell of paste. Remonstrances were made to Collin from various quarters, but he rejected them with the peremptory objection that nothing could be done without

the smell and that one could not put Eau de Cologne in the paste. There the matter rested for the time.

After the lapse of many years my brother was able to turn his trades once more to practical account. When the dreadful inflation after the World War drove prices up to extravagant heights, he bound the school books for the children of his dependants on his Schleswig estate. In this way one of our old family traditions once more bore fruit in Germany's time of need.

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The daily routine was confined within a fairly narrow compass. During the winter we lived in the Crown Prince's palace in Berlin ; my room was on the upper floor, at the corner looking on to the Upper Wallstrasse. Here in Berlin we looked upon ourselves almost as prisoners. For the capital, with its sea of stone buildings, remote from the country, has no attraction for boys. How great, therefore, was our joy when, in the spring, we went to Potsdam ! Weeks beforehand we looked forward to the moment of the great removal to the New Palace—to freedom ! And how great was our sorrow when in the late autumn we had to return to Berlin ! Potsdam was my second, and I must say, my favourite, home ; there I felt happy. I often look back with a feeling of tranquil melancholy upon the small simple attic with its round window on the second floor of the New Palace.

I have already mentioned that the time from six in the morning—in winter from seven—till late in the evening was entirely occupied by work. We always took breakfast together with our parents, but mid-day dinner only when no guests had been invited. In the holidays or on half-holidays both my parents, or my father alone, went for walks with us in the immediate or more distant neighbourhood of the pretty town of Havelstadt. Then, under the guidance of my father with his many historical interests, we visited the castles of Potsdam, especially Sanssouci and the Town castle, or stood by the vault of the Great King in the garrison church. Or else we made excursions to Bornstedt, to Wildpark, to Pfingstberg, to Fuchsberg or to our beloved Pfaueninsel. We especially loved to linger on this charming island with its memories of

my great-grandmother, Queen Louise. I still remember with pleasure the old couple there named Friedrich; the husband was an engineer, while she was one of the oddities of Potsdam and the possessor of an extensive collection of cream jugs! Every visitor was morally bound to contribute a jug so that in the end, as one can easily imagine, the collection had become quite considerable. My father had known the dear old people since his youth and used to like chaffing them in his humorous way.

Of the relatives whom we often visited, I remember first and foremost Princess Liegnitz, the second wife of my great-grandfather, Frederick William III. I recollect her as a sunny, gentle, benevolent old lady, who enjoyed the respect of all the members of our family. My parents also were very much attached to her, and often sent me to her with flowers; she lived in the villa named after her at the entrance to the park of Sanssouci. Even to this day I can see before me the affectionate expression of her face, the outward sign of a kind tender heart. All through her life she maintained her difficult position with the most delicate tact, and thus won universal veneration.

Another old lady, who by her great amiability inspired us children with the greatest respect, was Queen Elisabeth, the consort of my great uncle, King Frederick William IV. She lived a very retired life, in the summer at the palace of Sanssouci, in winter at Charlottenburg Palace. She possessed a wooden model of Jerusalem, called the "Heavenly Jerusalem," with removable domes; when I went to see my great-aunt I was always allowed to play with this beautiful model. My parents loved her very dearly. My aunt Mary, too, the wife of Prince Charles, my grandfather's brother, had a warm place in my parents' affection. We very frequently went to visit the old lady. Prince Charles, on the other hand, I saw only at Court festivities and other large gatherings.

Whenever the weather made it possible my father used to bathe with us every day in the holidays. We went either to our private bathing place on the Gaisberg, between Potsdam and Caputh, or to the military swimming baths in the Havel,

or else we went rowing. These boating trips took place at Glienicke on the Jungfernsee, where I was coached by one of the sailors of the detachment stationed there. I was able to indulge my passion for sailing, partly on Prince Frederick Charles's cutter "Uskan," partly on the fine frigate "Royal Louise." The latter was under the command of Captain Velten, who, in the war of 1870–71, as captain of artillery on board the gunboat "Meteor" under Lieutenant-Captain Knorr, had taken part in the victorious fight off Havanna against the French corvette "Bouvet." The "Royal Louise," which lay at anchor in front of the so-called "Sailors' Station" outside the New Gardens, was a present from King William IV of England to King William Frederick III, to whom it was solemnly made over on the occasion of a garden party on the Pfaueninsel. In the beginning of the Prussian Navy, for lack of a more suitable training ship, it served for some time to train the naval cadets at the naval school in Berlin in the knowledge of rigging and sail drill. In my time the crew consisted of half a dozen sailors. One or two small model guns on board enabled Henry and me to fire salutes.

After my accession to the throne I often sailed on the "Royal Louise" with the admirals for the time being in Berlin; on such occasions they each took posts on board, much to the delight of the sailors, Admiral Hollmann usually being in command. The late Empress, too, often enjoyed sailing on the old frigate.

When at a riper age I had mastered the use of a gun, my father used to take me shooting with him. Heaven knows with what joy I paid homage to this noble sport, and even now, when the time comes round for the stags to "bell" in the woods, how I should like to seize my beloved gun and go out stalking! I shot my first game in the year 1872, on the birthday of my grandmother, the Empress Augusta; it was a pheasant. Soon after I brought down my first hare. I shot my first stag in Wildpark in the autumn of 1876.

In winter, when we were in Berlin, we used to like going to the museums, to the theatre, to the Renz Circus, or even to the Zoological Gardens; from the last named, and also from the

Botanical Gardens, we derived much entertainment as well as instruction. My father often liked to go to the theatre, and he frequently took us children with him. As time went on these visits became more frequent, especially when the Meiningen company organized their celebrated performances. At that time ballets, which according to the Paris fashion lasted the whole evening, alternated with operas at the opera house. Later on I did away with these ballets lasting the whole evening, and replaced them with folk-dances, which were given in the costume of the peoples represented. From my youth upwards I had a great liking for good music, for I know nothing more fortifying. It was, therefore, always a great joy to me when my father took us to the opera. However, we were not allowed merely to take in the music with our ears, but, according to his instructions, had to pay due heed to the melodies. In this way I received my musical education and acquired a good memory for melody and rhythm.

Of course, we played all the games in which German boys delight—robbers and soldiers, Red Indians, or military drill. The scene of action was mostly the park of Sanssouci or the field at Bornstedt. These games brought me in contact with a great number of boys, many of whom became my dear comrades.

Amongst these I must remember to put first and foremost my brother Henry, my junior by three years. From the year 1868 we lived together ; later on he came with me to Cassel, and the good relationships of our youth have never been disturbed. From his earliest youth he was engrossed in naval matters and wanted some day to go into the Navy ; as I myself took a great interest in the Navy, this was a further bond of union between us.

This is why I think only in the second rank of those other comrades whose figures have remained clear in my recollection. Many a merry, fresh, boyish face, many a serious, thoughtful one, rises up in my memory. Again I see them before me, as once in the fair days of youth : Mortimer von Rauch, son of the Master of the Horse ; various cadets—such as von Rex, von Haenisch and von Moser ; then the two brothers von

Bronikowski, one of whom served later in the first infantry regiment of the Guards, while the other was in the Navy with my brother Henry; their father was a great singer and often made music with my mother. Then, too, I see the ever happy and amiable Prince George Radziwill, son of the Chief Aide-de-Camp, who later became an officer too, and also Karl and Lothar Bunsen, sons of the well-known deputy. Karl went into the Navy and served as officer of the watch on the "Kaiseradler" on my first voyage to Russia in 1888, but to my grief he came to an untimely end. He died on a voyage at sea and was buried at Port Mahon in the Balearic Islands; I visited his grave several times when my voyages led me to those parts.

But my favourite comrade was Eugen von Roeder, the son of the Colonel of the first regiment of the Guards, who fell at St. Privat. He had a rich artistic nature and, like me, was full of enthusiasm for the tradition of Frederick the Great. He was not a strong character, and was subject to fits of melancholy, yet afterwards he made a good soldier. We remained friends after our boyhood. He served with me in the first regiment of the Guards, and later on became chamberlain.

Poultney Bigelow, the son of the American Ambassador in Paris, struck a special note in our circle. He had a rare, strong nature and was an uncommonly amiable fellow; amongst us boys he held a place of high esteem because, coming as he did from the "Wild West"(!), he was able to tell us tales of murder about trappers and Red Indians, and acted as expert in our games of Red Indians. He was brought up at Potsdam and was filled with enthusiasm for the tradition of Potsdam to a degree which was quite astonishing in a foreigner; later on he wrote a book about Queen Louise. With him, too, I maintained our relationship unbroken beyond our youthful days, and I rejoiced when some little while ago he remembered me in the old spirit.

But we did not only play Red Indians and other games in wood and on the heath—we had higher ambitions! For instance, on birthdays, festivals or other special occasions, we

acted plays in which comrades and brothers and sisters took part. My grandfather, with his brothers and sisters, had already made use of the same stage, and the costumes came down from the well-known Twelfth Night entertainments. Our parents were kind enough to form an audience and to applaud our performances. I still remember how once on my grandfather's birthday I produced the "Bourgeois General," another time we performed the "Grondeur" and also the "Inn in Spessart." These harmless pleasures entirely occupied the minds of us children during the days of the performances and of the preceding rehearsals; the evenings themselves were always "great events."

On Sundays and festivals we went regularly to church. We also frequently went to the Friedenskirche, in a chapel of which lies my brother Sigismund, who died in early youth; or we went to hear the sermons of von Stechow or Persius in our small private chapel in Berlin. We celebrated New Year's Day in church festivals with our grandparents, at whose house we many times searched for Easter eggs. At other times this charming custom was practised in the palace garden at Charlottenburg or Schönhausen. As for Christmas, I remember with special distinctness how, during the preceding weeks of happy anticipation, my father used to visit with us the celebrated Christmas market and buy pyramids and little sheep, and how he talked to the stall-holders in his gentle and benevolent way. Some of the most precious memories of my life are associated with these hours.

* * *

My tenth birthday was of special importance in my life since on that day, according to the custom of our family, I was given a commission in the glorious Prussian Army. This event occurred on the 27th of January, 1869, when my grandfather invested me at the same time with the Exalted Order of the Black Eagle and the uniform of the first infantry regiment of the Guards. The ceremony took place before a small family circle; my father handed the order to the Emperor on a gold charger, and I had at once to put on the uniform in order to

report to His Majesty. With a deep bow the Emperor told me that I was still too young to gauge fully the importance of the fact that I was now a Prussian officer. But the time of understanding would come and then I should discharge my duty as my father had done. The solemnity of the moment made a deep impression upon me ; it was like receiving my knighthood.

Thereupon I had my first practice in marching with the bodyguard in the barrack square of the first regiment of the Guards at Potsdam. Of course, it was always a great effort for me to keep up with the long legs of the Guardsmen, and I did not always succeed. Then it was a case of paying attention and smartly running after them to keep my place in the ranks.

A few months later—on the 2nd of May, the anniversary of the battle of Grossgörschen—I took part in my first parade wearing the tall busby of the Grenadiers. It was one of the last of those " church parades " which I have already mentioned; soon after they were abolished. The regiment piled their arms in the pleasure garden and marched to the garrison church, where they attended the service in the presence of the King and the Royal Family. The sermon was preached by the Court Chaplain Rogge, who nearly two years later had the privilege of delivering the sermon at the inauguration of the German Empire at Versailles. After the service the battalions marched back to the pleasure garden, took up their arms and were ordered to fall in. The orders died away, and all at once unbroken silence reigned in the vast square. Then on the right wing appeared the King, and immediately the order to present arms broke the deep silence. With a smart jerk the rifles went to their appointed positions and the battalions were turned into statues. At the same instant, with a resounding crash, the drums and regimental band struck up, and the military march boomed triumphantly over the square. Meanwhile with searching glance my grandfather slowly paced down the front and inspected his motionless Grenadiers, and the boy's heart beat faster as the King's eye met his. Then the battalions formed up for the march-past and I marched by in the rear. It was a never-to-be-forgotten day. For

PRINCE WILLIAM AS A YOUNG LIEUTENANT

1869

what could be finer for a Prince of the Blood, a grandson of the King and an officer of the first infantry regiment of the Guards than to stand on duty before his great and awe-inspiring liege!

In August and September of the same year I took part in the two great autumn parades, the one in Berlin and the other at Stargard on manœuvres; this taught me to feel myself more and more a member of the great Prussian Army.

Hinzpeter, of course, looked on at all this with mixed feelings.

* * *

Every year we regularly went for a trip of varying length, for a change, and to get to know the world, and especially our own German fatherland. Hinzpeter generally accompanied us; our parents rarely took us with them as they, naturally, had social engagements to fulfil, or employed the time carrying out plans for their own culture and relaxation.

I got to know the beautiful Black Forest in the summer of 1867, on a walking tour with Hinzpeter and with Frederick, a boy of about my own age, heir to the Grand Duchy of Baden, and subsequently himself Grand Duke.

The charm of these hills now seen for the first time, the mysterious dimness and rustle of the tall fir trees, and the soft rippling of the springs made a deep impression on my youthful mind. I remember, too, that once we had a distant view of Hohenzollern, so that for the first time I was able to see the ancestral castle of my race. It has also remained clearly fixed in my memory that we went over a watch factory and a cigarette factory. I remember, too, how hard the walking was for me in the great heat, because Hinzpeter had forbidden us to drink water by the way. This arose from an obsolete hygienic notion prevalent at the time which in the war of 1866 actually claimed many victims; it was not recognised till later that the human body needs liquid when on the march and that a cold drink is harmful only when at rest after the march.

In the spring of the following year our parents went with us to Reinhardsbrunn, in Thuringia. This stay was remark-

able because I then saw and played with the future Empress for the first time. It is well known that my father was on very friendly terms with hers, Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg; the family used to come and visit us from Gotha, where they were living at the time. Here, too, there was the opportunity of studying certain industries, as we visited copperworks and a glass-blowing factory. The copperworks with its primitive methods made quite a medieval impression; everything was still exactly as Schiller describes it in his "Walk to the Smithy." A water-wheel drove a shaft to which were attached iron bolts; these again pressed on the end of the handle of a hammer made out of a primeval tree-trunk and thus set it in motion. With a reverberating rhythm this now struck the plate that was to be forged, which had previously been brought to white heat in a furnace. The singularly interesting surroundings, the fiery glow, and the sooty, herculean figures of the workers made a deep impression upon us. It was much the same in the glass-blowing factory. It was again another experience for our youthful minds to see how artistic glasses and other articles were blown from a mass of liquid glass, and then hardened in an oven. My brother Henry and I were even allowed to blow some balls, and to take away these self-made works of art as souvenirs. They were handled with the same care as new-laid eggs, and brought home without mishap, where for a long time they decorated the carved end of a sofa.

In the summer of the same year we went with Hinzpeter to Blankenberghe, and there enjoyed seaside life to the full. There, on the occasion of some festivity or other, we also saw some Flemish folk-plays, which in parts were rough and powerful, in parts decidedly coarse; they had come down from the Middle Ages. I remember, too, how archers in old Flemish costumes and with bows as tall as themselves shot at small clay birds. One of the events which specially amused the people was the contest for a goose. The bird, whose throat had been well soaped, was hung head downwards from a pole. Then the competitors were driven past below in carts and had, at this moment, to grab at the goose's neck. As this had been

well soaped the hands of the competitors often slid away amidst the loud shouts of the onlookers, and in the end the bird, that had been snapping desperately all round, generally had its head torn off. This cruel sport greatly revolted us. Another thing to note about Blankenberghe was that King Leopold used to send us very fine fruit, but that Hinzpeter's Spartan principles here again did not allow us to partake of the fragrant gift. We were on no account to become sybarites.

In the early months of the next year my brother Henry, who was very delicate as a boy, had to go in for a cure. I, too, was taken with him to Oeynhausen—or Rehme, as the health resort was then called—and also our three comrades, Mortimer von Rauch and the two Bunsen brothers. Hinzpeter was in charge of all of us. We made numerous excursions, among which I specially remember that to the castle, so rich in legends, of the celebrated Duke of Saxony, Wittekind. As usual we also visited factories. For instance, we once more went to a glass-blowing factory in Porta Westfalica, where I myself blew a bottle. We made great fun about the workmen making a strict difference between "bottles" and "bouteilles"; the former being for beer, the latter for wine! Another time we went down a mine belonging to Krupp; I brought up with me from the gallery pieces of coal bearing the imprint of palm leaves and other prehistoric evidence which I long kept as souvenirs. But, perhaps, the most remarkable event was my visit to Krupp's at Essen. The works, which, viewed in the light of the conditions of the time, were stupendous, made a lasting impression upon me, and I was specially struck by the enormous thousand-pound steam-hammer, which was then the largest in Europe. We also visited the workmen's dwellings. From that time dates the great life-long interest which I have taken in the development of the firm of Krupp.

In July, 1869, our travels took us once more to the North Sea, this time to Norderney, in the company of our parents and the painter, Count Harrach, a personal friend of my parents; my uncle, the gallant Prince Albrecht, son of the Regent of

Brunswick, and subsequently himself Regent, was also of the party. The stories of *Max and Moritz* by William Busch had just come out at the time, and on all occasions everyone quoted verses more or less apt. Prince Albrecht was specially good at this, and therefore much looked up to by us children. I remember that we once undertook an excursion from Norderney to Heligoland, where the Governor, Sir Henry Maxse, showed us over the island, which at that time still belonged to England.

At the end of our stay at Norderney we made a stormy voyage in the paddle-steamer "Roland" to Wilhelmshaven, which, in June, had been opened as a naval harbour, and there, for the first time in my life, I saw German ironclads. As we arrived in the roadstead, I was standing in the bows of the "Roland," and with a beating heart watched the huge, tall rigging, and then the hull of the foremost vessel gradually come into sight, a sailor telling me this was the "König Wilhelm." Soon after the "Kronprinz" and the "Friedrich Karl," that were lying behind her, became visible.

The closer we came, the more powerful was the impression made upon me by the "König Wilhelm," then probably the largest ironclad in the world. Heavy on the water lay the ironclad hull of this colossus, from whose gun-ports a row of 21 cm. guns looked menacingly forth. When we had anchored near to her I gazed speechless upon this mighty ship towering far above us. Suddenly shrill whistles resounded from her, and immediately hundreds of sailors swarmed up the sky-high rigging and lay out on the yards. Three cheers greeted my father as we were being rowed over, while Admiral Jachmann, the victor of Jasmund, received us on the spacious deck. The tour of the ship, whose crew then consisted of about a thousand men, revealed to me an entirely new world. What impressed me most, after the massive rigging, was the long tier of guns with their heavy polished muzzles. Admiral Jachmann gave us tea and all sorts of rich cakes in his fine large cabin. This cabin, like the rest of the living-rooms, was fitted up in the solid English style which had been developed by long tradition, and though one was on a battleship, gave an agreeable impres-

sion of complete comfort. What a real joy it would be to command such a vessel, was my inward thought!

The drive from Wilhelmshaven to the railway station proved to be not altogether easy going, as the naval quarters were mostly still under construction and the streets had not yet been paved. That evening we travelled home *viâ* Bremen, but it was late before sleep visited my eyes, for the impressions gained on board the "König Wilhelm" left me no rest and recurred again and again to my mind's eye.

But a journey which we took a few months later to the Mediterranean Sea was to have an even far deeper influence upon me.

CHAPTER V.

FROM PEACE TO WAR.

A Prussian Royal Family Party at Cannes—The Paradise of the Riviera—Cannes in 1869—New Playmates and Pastimes — Natural History Collections and Aquariums—Return of my Father from the East—French Soldiers and Military Bands—The French Warships at Toulon—I Visit the Convict Ships and the Dismantled Wooden Three-deckers—Return to Germany *viâ* Avignon and Switzerland—My First Impressions of France—My Father Announces the Outbreak of War —My Painful Interest in its Progress and Enthusiasm at Our Victories —My Mother's Benevolent and Enlightened Work for the Wounded— The News of Sedan and Hinzpeter's Rebuke—The Triumphant Return of my Father and Grandfather to Berlin in March, 1871—I Attend the Opening of the First Reichstag and take part in the Demonstrations at Potsdam and Berlin in July—My Impressions written at the time of the scene, its Thrilling Moments and the Humours of the Populace.

IN the winter of 1869/70 a large circle of relatives and kinsmen of the Prussian Royal Family were assembled at Cannes. Besides our parents and us children, who, with Hinzpeter, took up our residence at the Grand Hotel de la Méditerranée, there were also the Grand Ducal family of Hesse-Darmstadt, Prince Albert (son) of Prussia with his Aide-de-Camp Count Schulenberg, Prince Frederick and Princess Louise of the Netherlands (brother-in-law and youngest sister of my grandfather), with their daughter Marie, and the Grand Duchess Alexandrine von Mecklenberg-Schwerin, second sister of the Emperor William I and mother of the future Grand Duchess of Wied. At the beginning of our stay in Cannes my father was away in the East with his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse, where they had gone for the opening of the Suez Canal.

We stayed seven months—from October 3rd, 1869, to May 3rd, 1870—in Cannes, where the amazing flora of the Riviera seemed to me like a peep into Paradise. The sight of the cactus, aloes, roses, tuberoses blooming out of

doors the whole winter long, and in the spring the anemones in every colour of the rainbow, the cork trees and strawberry trees (I grasped later what Horace meant by his Arbutus !), the pines and olives, the palms and bananas which until then I had only seen in the forcing houses of the Botanical Gardens, were marvels that I could not fathom. And above all the endless horizon of the deep blue and green seas, glittering under the rays of the southern skies. It was a new deep breath of life with which I filled my boyish breast.

Cannes, consisting at that time of a few hotels and a number of English-owned villas, was as yet untouched by the fashion of Riviera life. The English colony had been founded by an elderly man, a Mr. Woolfield, who had also built for it a handsome church. His open house enabled my mother to give us opportunities of meeting English children at tea, and games, and of thus practising their language. On Sundays we either went to the English church or to our own German service, held in a big room, for as yet no wealthy German had been found to follow the British example of presenting his countrymen with a church of their own. We also saw Lord Brabourne and his family, he himself being very popular in Anglo-Saxon nursery circles for his delicious fairy-tales, published under the title of " Stories for my Children."

Among our other playmates were the future Duke of Croy, the brother-in-law of the Prince Frederick, already mentioned, and the son of the Duke of Vallombrosa, who was the owner of an exquisite little palace with a garden full of glorious palms. But the greatest delight of all was to be invited by the proprietor of a grand orange grove—" Jardin des Hespérides " as it was called—to eat oranges that we had plucked off the trees with our own hands ! These were things that could not be done either in Berlin or in Potsdam and were therefore heavenly.

Many and varied were the excitements this Mediterranean town offered to us. In the fish market down by the harbour we saw strange crustacea, and by the shore remarkable monsters of the sea ; we found rare butterflies fluttering over luscious meadows and sweet-smelling gardens ; the spirit of investigation

awakened within us, and we determined then and there to start a natural history museum. No sooner said than done! We searched for marine specimens by the sea-side or haggled for them in the market place, hastily plunging our bargains into improvised aquariums or drying them on the branches of the eucalyptus in the garden; then they were varnished and pasted on cardboard. We never had an idle moment and were endlessly busy. By good luck we had a manservant called Hoffmann, who was very clever in helping us with our new discoveries. Later we added a collection of butterflies to our museum, and were finally successful in transporting the whole bodily to Germany, where, for many years in the New Palace, the evil odours bore testimony to our spirit of enquiry, until at last my grandfather presented us with some glass show-cases in which our treasures were safely and scentlessly housed.

Excursions to the Island of Sainte Marguerite, just opposite Cannes, were another source of joy. A friendly boatman—one Giraud—used to row us across to what in olden times was a fortress where the mysterious Man with the Iron Mask was incarcerated. A few years after we had been on the island Marshal Bazaine was taken there to expiate a twenty years' sentence of imprisonment, but he succeeded in escaping to Madrid in 1874. When we visited it, prisoners from Morocco were kept there styled "Arabs," whose white burnous and swarthy complexions were very strange to us. But we made friends while my mother painted sketches of them and they often gave us dates and other little presents.

Greatly to our happiness, my father's return from the East was now announced, and we went to Villafranca to fetch him. The drive along the coast of the blue Mediterranean, that I have so often traversed since those days and always with the same delight, was indescribably lovely.

There in that fine harbour of Villafranca lay the "Hertha" and the "Elisabeth" alongside of some American frigates with their flagship "Franklin." My father came ashore to take us on board the "Hertha" amid salvos that echoed and re-echoed a thousandfold from the mountain heights which surround this picturesque bay. I stood on the decks, a boy marvelling

at the wonders of this ship of war that had sailed to the East under the ensign of the North German Union, carrying my beloved father to that distant land of Oriental fairy tales, and my childish heart beat fast with the premonition of things to come.

My father in the family circle was never tired of telling us of what he had seen and done on his journey, of Jerusalem and the Holy Places, of Egypt, of the Sphinx, of the Tombs of the Kings, of the mummies and of all the wonders of the Orient. Yes ! father had even ridden on the back of a real live camel, just such a camel as we had seen in the Zoological Gardens !

We spent Christmas all together at Cannes and then my parents returned to Germany. We children remained behind with Hinzpeter, and we moved from the Hotel to Villa Gabrielle, where a verandah served admirably for our " Natural History Institute." When we were not kept with our noses to the grindstone of lessons by Hinzpeter, we rode and walked in the surrounding woods. Often we visited Aunt Alexandrine and our Dutch relatives at the Grand Hotel. Both the aunts were in bad health, but while the Mecklenburg aunt made an excellent recovery, was always in good spirits and never weary of telling us stories, Aunt Louise grew worse and worse and died in 1870. Every now and then, to my great delight, I saw something of the French Army, and when the soldiers came marching by with their " musique " or " Clairon en tête " I would join in the throng of Cannes schoolboys who kept step alongside of the column. What attracted me most was the clanging notes of the bugles : I introduced these into the battalion that I commanded in after years and always made use of them when the regimental band was not available.

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A visit to the picturesquely beautiful naval base of Toulon gave us an instructive glimpse of the French Navy. Conducted by our excellent German Consul Schenking, a Westphalian fellow-countryman of Hinzpeter, we were taken all over the wharfs and docks where the ships were laid up. A pleasant officer accompanied us by order of the Admiral-in-Command of the station, and we were shown the Imperial

yacht "Aigle" just back in home waters from the opening ceremony of the Suez Canal. She was fitted out with conspicuous luxury and richness. After that we saw the armoured "Provence," the very latest addition to the squadron: she gave an effect of immense strength. In 1870–71 this ship was actively employed near Heligoland in helping to blockade Germany.

The last thing we saw on our tour of inspection was of all sights the most depressing and dismal. We were taken over the wharfs where the convict ships lay in which the naval offenders were imprisoned. The revolting criminal physiognomies of some among them were very terrifying to us. Some of them were chained together, some dragged cannon-balls at their ankles, others again were handcuffed, all wore either green caps or red. There was a small bazaar at which they were permitted to sell coco-nuts, fruits and small wood carvings of their own make, and Hinzpeter asked one of the salesmen, "A quel terme êtes vous condamné?" (What is the length of your sentence?) "A perpétuité," was the staggering reply. The prisoners of a term of years wore red caps, the men who were condemned for life wore green—this man wore a green cap!

On our way back from these terrible quarters we passed the dry docks filled with dismantled old hulks, once the wooden two- and three-deckers of the Line. Some of these had taken part in the Crimean War and Sebastopol, and were eventually to be converted into ships of transport. Among them was one of a splendid class: a huge three-decker, bristling with a hundred guns, the "Ville de Paris." As I stood looking with awe at the long rows of weapons the old Consul Schenking remarked to me: "Yes, this was all very fine once upon a time! Nowadays those guns would only be useful for killing flies. *One* ship of the 'Provence' type could blow this whole fleet of wooden ships out of the waters!" The passing of all things earthly!

* * *

Our days in Paradise came to an end with the spring. We made tracks homewards, taking Marseilles, Arles, Nîmes

DEPARTURE OF KAISER WILLIAM I FROM EMS

Orange and Avignon on our way, *viâ* Switzerland. My childish imagination was greatly stirred by the sight of the marvellous examples of Roman architecture. We stood on the fine bridge at Avignon and looked at the Castle of the Popes, now used as barracks, so that I could entertain myself amicably and pleasantly with the French soldiery, little dreaming that before the year was out the gigantic struggle between the two nations would terminate in a once more united German Empire.

Such were the earliest impressions on a boy's mind of that beautiful country whose people stood in eternal enmity to his own, and who were in after years to pursue him with their poisoned arrows of vituperation in the columns of a hostile Press. Experience shows, however, that the recollections of childhood preserve their vividness and freshness long after other memories have grown dim, and so, in spite of all that has happened since those days, the picture of that paradise at Cannes remains in my mind's eye illuminated by the sunshine of a beautiful legend.

* * *

The Franco-German war broke out some months after our return from Cannes. I can call to mind quite clearly the morning on which my father came into the school room, just as Mlle. Darcourt was giving us our French lesson, and how he turned to her in great excitement, saying, "Ah! Mademoiselle! Vos compatriotes ont perdu la tête! Ils veulent nous faire la guerre!" ("Oh! Mademoiselle! Your compatriots have lost their heads! They want to make war on us!") I still see before me the consternation on the face of the poor Frenchwoman.

A few days after this we children were summoned to my father's study to take farewell of him as he had been appointed to the command of an army and was leaving for the front at once. His parting was heartrending as no one could tell the issue of the struggle or what might happen to my father—nor, indeed, to any of us. He was certain only of one thing: that if our arms were victorious, the unification of the whole of Germany would follow and the King of Prussia would be crowned

German Emperor. He referred to this several times during those momentous days.

* * *

The phase through which the German peoples now passed was destined to happen only once again in their history, for —just as in 1914—the whole country rose to a man to defend it, forgetting for once their wrangles with one another. As I was eleven years old at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, I had a fairly clear apprehension of events as they fell out, and I followed with absorbing interest the inexorable chain of events in the world's history of which I was fated to be a witness. Yet amid all my enthusiasm for the greatness of my Fatherland there was mixed with it—and, indeed, could it be otherwise?—a feeling of worship for my father and grandfather who were destined to play parts of such magnitude in this immense drama, and of pride in the renown of my family. The first news of victory, my father's triumph at Wörth, how it stirred me! How jubilant was I when the first trophies of our successes reached the New Palace!—a helmet, the Lützelstein colours, the keys of the cities of Nancy and Bar-le-Duc, and when, at the sight of a captured flag bearing the French eagles displayed on the balcony of my father's study, the youngsters cheered and cheered, I roared my hurrahs with the best of them!

Hinzpeter had hung up a large map of the war-zone in our schoolroom on which we were expected to follow the operations very closely and point out the positions of the German and French armies every morning to our tutor.

All the same my brother and I had our own particular little fashion of celebrating the great victories. For instance, when the news of the successes at Wörth were brought to us we had already gone to bed, and, of course, we remained there very demurely until our tutor had taken his departure. The moment he was out of the room we had a wild pillow fight in honour of the great day. This quaint celebration was repeated very frequently. Besides that we amused ourselves by buying up all the "extra specials" that were sold in the

Unter den Linden to make a collection of them. The various newspaper sheets were oiled and turned into paper lanterns with a candle inside them to illuminate the schoolroom. Childish pastimes, indeed, but they gave expression to our enthusiasm.

Towards the end of August my mother took us all to Homburg v. d. Höhe, where she, in conjunction with others, established a model hospital for the wounded. She was aided by the expert advice of the architect, Jacoby, and a building was constructed of which the wall could be rolled back to convert it into an open air pavilion when wanted. We regularly visited the sick at this and other hospitals, while my mother was entirely absorbed in this beneficent work. Indeed she did wonders for the improvement of sanitary conditions, for it is unbelievable how little was understood by the Germans of that day of the necessity for public hygiene.

We were still in Homburg when the news of the great victory at Sedan reached us. Henry and I were already in bed when the noise of the great crowd shouting in the streets floated up to us mingled with the strains of music from a neighbouring bandstand, while the room was flooded with light from below our windows. Up we jumped in our night shirts and looked out, and there we saw a torchlight procession of the local fire brigade headed by their chief, the architect Jacoby, who had come to congratulate the Crown Princess. The news of the success, the glare of the torches, the wild excitement, and the songs of the multitude all combined to make us forget everything else in that portentous moment—least of all did we remember that we could be clearly seen by everyone out of doors in our white night shirts : so that we were not prepared for the dreadful lecture that Hinzpeter gave us the following morning rebuking us for being a law unto ourselves.

* * *

And then came that proudest of days when my grandfather was proclaimed German Emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. This event was not previously known to many at home, and I was one of the few in the secret as to what the

18th January would bring about. It is difficult to describe the tumult of emotions I underwent on that great day.*

* * *

On March 17th, just two months later, my grandfather and father came home from their victorious campaign. In company with my mother, my grandmother, the Empress Augusta, and my aunt Louise, I drove to meet the conquerors at the Wildpark Station in Potsdam. With what an ecstasy I flung myself into my father's arms and saw my much-respected grandfather for the first time as German Emperor. Truly a significant moment and " what a change by the Grace of God ! " we could say with truth.

The reception of Emperor and Crown Prince as we drove through the streets of Berlin was deafening and could be heard from the Crown Prince's palace breaking out again and again for many hours after, until at length my father stepped out on to the balcony surrounded by his family and showed himself to the enthusiastic Berlin multitude.

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Four days later, on 21st March, the opening of the first " Reichstag " (Imperial Diet) took place in the White Hall of the Castle of Berlin. Little as I understood of the real significance of this event, I was happy enough to be allowed to assist at it. My father, who greatly desired to link up this celebration of the new German Empire with that of the Middle Ages, had privately arranged for the ancient throne from Goslar to be sent to Berlin for the occasion, a proceeding that subsequently led to rather unpleasant interpellations on the subject. My mother, who knew of this weakness of the Crown Prince's in favour of that older Imperialism, was always trying to combat it, which gave evidence of her clear, calm political outlook.

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The troops returned from France to their Potsdam garrison on 13th July. My father rode by the side of my mother, the

* My letter of congratulation to the new Emperor will be found in Appendix No. 1.

latter in the uniform of her own Hussar regiment, and I was with them—naturally in the uniform of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards.

We went to the Wildpark to meet the return of the Potsdam troops, but though I did not go further with them, I was a witness of the boundless public rejoicing in the splendidly decorated town. The soldiers were crowned and literally smothered with wreaths and even the hilt of my father's sword was hung with them.

On the 16th July, three days later, in sweltering heat, the entry of the victorious army into Berlin through the Brandenburger Tor took place. Never shall I forget that day! The troops covered with glory and laurels, with their old Emperor at their head, surrounded by his immortal Paladins, and all round us a people overflowing with gratitude to those who had conceived and fought for the unity of Germany! I myself was permitted to assist at this historical event, for I rode behind my father on a small dapple horse by the side of my uncle, the Grand Duke of Baden. As it may be of interest to note the impression of all this on my childish imagination, I will quote here a composition set me as a task by Hinzpeter very shortly after the entry of the troops and the subsequent unveiling of the monument in memory of Frederick William III in the Lustgarten (pleasure garden). It is reprinted in its original, childish, uncorrected version :—

"Mama, Papa, Uncle Louis [the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt], Aunt Alice, and my sisters and brothers went by train at 8.30 a.m. to Berlin. There my father and the other gentlemen mounted their horses, while Mama, Auntie and we got into the carriages and followed father to the Tempelhofer Feld. We drove between endless built up stands and platforms amid cheers and music. On the Tempelhofer Feld [parade ground] we drove down the lines of troops and back again the same way, then I was driven with the doctor [Hinzpeter] to Uncle George's garden, where I mounted my horse. The crowd had left only a narrow passage for us to slip out through the garden gate, and two working men had to hold them back with their poles to prevent them

from running across. As I was held up in the narrow gangway with Major Mischke, someone called out to me: 'Your little Highness ought . . .' 'You be quiet,' shouted the Major, at which two dirty, rather drunken men shot across the path right under my nose; one of them was seized by some other fellow, who pushed and pummelled him about, while he got more and more furious the more he was hustled. Then there was a boy with a glass of water in his hand and a little girl asked for a drink and he gave her some of it; when she returned it to him after sipping a little of it, her mother wanted to drink, and the boy said: 'Nee!' [No, in Berlin dialect.] 'Oh!' she said, 'do give me a drop—det water costed a whole half Dahler.' [Thaler was the old German coin worth three marks.] But when the woman's husband wanted to drink too the boy got frightened and disappeared.

"Then the Emperor came by, and immediately after him came my father, who beckoned to me with his Field Marshal's baton, and I cantered forward and rode behind him. After we passed through the beautifully decorated Brandenburger Tor, the Emperor was addressed by one of the sixty young girls dressed in white, and from there we rode on to the beginning of Unter den Linden, where a huge red and gold canopy had been stretched. It was supported on four gilt columns, and on each of the columns was a figure of Victory.

"Under the canopy stood the Mayor and Sheriffs and dignitaries of the city. The whole of the Pariser Platz was built over with stands down each side that were filled with people right up to the topmost seat. The whole Platz made a friendly and at the same time beautiful effect. After the King had been addressed by the Mayor we went on step by step: to the right and left of us was a row of French artillery and machine guns, alternately, while bright coloured lamps hung all the way down the Linden. Over the 'Via Triumphalis' there were hung at intervals beautiful large paintings between two pillars.

"As we rode on, a man from the crowd that was roaring and shouting, called out suddenly: 'Wilhelmken, Wilhelmken, leben Sie man hoch!' [Berlin equivalent for 'Williamkin,

Williamkin, long life to you!'] I laughed to myself and rode on.

"We went on in this way all down the Linden until the Emperor took up his accustomed station, from which he reviewed the march past of the troops. He himself led a few regiments past the Empress and presented the Iron Cross of the First Class with his own hands to a colour-sergeant of his own regiment (King's Grenadier Regiment), and to two others besides an officer. The Academy was charmingly decorated, and between every window there was a painting of a general. During parade, Prince Albrecht's father fainted, and was carried off the ground: he had had a slight stroke.

"After the parade, the Emperor and the rest of us rode to the Castle Square, where the troops were drawn up. In front of the draped monument a red and gold canopy had been put up under which the Empress and all the Grand Duchesses, Duchesses, and Princesses stood. During the prayers the Emperor took off his helmet in the burning sun. I felt very frightened for him.

"When the prayers were over the Emperor waved his sword, and amid the thunder of cannon, music and hurrahing the wrappings fell off and showed the great statue of a horse and rider in bronze. On the steps of the memorial lay the 56 captured French Eagles. As the Emperor rode by me he laid his hand on my shoulder and said: 'He, too, will never forget this day!' Then I rode home.

"The whole celebration seemed to me very beautiful, but I must confess quite frankly that as I rode down Linden and during the march past I was so busy wondering and listening to everything that I had no time to think, and the unveiling did not strike me as very impressive."

With the entry of the three Hessian Infantry Regiments, No. 83, and of the 14 Hussar Regiments in Cassel, at which I was present on horseback, ended the unforgettable experiences of the great years of 1870/1.

CHAPTER VI

STUDIES AND EXCURSIONS

Cassel and Wiesbaden—Classical Studies—I Prefer Caesar to Ovid—German History: My Favourite Emperors—Serious Study of French—My Enthusiasm for Greek and Homer—Special Coaching in Mathematics—Lessons in Chemistry, English, and Drawing—"Signor Schlegeliano"—Hinzpeter's Religious Instruction—His Memorandum on the Subject—My Favourite Authors, English and German—Lectures on Science, Literature and Art—My Debt to Karl Werder—Visits to Museums, Galleries and the Studios of Famous Artists and Sculptors—Excursions in the Mark with my Father, Mischke and Hinzpeter—Visits to Brandenburg, Magdeburg, Lehnin and Rheinsberg—Memories of Frederick the Great.

LATE in the summer of that year, 1871, I went with the rest of the family to Wilhelmshöhe and also for the first time to Cassel. It was here that I began to study Greek; and I was also with my father when the Hessian Army Corps made their entry into Cassel, where the ovation given them by the inhabitants gave me the greatest pleasure. From Wilhelmshöhe we went to stay at Wiesbaden, where we remained for a month. I continued my study of the Greek language here, and although I was only learning grammar (Franke), still I much preferred the Greek language to the Latin. I got on far enough to do exercises in translation (Jacobs).

Once back from Wiesbaden, I started to read Ovid—I had already got through the seven books of Caesar's "Bellum Gallicum"—but somehow I found Ovid very childish and naïve in his descriptions and comparisons, especially when writing of Phaethon's ride heavenwards. I liked Caesar much better because his narrative (Rhine bridges, Germanic arms, crossing to Britain and Siege of Alesia) and his description of battles and fights were for me much more interesting and absorbing than the whole of Ovid put together; there was only one thing I did not quite enjoy about it and that was

that the Romans were almost invariably victorious, while the Barbarians were always put to rout; that they slaughtered the enemy in masses with only a very few wounded on the Roman side. So that I positively revelled in any reverse that happened to the Romans, and more especially in the destruction of the army division of Cotta. While occupied with Ovid I had also begun my study of mathematics.

Perhaps what appealed most to me was history, more particularly German history of the Middle Ages, which I read up in Kohlrausch.*

Nothing could exceed Kohlrausch in my opinion; at last he became my favourite author, and during the four years that I studied his works I always looked forward to my history lesson. The Emperors I admired most were: Otto I, Henry III and Frederick I Barbarossa; they were, so to speak, my favourites. Barbarossa seemed to me the ideal of the knightly German, and I was never tired of worshipping his courage, tenacity and perseverance in his fight against the Pope and the Italian cities.

Besides these Latin, Greek and German studies, I also took up French very seriously. I spent a long time over French grammar, learning it very thoroughly; the participles appeared to me very difficult, but curiously enough it was precisely the endings of participles and construction that I learned best by heart and made least mistakes in. A book that was very interesting to me, containing numerous illustrations, that I read partly for pleasure and partly for practice was "Le Fond de la Mer" ("The Bottom of the Sea"). As I have always had a passion for the sea, the vast, wonderful sea, and for all that is on it or in it, I adored this book that taught me what was at the sea's bottom or what lived in the sea. It told also of the divers and their various instruments and apparatus by which they could remain under water for a length of time, and move about down at the bottom. It was owing to this book that when I was in England, in 1871, I determined to go down myself in a diving bell. No prospect of a journey ever

* "Deutsche Geschichte," Elberfeld, 1816.

held more attraction for me than when it took me to the sea. Thus far my *Lebenslauf*.*

* * *

As will be seen then, in 1870, side by side with mathematics, came the study of Greek. This departure was prompted by Hinzpeter's plan of preparing me for the "Gymnasium" (public school) and the subsequent examination on leaving it. From my *Curriculum Vitae* it will be gathered with what ardour I pursued this language; in another chapter will be found words I have also quoted from *Lebenslauf*: "I am convinced, and I shall remain of that opinion, that nothing can surpass the Greek tongue, and that nothing in the Greek tongue can surpass Homer."

Nevertheless I still continued my interest in Latin. After I had conquered the construction of it, the works of Cornelius Nepos and of Caesar were a continual source of pleasure. Of course everyone will have read with amusement how my German feelings were hurt at the many Roman victories over us.

It is so obvious from these pages that history remained always my favourite hobby that I need say no more about it. Naturally intensive instruction in geography went along with it, and here also my good memory stood me in good stead.

Reference has already been made to mathematics as part of the curriculum on our return from camps in the spring of 1870; of that I have retained less than nothing. Special coaching in this subject was given me by Professor Rühle, of the Joachimstal Gymnasium, in 1873. He was a talented pedagogue for whom I had a real sympathy—but of course he could not infect me with a love of mathematics.

My mother had taught us the rudiments of chemistry. After that James Hofmann, the son of the well-known chemist, A. W. Hofmann, gave us a few lessons every now and again:

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* *Lebenslauf* or *Curriculum Vitae* both refer to the description of his life which every "Abiturient" was obliged to keep: this description formed part of the work of the term and had to be handed in just prior to the final examination.

later on his father came to us several times. But it cannot be said that we ever studied it seriously.

Mlle. Darcourt continued to give us instruction in French, besides which we had lessons in French literature by Monsieur Fievet, a dried up little figure of a man. A Mr. Fox, son of a clergyman in the New Forest, a silent, refined, and dignified personage, whom I liked very much indeed, gave us English lessons. When I went to England in after years he often paid me a visit.

Drawing was taught us by Professor Eichen, of whom I have no distinct recollection. On the other hand I have a very clear remembrance of a painter called "Schlegel," an elderly man who had lived much in Italy and was never tired of describing with German extravagance of fancy his longing to be back again. We boys nicknamed him "Signor Schlegeliano" on that account. We had to draw trees from nature under his guidance, and we were given black bread for "rubbing out." As we had hardly seen black bread until then, this was a great treat and we much preferred to deflect it from its original object and eat it up ourselves, so that Signor Schlegeliano was always extremely shocked at our materialistic outlook. In the winter of 1873-74 my mother and we took a course in elementary and ornamental design at the Arts Museum under Professor Kachel's direction: but this branch of art meant little to us, and we voted the copying of Greek patterns and the shading of Karos and similar work unspeakably boring.

Of Hinzpeter's religious instruction I have already spoken, but while we are on this theme it may not be out of place to quote a few precepts he had jotted down about it for his own use:—

"Therefore, in the first place, care should be taken to cultivate the greatest respect for the word of the Bible and the Hymn-book; sacred history should never again be used for mnemonics or for disciplinary exercises, nor Psalms for impositions, nor should prayers be said aloud for the purpose of correcting pronunciation or for enforcing obedience. Pre-occupation with religious things should be so holy that every compulsion

on the one hand and every resistance to it on the other hand would thus entirely disappear. The utmost precaution was taken in these early years to avoid any reference to differences of belief or doctrinal arguments. There was, on the contrary, an attempt to show the pupils the Christian truths in all their original simplicity by inducing a real enjoyment of the Holy Writ, and an eagerness to read it. In this way many a pious hour devoted to mutual meditation and improvement was spent in our long Sunday walks, in the exquisite environs of Cannes or Wilhelmshöhe or Potsdam, intended either as a supplement or a substitute for the service in church, with the result that a religious habit of thought and feeling was fostered by which the Christian faith took root in the heart of the Prince, and later this Christian point of view had a very measurable influence on his personal thought and will. It was, however, inevitable though remarkable that such newly awakened conscience should assume strange unexpected shapes every now and again, as for instance when the Prince —while he was at Cannes—developed a terrifying dread of Hell-fire and later when he got into a way of inventing his own prayers—the intercession of the Almighty on his behalf to help him with his lessons in school-hours."

The temptation to add any words of my own to the above memorandum I will most certainly resist.

* * *

During youth I was a great reader; indeed, there were certain books that I swallowed with avidity. I began with Bechstein's "Fairy Tales," and went on by degrees to Becker's "Old World," then to "Robinson Crusoe," Captain Marryat, Cooper's "Leather-stocking," Jules Verne, Walter Scott—especially "Ivanhoe," which was for a long while my favourite romance—and last, but not least, Ebers. I enjoyed, too, the "Ancestors," by Freytag, very much. Hinzpeter used to read Fontane and Willibad Alexis aloud. Achilles was my favourite Greek hero, and Dietrich von Bern my German. The latter was peculiarly interesting to me because of his personal relations to his weapons; he even had talks with

his helmet Hildegrimm! My admiration of the Homeric Epics prompted the same passion for the German Nibelungen, of which I never could have enough. I read them again and again. In the way of dramatic literature I adored the historical plays of Shakespeare and of Schiller, especially "Wallenstein," and also Kleist's "Prince of Homburg" and "Penthesilea," then Calderon's "Life's a Dream," and Grillparzer's "King Ottokar."

When Hinzpeter and I went for a long ride I had to repeat the works we had read, so that I could both learn to read with intelligence and also acquire fluency of speech. This method seems to me remarkably useful.

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As time went on in Berlin the ordinary curriculum was supplemented by lectures on scientific, literary and artistic subjects. I profited a great deal by the archæological lectures of Professor Bötticher of the Old Museum, whose name will occur again in the next chapter. Geheimrat Karl Werder, too, the celebrated poet, philosopher and æsthete, had a very strong influence on me. He was a delicate little man, with a fine intelligence and a kindliness that won all hearts; he was beloved of my parents as well as of my grandparents (in itself remarkable). He had been reader to King Frederick William IV, was a friend of Humboldt, and of most of the artists, savants and actors of the day. The Duke of Meiningen knew him well, and often asked him for advice on the production of plays and parts. He recited excellently, more especially classical dramatic works, and I shall never forget his interpretation of "Wallenstein" for me. Any understanding of literature that I may have I owe to him. We read plays with him, in which each of us took a part, and he often coached us for the theatrical performances I have mentioned elsewhere. Curiously enough his pet hero was Columbus, whom he made the subject of an epic that he wrote. A picture of this maritime hero hung in his workroom, and he was immensely pleased that I recognised the personage it represented when he asked me who I thought it was. On his death he left the

picture to me. When I was a lieutenant I often went to see him and I saw him in later years, too, when he lived in a house on the Gendarmenmarkt, in the basement of which is the celebrated wine cellar of Lutter and Wegner. The hours I spent with him were always an unalloyed pleasure, and I have ever a grateful memory of him. On his gravestone in the Garrison Churchyard at Berlin the inscription recalls our friendship with these words: "Amico Imperator."

Almost every Sunday we visited the Berlin Museums, if we had not been to church in the morning. Sometimes we went in the afternoon. These expeditions were carefully planned: one week we saw the Greek, the following we saw the Roman exhibits. The same system was adopted with arts—by alternating various schools of painting. Often we went with our father, often with Hinzpeter, sometimes with both together.

I must admit that Hinzpeter knew very little about art; he only called our attention to superficial things that had to be learned by heart. For my part I like the Old Museum the best, and was most deeply interested in the Egyptian Department. I think I like that best of all, though I cared much for all things that were beautiful also.

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In those days the only exhibition of pictures was in the Kommandantenstrasse. I visited that regularly, both with my parents and with Hinzpeter. Many an hour I spent there in trying to cultivate my artistic taste. It remains in my mind that I saw there for the first time pictures by Feuerbach, who made a great impression on me; on another occasion I saw the seascapes by the Russian Ajwasowsky.

About this time my parents often took me to the studios of artists, whom I was permitted to see at work. We frequently went to Georg Bleibtreu's, who was well known for his battle pictures of the nineteenth century. He was a delightful personality, of small stature, but full of vitality and stimulus. He spent many hours telling us of the campaign in 1870–71, which he went through on my father's staff. Anton von Werner was another man who could recount much of that great epoch.

I saw the progress in his studio of the celebrated picture of the Proclamation in Versailles, as well as most of his other paintings. My parents were great patrons of his, and did much to get his work acknowledged. My mother was godmother to two of his children and held them herself over the font when they were christened. During my reign Werner painted the ceiling fresco in the cupola of the Berlin Cathedral. I thoroughly enjoyed, too, going to Adolph von Menzel's studio. My appreciation and esteem of that great artist is too universally known for there to be any need to repeat it here. I and my brother Henry, when we were boys, sat to him for a picture of the Review of 1873 in honour of the King of Italy. Unfortunately, that picture was never finished, although my grandfather had approved the sketch that von Menzel had submitted to him.

Gustav Richter was often in my parents' house, and I used to meet him when he was painting his " Pyramid Building."

Then there was the gifted artist Knille, who sometimes gave my mother lessons in painting, and whom I often admired when he was at work. I cared especially for his pictures of Tannhäuser and scenes from Scheffel's " Eckehard," and there was a portrait drawing by him of Pope Gregory VII that hung in my mother's room which I thought very fine.

I was very fond of going to see August von Heyden because he made a study of the German sagas and folk-lore in his pictures, and he helped me to get some insight into these. I found his pictures of the legend of Parzifal and the " Ride of the Valkyries" particularly attractive, and I registered a resolution to buy them, which I afterwards carried out. Heyden was originally concerned with mining, hence his great interest in the miners of the Middle Ages. He had much to tell me, as he was a great authority on costume, for which I had a hobby; he afterwards became costume expert at the Berlin Academy. I appointed him member of the Commission of Enquiry into Industrial Conditions in 1890, on account of his practical and vast experience of mining. It is a matter of common knowledge how Bismarck criticised this in the third volume of his " Thoughts and Recollections "; at that

time he ridiculed it publicly: I should be likely to produce a new Raphael!

Of sculptors I saw a great deal. I saw Begas working at his statue of Schiller for the Gendarmenmarkt and Süssmann at work on his "Sleeping Beauty." The latter gave me an exhibition of how modelling was done, and made a model before my eyes of Siegfried lifting up his sword, which I kept for many years.

Rauch's pupil, Friedrich Drake, I used often to watch when he was busy on the "Victory" for the great column in commemoration of our success at arms. It is a matter of common knowledge that my mother sat for the head of this figure, which was eight metres in height, but none too good in execution. She often took us with her to the sittings at his studio in the Bellevue Street.

But time and space will not allow of my enumerating all the many artists that I became acquainted with in my young days.

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During those years after the war my father often made many little tours with us in the Mark in order to show us not only the beauties of nature, but also the many landmarks rich in historical associations. These little excursions used to take place on Saturday evenings and on Sundays, and Mischke and Hinzpeter were generally of the party. We learnt to know the country and its inhabitants very intimately, and our wanderings were a very different affair from the kind of journey made nowadays by the travelling public rushing from place to place in a 45 miles-an-hour motor-car without ever stopping to look at the landscape.

One journey, through Brandenburg to Magdeburg, I can call to mind in which we were the guests of General von Blumenthal. In Brandenburg we went to see the Cathedral and the Marienberg, which is supposed to have been erected on the site of an ancient Triglaw temple in the time of the Slavs. My father had the greatest objection to long descriptions of such places, and always tried to cut short the loquacious guides with a joke. In this case, however, he had no success, for when he endeavoured to break in on the

explanation, learned by rote and reeled off, with the question whether any photograph of the Triglaw idol was to be had, he received the prompt answer : " It shall at once be procured ! " and the disquisition continued uninterruptedly, to our general merriment. In the Cathedral at Magdeburg we admired the fine monument to the memory of Editha, the English princess who was wife to Otto I. Greatly to our delight, we were shown some truly remarkable relics. These consisted in a step of Jacob's ladder, a purse that had belonged to the giant Goliath, and last, but not least, a chip of Egyptian darkness. Sad to relate, the latter relic was not actually displayed to us ; we were only allowed to see the exterior of the casket in which it was kept ; to open the coffer might have been fraught with danger to the community.

We had an opportunity of visiting the ruins of the Cistercian Monastery at Lehnin more than once. My father was most anxious to see it restored correctly and was instrumental in getting it rebuilt with accuracy of style and period.

Another time we drove to Rheinsberg. Starting from Friesack to visit the field of battle of Fehrbellin, we saw the " Archduke's Hill " from which General von Gottberg had directed the military operations. In the afternoon we stood by the grave of the great leader of cavalry, Joachim Hans von Ziethen, and called to mind the victories he had won for his great sovereign in the three campaigns. On the next day we lingered for a while at Rheinsberg, where once upon a time the young Fritz spent some of the happiest days of his life preparing for his kingship. The castle, the park, all the inner history of the place linked up every episode of his reign, and we boys were deeply stirred by it. In the king's work-room, the same in which the " Anti-Machiavelli " had been conceived, my father discovered under the limewash the original gilding and painting of the time of the Fredericks, and he at once set to, aided and abetted by us, to wash off the upper coating with a scrubbing brush. In after years I had the whole of the original colouring uncovered.

These excursions, which varied the monotony of our school-life, were very welcome. There were never too many of them for us, and I truly believe that we imbibed more knowledge of history in that way than from a thousand books.

CHAPTER VII.

ENGLAND IN THE 'SEVENTIES

Visits to My Grandmother at Buckingham Palace, Windsor and Osborne—A Homely Atmosphere—Queen Victoria, "A Real Grandmother"—Her Unchanging Kindness to Me Throughout Her Life—Visits to the Mausoleum at Frogmore—A Perfect Queen and a Perfect Woman—My Friendly English Relatives: The Duke of Connaught My Favourite Uncle, Princess Louise My Favourite Aunt—Friendly Court Officials—Excursions in the Isle of Wight—Memorials of the Prince Consort—Voyages on the Royal Yachts—Captain Welsh's Remark on the "Victory"—I Take Part in Gunnery Practice—Admiral Foley's Deafness and its Stupendous Result—Summer Visit in 1872 to Wyk on the Island of Föhr—My Peasant Friends—Professor Magnussen and His Son—A Trip in the Gunboat "Blitz"—The Historic "Shot" and Hinzpeter's Comment—Hermann and Ernst von Salza—Yachting on the "Welle" and the "Grille"—Lessons in Navigation—Trips to Hamburg and Kiel—Visit of the Crown Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita in the Spring of 1872—The Three Emperors: of Russia, Germany and Austria—I Pass an Examination and Qualify for Admission to the Upper Third Class of a Gymnasium.

IN 1871 I made the journey to England again, with my parents and the rest of the family. The first part of our stay was spent in London, the last part in the Isle of Wight. As I always took the greatest interest in ships and shipping generally, I often crossed over to the naval harbour of Portsmouth and saw all classes of ships of new and antiquated types, and all the docks and shipyards. I climbed over the ship of the line "Victory," which Nelson, the great sailor, commanded at the Battle of Trafalgar, and on which he lost his life, heroically dying for his country. I tried to improve my knowledge of naval affairs as much as I could; and once I went to that much more important and extensive port, Plymouth, and it was there that I descended in a diving-bell, to which incident I referred in a previous chapter.

This account of my "career" I should like to amplify by a description of English conditions as they appeared to me in my various visits during the first five years of the 'seventies.

Our whole family were the guests of my grandmother, sometimes at Buckingham Palace, sometimes at that splendid Castle of Windsor, or at Osborne, a very original country seat on the Isle of Wight. Our nurseries were comfortable and cheerful, and I felt thoroughly at home there. The expressions "homeliness" and "comfort" which correspond to our own words "Häuslichkeit" and "Gemütlichkeit" can be applied quite as accurately to the mighty Castle of Windsor with all its splendour, its great halls and apartments. We were treated as children of the house, and we looked up to our grandmother, Britain's great Queen Victoria, with affectionate awe. The Queen was always particularly kind to me from the very first, she was a *real* grandmother, and our relations to one another were never changed or dimmed to the end of her life. I was allowed to play with the same toys and in the same places as did formerly my English uncles and aunts when they were my age. And by the same token we could go and drink tea and make butter and cream cheese in the little kitchen fitted out for them in the dairy at Frogmore, which was in Windsor Park. At Osborne I could play with the same old iron cannon on a model redoubt where my uncles had played when they were boys. And I remember a lottery organised for us children at Windsor of which the winning prize was arranged by my grandmother to be a huge English cake, on the summit of which rested a tinsel crown on a pink sugar cushion. When I went to bid my grandmother good night and I proudly told her I had been lucky enough to win the prize, she laid her hand on my head and turned up my face, looking into my eyes. "That is a good omen, my boy," she said, "try always to be good and obedient to your parents, then you will once deserve to their account."* Another time I was supposed to have been "very brave" when having a tooth extracted by the celebrated Dr. Evans, so my grandmother gave me a brand new gold pound that I kept for the whole of my life until it disappeared in the vortex of the Revolution.

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* Thus in English in the original. Query: "one day you will be a credit to them." (TRANSLATOR.)

Even after I became Emperor, my relations with my grandmother always remained cordial. She called me as ever in talking to me "my boy" or "my dear boy," which gave me particular pleasure. Her excellent body physician, Sir James Reid, assured me that the last visit I made to my grandmother, shortly before she died, was her last great joy.

The Queen had never forgotten the Prince Consort Albert, and never ceased to mourn for him, so that whenever I came to England I always went to visit the handsome mausoleum of my grandfather at Frogmore as soon as I arrived at Windsor Castle. When King Edward succeeded and I went to the mausoleum for the last time, there by the side of my grandfather's sarcophagus now stood that of my grandmother. But I was much astonished when I saw there a portrait of her in her youthful beauty just as Winterhalter depicted her when England's very young ruler came to the throne. I then heard that she had ordered her own monument at the death of the Prince Consort because if she died as an old woman she would not care to be laid beside her young husband in all his manly beauty. The effect of both these finely carved figures is very moving.

Queen Victoria never endeavoured to deny her German origin. She was proud of the title "Duchess of Saxony," and quartered her Saxon arms in her escutcheon on the English Royal Standard. With the Ladies and Gentlemen of my parents' suite and later on with my own, she made it a point of speaking German, of which she had complete command and a pure accent. Her attraction lay in her being able to combine in the rarest manner the two great attributes—of the perfect Queen, and of the perfect woman, mother and grandmother.

Not less affectionate in their reception of me were my other English relatives. There was my young Aunt Beatrice, for instance, who shared in our games and even played at cannons with us. My favourite uncle was from the first always Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught. The Duke, who was without question my grandmother's pet, as I grew up was particularly kind to me, and on my later visits to London made it his

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT

FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH

business to take me about personally. He was an excellent soldier, and when, after his marriage with my cousin, Princess Louise of Prussia, the youngest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, he had the right to wear the uniform of the Ziethen Hussars, he was always very proud of donning that beautiful tunic when he came to Germany, which he frequently did to attend manœuvres. Our friendship lasted through many decades based as it was on our community of military interests as well as on the sympathy of our views in general. It lasted until the war broke the bond, a grievous loss to me.

My favourite aunt, Princess Louise, at that time the Marchioness of Lorne, now Duchess of Argyll, spoilt me from the time I was a tiny child. I was allowed to play in her room and many a sweetmeat was hidden there for me. She was of a joyous, sunny temperament, and had as keen a sense of humour as her mother, the Queen, the very sort that wins the heart of a child at once. I always loved and admired her, and for me my whole life long she remained "the indulgent auntie." But this bond has been severed too.

The Ladies and Gentlemen of my grandmother's Court were equally friendly to us. Sir John Cowell, who was Master of the Household, used to remind me in after years that he had carried me in his arms. The Grooms of the Chamber and household servants of my grandmother were very kind to me, and I always delighted, on later visits, to refresh the remembrances of my childhood with them.

Very frequently my grandmother organised excursions by carriage for us to see the lovely scenery on the Isle of Wight. My dear mother had the greatest predilection for Osborne, a liking that presumably I have inherited from her. She told us on our rambles through the beautifully laid out gardens and parklands of Osborne, with its many young plantations, that it was all the exclusive work of the Prince Consort Albert. Landscape gardening, of which he was, indeed, a past-master, was not the least of his many-facetted talents. Certainly the most celebrated avenue of *Araucarias* in Europe was designed by him as an approach to the Castle. Then, too, there is an interesting corner of the Park in which every tree has been

planted by the hand of a sovereign. This custom was always rigidly kept up, so that almost every ruler in Europe is here represented by a tree.

As in the case of the grounds of Osborne, the castle itself, inside and out, was the work of my grandfather, who arranged every detail of it, in pious memory of which nothing had been altered until the succession of Edward VII. Every member of the family had his or her own apartments. In my mother's rooms, which were shared by my father, Queen Victoria had many pictures of military subjects by distinguished artists, and I found among them a water-colour painting of a review at Aldershot at which my grandfather Emperor William was present on horseback by the side of my grandmother of Great Britain.

During my visit in 1871 I attended a solemn military ceremony, in company with my parents, on the Isle of Wight: the presentation of colours to the 103rd Bombay Fusiliers, an English regiment quartered at Parkhurst, near Newport. In an opening in the park an altar of drums had been erected inside a hollow square, and after the blessing of the colours by the clergy, they were handed to my mother, who in her turn gave them to her brother, the Duke of Connaught, while the whole square presented arms. A touching ceremony of earnest significance.

When I grew a little older it was great fun for me and my brother to go on board the Royal paddle-boat "Alberta" to fetch and carry our uncles and aunts between Cowes and Portsmouth. She was commanded by that worthy Captain Welch, who looked after us like a father on our voyages to and fro, and we were even privileged to work the engine-room signals under the guidance of the captain or the officer of the watch. I saw in this way a great many English ships of war, and it was on one of these trips that I inspected Nelson's "Victory," to which I have made previous reference. As I was looking at the small brass plate screwed to the deck that commemorates the spot on which the great admiral fell, Captain Welch said, parodying the words of Nelson's last signal, "Now, Sir, the British Admiralty expects that every person visiting the 'Victory' must shed a pail of tears here!" On the three-

decker " St. Vincent," a cadet training ship, gunnery practice was just taking place as I boarded her. I was permitted to take part in it and told off as gunner No. 1 to serve a gun, and I had to fire it off. I was not a little proud to have contributed my share to the deafening thunder of the broadside. Admiral Foley, the Superintendent of the Dockyard, was another sailor who was most kind to me. It amused him to take me round the wharfs and show me all the ships of war lying there. He was a real jovial old sea-dog with a crimson face and white whiskers, and, being very deaf, he spoke very loud himself. This weakness of his led to a very comical incident, of which I shall give an account, not only because the story went the round of the whole English navy, but because it is also an example of my grandmother's keen sense of a funny situation. It concerns what was in itself a tragic occurrence. The British sailing-frigate " Eurydice " went down almost in sight of Portsmouth. She was salvaged with great trouble and towed into harbour, where she was laid up in dry dock. The Queen had commanded Admiral Foley to luncheon at Osborne to receive his report of it. After she had exhausted this melancholy subject, my grandmother, in order to give the conversation a more cheerful turn, inquired after his sister, whom she knew well, whereon the Admiral, who was hard of hearing and still pursuing his train of thought about the " Eurydice," replied in his stentorian voice : " Well, Ma'am, I am going to have her turned over and take a good look at her bottom and have it well scraped."

The effect of this answer was stupendous. My grandmother put down her knife and fork, hid her face in her handkerchief and shook and heaved with laughter until the tears rolled down her face. My uncle, the Duke of Connaught, and the younger members of the family round the table forgot every rule of etiquette and burst into a yell of laughter, and the dignified servants handing round dishes rushed away and took refuge behind the screen round the serving table. Meanwhile the Admiral, solemnly unconscious, looked on mystified at this hilarity without in the least knowing what it was about !

As I get on with the story of my young days I shall often have much to say of English personalities and English conditions. For the present these few descriptions may suffice to demonstrate how entirely like a second home to me was my grandmother's house, and how England might well have been a second home to me also.

* * *

The journey which we undertook the following summer is described in my *Lebenslauf* thus: "In the summer of 1872 I went with my brother and sisters, but without my parents, to the seaside resort of Wyk, on the island of Föhr. Here my brother Henry celebrated his tenth birthday, on which he entered the Navy. A gun-boat, the 'Blitz,' arrived for the occasion and fired a salute in honour of the new member of the Service."

This bare statement of fact needs to be amplified in many ways. Above all, the journey to Föhr through the Hallig Islands made a very deep impression on us. The bleak landscape, the hardy men of hardy stock, the exquisite costumes of the country folk, the numerous flocks—all this was entirely new to us. What pleased us merry children most was that we had to use jumping poles to cross the ditch in the marsh. And what splendid men we got to know there! I remember particularly a peasant of the name of Schmidt-Tyschen, a man of strong personality, a typical peasant of the marshes. He lived at Dagebyll, and we visited him frequently when we went to the beautiful island. I must also add that Henry and I took drawing lessons with Professor Magnussen, who had fitted out a peasant's hut at Wyk as a studio. Our models were old peasant women—old ships would have pleased me better! Magnussen was the founder of a school for engraving on wood in Schleswig, which my parents supported. His son Harro was a sculptor, and his works include the statue of Frederick the Great which, until recently, stood in the death chamber at Sanssouci, as well as Roon's monument in the Königsplatz in Berlin.

Shortly after Henry's birthday he and I went for a trip on

the gunboat " Blitz." The commanding officer, Commander Glomsda von Buchholz, showed us, among other things, the heavy gun that stood amidships, and then led us to the bow where there were two older, lighter bronze guns, as we youngsters were very anxious to see the gun from which " The Shot " had been fired. The story of "The Shot " was as follows : The " Blitz " had been detailed to guard German fisheries in the North Sea, and had to deal repeatedly with the encroachments of British fishermen. On one such occasion a British fishing vessel had refused to salute, by lowering and raising its national flag, the ensign which the " Blitz " flew at her stern. After several fruitless challenges, Commander von Buchholz fired across the bow of the vessel, whereat the necessary ceremony was carried out with great dispatch. By this means the " Blitz " gained the respect not only of the British, but also of the Germans, and whenever after this incident the gun-boat appeared on the scene, flags performed their duty with alacrity, for it must be added that the German fishermen also had very often been tardy with their salute. " The Shot " re-echoed, and was joyfully acclaimed, throughout the Fatherland, because it meant that at last the German nation had asserted her authority on the seas. Henry and I stood gazing respectfully at the gun, while Hinzpeter added in professorial tones : " Mark this gun well ! It is an historic gun, from which an historic shot was fired ! "

In Wyk we became friends with Hermann and Ernst, the two splendid sons of Herr von Salza. The name of the famous Grand Master of the German Order was in itself sufficient to cast a certain glamour over them in our eyes. In the days of my reign Hermann von Salza was A.D.C. to the King of Saxony, and his military attaché in Berlin. Ernst von Salza, as a member of the " Borussia " (students' club), studied with me at Bonn, and was eventually Saxon Envoy in Berlin. The bonds of sincerest friendship bound me to him the whole of my life, but unfortunately both these men were lost to me through an all too early death.

Yachting was naturally the centre of all interests at Wyk. We sailed a great deal from Föhr, generally on the " Welle,"

a Hamburg 2-masted yacht, or on the " Grille," the Royal steam yacht, which had been placed at our disposal. The " Grille " had been built for King Frederick William IV at Havre in the 'fifties as a steam screw yacht by the well-known French ship-designer, Dupuy de Lôme. She was an exceptionally handsome vessel with fine lines and was like a sea-gull on the water. Above the hull, dark blue with gold stripes, rose a high well-proportioned yellow funnel and three brown pole-masts. There was a fine oval deck-house with comfortable seats, and the saloon and state rooms were tastefully furnished in the French style. The commanding officer, Captain Ratzeburg, treated us youngsters, who contrived to spend all our spare time on board, with great kindness. The " Grille " when first commissioned in the 'fifties steamed nearly 14 knots, an exceptionally high speed for those days, which would now-a-days correspond to about 30. During these pleasure trips Henry and I learnt the code of signals, and under the supervision of the navigating officer and quartermasters we were taught to steer the yacht by the compass, to hoist the signal flags, and to perform other similar duties of a sailor. We also paid many a visit to the engine-room with its horizontal engine, made by Penn Bros., into the mysteries of which the chief engineer initiated us. It gave me the greatest pleasure to watch the engine at work through the large engine-room skylight when it shone in the sun and the piston-rods, moving to and fro, caught and reflected the light. When the sea was rough the " Grille " made considerable claims on the sea-faring qualities of her passengers, who did not all come up to the required standard. I was very fond of the beautiful yacht, and it is with great pleasure that I think of the happy hours of my childhood spent on board.

I shall conclude the description of our summer trip of 1872 by quoting from my *Lebenslauf*: " During the latter part of our stay in Föhr, my brother and I went for a trip to Hamburg on the Kaiser's yacht, the " Grille," which had been placed at our disposal. We stayed in Hamburg for a few days to see the activity of Germany's greatest trading centre. What I enjoyed most there was to go down to the docks, to look at the

hundreds and hundreds of steamers and sailing vessels, to watch the life and movement in the harbour, and in the streets, the loading and unloading, the arrival and departure of ships, the bustle to and fro of the people, and in a word the picture of animated toil, striving and achievement which to me was a most moving sight. One day to my great joy we went to Kiel and saw the docks and shipbuilding yards; it was just at that time that the ironclad "Friedrich der Grosse" was being built.

* * *

Of the outstanding events which occurred that year, I can also recall the visit of the Italian Crown Prince Humbert and his wife Margherita, in the spring of 1872. It was celebrated with great pomp. I remember, further, the brilliant review of troops held in the Tempelhofer Feld in the autumn of 1872, and attended by three Emperors. Besides practically all the German princes, the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Tsar, Alexander II, together with the heir to the Russian throne (subsequently Alexander III), the Chancellor Prince Gortchakov, Field-Marshal Count Berg, the Grand Duke Vladimir, and the Minister for War, Milyutin, took part. At the march past of the 1st Foot Guards Regiment, with my father at the head, my brother and I brought up the rear of the first platoon of the Body Guard. The Tsar conferred on me the uniform of the Frederick William IV Grenadiers, stationed in Warsaw. When my father led me up to him to express my thanks, I noticed what a big fine man the monarch was, but I was struck by the restless twitching of his eyes. The conversation between the two rulers dwelt on the war of 1870. I heard the words "St. Privat" mentioned, and the Tsar said that his heart had bled when he had learnt the news of the terrible losses sustained by the Guards. It was well known that he had very friendly leanings towards Germany, so that in the following year it was possible to bring about a Russo-German military agreement, and the so-called pact of Three Emperors, which also included Austria-Hungary.

In quoting from my *Lebenslauf* I broke off at the summer spent at Wyk in 1872. It is from that point that I now continue :

" We returned to Potsdam, and I resumed my studies, now more intense than before, as I had to take an examination in the spring. I also began my preparation for confirmation.

" I had to work hard throughout the winter, and did so with a will, as I was very anxious to make good progress in my studies. At last, in the spring, the examination came. I was not afraid of it, as I felt sure of myself. There was only one thing that I did not like, and that was that, with the exception of my mathematics master, all the other examiners were strangers to me. However, when the examination began I was soon rid of this feeling, and I believe that everything went off fairly well. I was told afterwards that I was fully qualified for the Upper Third."

The examination took place at 11 a.m. on 2nd April, 1873, in the Kronprinzen Palace. I was examined in Latin, Greek and mathematics. The examiners were Hinzpeter, Professor Rühle and three other masters of the Joachimstal Gymnasium, the headmaster of which school attended the proceedings. According to the official report on the result of the examination " Prince Wilhelm was perfectly qualified for admission into the Upper Third Class of a Gymnasium, while his knowledge of mathematics would do credit to a good scholar of the Upper Third."

Who could have been happier than I was ? In the evening I was to go with my parents to the opera as a reward.

CHAPTER VIII

VIENNA—SCHEVENINGEN—CONFIRMATION

Visit to Vienna in April, 1873, with My Parents for the Universal Exhibition—First Impression of Prague—Kindly Welcome from the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Empress Elisabeth—My Close Comradeship with the Crown Prince Rudolph—The Empress's Extraordinary Beauty and Grace—Archdukes and Archduchesses—Art Treasures and Armour—Events of 1873—Visit of King Victor Emanuel; His Jovial Personality—I attend the Launching of the First German-built Ironclad at Stettin—Arduous Studies in 1874—Visit to Scheveningen—My Long Preparations for Confirmation by Dr. Persius, of little use in After Life—Hinzpeter's Observations on My "Meditations"—Visits to Dutch Towns, Picture Galleries at the Hague, Amsterdam and Haarlem—A friendly Tram-Conductor—The Anachronisms of Sacred Art—Hinzpeter's Ingenious Explanations—Queen Sophie's Surprise—My first Military Report to My Grandfather—Final Preparations for Confirmation under Dr. Heym—A Memorable and Solemn Ceremony—My Debt to my Grandmother's Teaching—Farewell to Childhood.

SEVERAL weeks later, at the end of April, 1873, I received an entirely different kind of reward for my scholastic success. I was permitted to accompany my parents on a journey which was to be rich in new impressions and experiences for me. I turn again to my *Lebenslauf*:

"Soon afterwards I went with my parents to Vienna for the opening of the Universal Exhibition. Of this journey I recall several days spent in Prague, which is one of the most venerable and remarkable cities that I know. I stood on the ground where the Hussite wars and battles had been fought and where Wallenstein and Piccolomini had trod.

"I went to the Hradschin and stood at the window where, one might say, the Thirty Years' War had had its beginning, from which, that is, Martinitz and Calvata had been thrown out by the Bohemians. I saw, too, the white hill on which the fate of the new Bohemian King had been decided. With what wonderful thoughts did I enter the Palace of Wallen-

stein! This, then, was the dwelling place of the man of world renown; it was here that he had lived; here he forged his plans; on this floor that I trod, he had trodden. How many events had taken place in the world since then, and yet everything stood just as he had left it. Even the horse was there, stuffed, it is true, but still the same horse which he had ridden at the Battle of Lützen.

"I also stood on the Moldau Bridge, from which Johann von Pomuck (Nepomuk) had been thrown by order of King Wenceslas.

"In Vienna we were most kindly received by the Emperor and his Consort. The whole of our stay we lived at Hetzendorf, not far from Schönbrunn, and every morning before starting off for the Exhibition I used to go with my parents for a walk in the garden and park of Schönbrunn. Here, too, was historical ground, even though it evoked unpleasant memories of the time of Napoleon I.

"The opening of the Exhibition was a very festive occasion, and the enormous pavilion in which it was held, and which was large enough to have accommodated the dome of St. Peter's, was well calculated to produce a deep and lasting impression. I could not, naturally, give an account of all that I saw, heard and did. It is enough to say that I spent 4 to 5 hours at the Exhibition daily and kept a diary of the things I saw. The young, fifteen years old, Crown Prince and I had become fast friends, and we went for several excursions and walks together. A fortnight later I returned home, while my parents travelled to Italy."

I should like to amplify this childish account, and will begin with our arrival in Vienna. My parents were met here by the Emperor Francis Joseph and by all the Archdukes and escorted to Hetzendorf, where we alighted. My father drove on ahead with the Emperor, while I remained with my mother. I still recollect how during the drive through the suburbs she was astonished by and drew my attention to the irregularity and unsightliness of the houses. She had not expected to see such buildings in this very famous capital.

Besides their Majesties, who had driven on ahead, we were

KAISERIN ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA

greeted upon our arrival by the Empress Elisabeth, whom my mother had once described to me as the most beautiful woman in Europe, the Crown Prince Rudolph, and the highest Court officials. In those days the Emperor was full of youth and vigour, and had the figure of a subaltern. When I was presented to him his eyes rested upon me with fatherly kindness. Then I found myself before the Empress. Rooted to the spot I gazed into the dazzlingly beautiful face surmounted by dark hair and at the lovely dark eyes. I was so overcome that it was only when admonished by my mother that I remembered to kiss the Royal lady's hand. I was completely carried away with the beautiful vision which had fully justified my mother's verdict.

Hetzendorf is a beautiful, medium-sized castle in the Rococo style, lying in the plain behind Schönbrunn and surrounded by a lovely garden. I lived with General von Gottberg, my military tutor, on the ground floor, and could go out into the garden as often as I pleased.

I soon made friends with the Crown Prince Rudolph, which, taking into consideration his winning personality, unversed in the subtleties of the world, was not surprising. We went on many an excursion together out into the country surrounding Vienna, particularly into the wonderful Wienerwald, the Lainz Zoological Gardens, and up the Kahlenberg, whence we had a beautiful view of the town and its surroundings. We, of course, also visited all the sights of Vienna. Of these I was greatly interested in the famous jewels of the old German Kingdom. I usually took my meals together with the Crown Prince Rudolph; now and then we were taken down to their Majesties' table.

On these occasions, and particularly at the more important functions, I would look with wonder upon the great magnificence of the Emperor's Court with its old Spanish ceremonial.

An incident in which the Empress figures is indelibly stamped on my memory. One day Her Majesty came to tea with my mother at Hetzendorf. I was writing my diary to which I have alluded before, but which is unfortunately lost, when my mother had me brought to the garden where she was

walking with the Empress. The Empress greeted me in the charmingly friendly manner so peculiarly her own, and then my mother told me to carry Her Majesty's long train. I undertook the duties of a page with the greatest enthusiasm and observed with devotion and wonder the stateliness of the Empress's carriage and her beautiful gliding walk. It could be literally said of her what an old-time injunction of Court etiquette demanded: she did not sit down—she took a seat; she did not stand up—she rose; she did not walk—she wended her way. This will give an idea of the sure rhythm of her every movement.

The Imperial family was exceptionally numerous, as with the exception of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, all the brothers of the Emperor were still alive, as were also a great number of near relatives, some of whom had large families. I was particularly pleased when I met for the first time the Archduke Albrecht, the victor of Custozza. As regards the others, I was treated very kindly by the Archduke Rainer, the son-in-law of Archduke Albrecht, who, as a great connoisseur, drew my attention to the priceless art collections of Vienna. Archduke Frederick and the Archduchess Elisabeth were also very kind to me. The Archduchess had a very imposing presence, and bore a striking resemblance to the portraits of Maria Theresa.

Of the art treasures which I visited I was particularly struck by the Ambras collection with its rare armour and weapons. I saw among other things a unique piece of jousting armour, supposed to have been worn by the Elector Albrecht Achilles of Brandenburg. Its chief characteristic was a sort of steel protection standing out in all directions from the suit in crinoline fashion, and ending in sheer sharp spikes. There was a trap in front, which had to be opened for the knight to climb in. A helmet shaped like an eagle's head, the beak of which formed the vizier, rested on the armour. I have never seen the like in any collection of armour which I have since had occasion to examine.

After my return home the same monotonous life of study was resumed, but for a long time the memory of my Vienna

days remained with me, so that Hinzpeter spent many an hour marshalling and focussing my " will-o'-the-wisp " thoughts.

* * *

Of the outward events which occurred between the Vienna visit and my confirmation, those worthy of note may be briefly summed up as follows.

The summer of 1873 found us back at Wyk, where we resumed our usual holiday existence, and also the drawing lessons with Professor Magnussen. On 1st September I attended the laying of the foundation stone of the Lichterfelde Cadet School, and the following day I unveiled the victory column in front of the quarters of the First Foot Guards Regiment. At the end of September King Victor Emanuel came to Berlin, where he was received with great honour and enthusiasm. The King was a very pleasant, exceptionally corpulent and jovial man, with an enormous moustache. In his honour a great review of troops was held at Potsdam, in which both I and my brother Henry took part. The impressive personality of the uniter of Italy left for a long time afterwards a deep impression on the Berlin Court and on the people.

On 22nd November, a day after my mother's birthday, I witnessed the launching of a ship for the first time in my life at the Vulkan shipyard at Stettin. This was the turret-ship the " Preussen," the first German-built ironclad. Later she was followed by her sister ships " Friedrich der Grosse " and the " Grosser Kurfürst." My mother performed the christening ceremony during a heavy snowstorm. Then the ship slid majestically into the water. Like everyone who sees a ship launched for the first time, I was deeply moved by the spectacle. At the same time I was filled with pride at the consciousness that we had reached the stage in Germany when we ourselves could build our ships, no longer assigning the work to foreign firms.

* * *

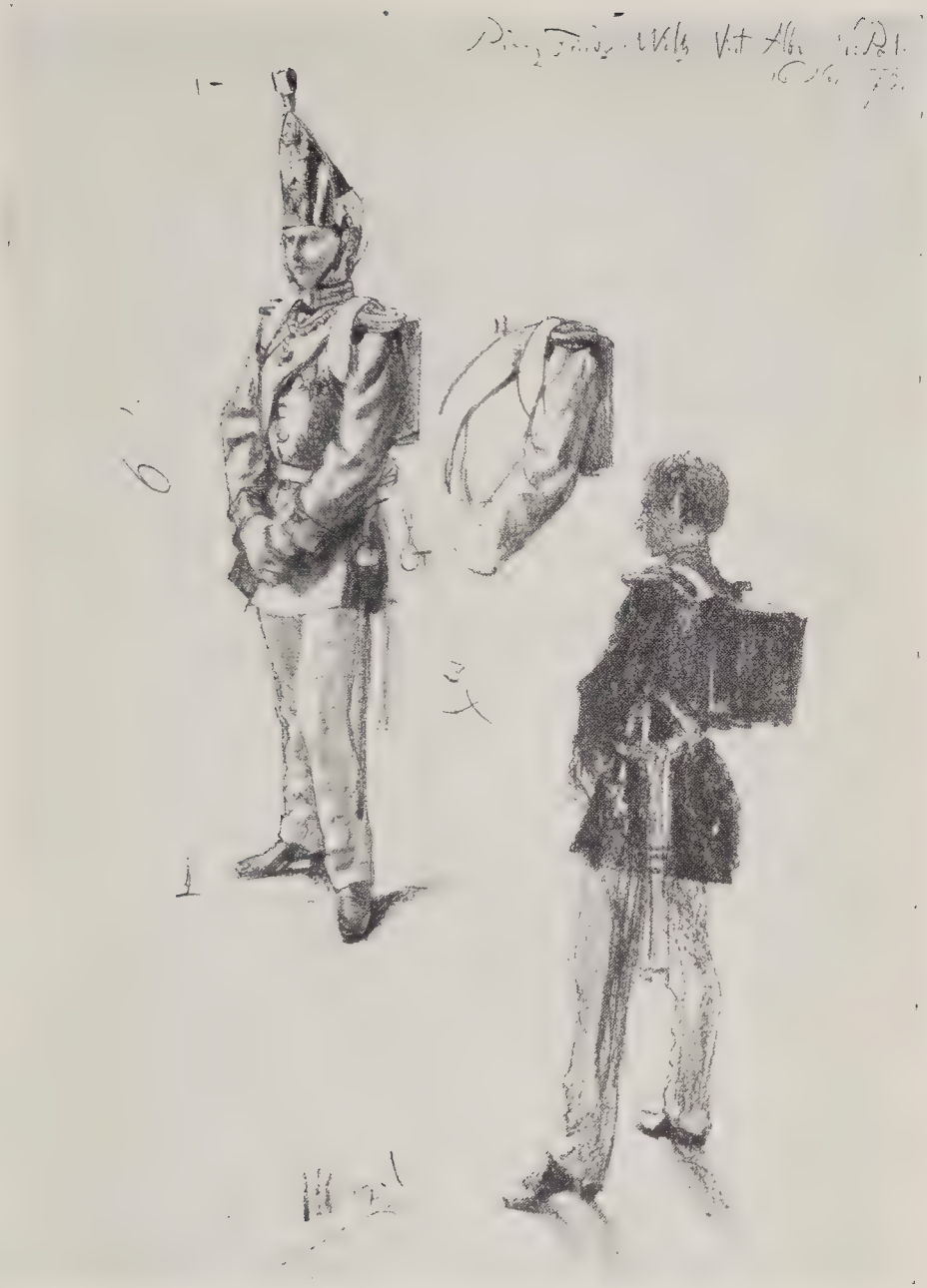
" Right through the autumn (of 1873) and winter my lessons increased, lasting till 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, so that I hardly had an hour to go out. So it went on in the spring and

in the first part of the summer of 1874, and only in the dog days was it possible for me to get a rest. This period was spent in a journey to Scheveningen in Holland."—(*Lebenslauf.*)

The time spent at Scheveningen is associated in my mind with my strenuous preparation for confirmation. My preparation had been conducted since September, 1872, by the Reverend Dr. Persius, of the Church of the Holy Ghost at Potsdam. He was the son of the late Aulic Councillor and Chief Architect to King Frederick William IV, and the brother of the previously appointed Privy Councillor. He was a Liberal and a member of the Protestant Union. He struck me as being shrivelled up and lost in meditation, and I gained nothing from him that was of use to me in life. Theoretically (or should I say theologically ?) he did prepare me quite well, but the really elevating initiation of that period I derived from our Lord's teaching, to which I applied myself more earnestly than hitherto, and not from any doctrine of human origin. I pondered much in those days over things eternal, in the effort to attain lucid conceptions, and acting on the priest's advice, committed some of my deliberations to paper as " meditations." My " meditations," of course, wandered often far from the substance of Persius' sermons, and led me to wonder about the heavens and the blue sea and the ships and fishing-boats that sailed thereon. It was during those hours of meditation that my confession of faith, which I pronounced at my confirmation, was formed.

Hinzpeter's observations made at the time of my religious preparation correspond to those given above, and appear to me to be worthy of being reproduced here :

" It was subsequently remarkably easy for the priests who were entrusted with preparing the Prince for his confirmation to impart to him the Christian Faith in the form established and prescribed by the Church. Just as at first the religious teaching had to be as undogmatic as possible, so now the dogma had to be as non-sectarian as possible. The Prince was to be free to so adapt the Christian Faith himself to his own individuality that it might become the standard on which he could model his life. Furthermore, in spite



PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA

FROM A SKETCH (1873) BY A. VON MENZEL

of, or rather because of, his firm religious convictions, he might be assured of that freedom of thought which as King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany he would need for governing justly over subjects professing so great a diversity of beliefs. The selection of a priest, denominationally unbiased, was therefore made with the utmost care, the official reason given being that it was the most natural course to aim at having the Christian Faith presented to the boy in such a way that he could apply it to his own life. The time would come all too soon when he would see and be obliged to regard this Faith as an object of political strife. The first stipulation, therefore, was that a priest should be chosen who neither by his inclinations nor by virtue of his position would consider it his bounden duty to draw dogmatic and sectarian controversy into his teaching.

"The strict, not to say searching, examination which was finally carried out proved a brilliant success and clearly showed that the Prince had fully mastered the teaching of the Church. In an intimate conversation held at about this time he himself stated that he had realized that Christianity embodied Truth, and that he contemplated moulding his life along its lines. He found, however, considerable difficulty in formulating a confession of faith, which, according to family traditions, the Prince had to pronounce at his confirmation before the assembled congregation. This confession, contrary to the usual practice, had to be as individual as possible, and to be drawn up unaided, while on the other hand it had to be, and could only be, a more or less personally coloured paraphrase of the Apostolic Creed. With this aim in view the Prince would go for solitary walks along the beach at Scheveningen to meditate, and all his interests were centred in this task during his stay at the seaside in the summer of 1874.

"Altogether, the Prince's confirmation period, when he embraced the Christian Faith with eagerness and devotion, was for him a time of real edification, and of an advance to a higher level of spiritual life."

My spiritual life at that period was in fact so intense that all outward events which occurred at Scheveningen were completely

over-shadowed. I will, therefore, pass them over and will only relate two incidents which I always recall when I think of those days.

Under the instructive guidance of Hinzpeter we made numerous excursions to the Dutch towns to visit churches and galleries which were of particular interest to me. We visited, for example, the Mauritz-Huis at the Hague, the State Museum in Amsterdam, and the Franz Hals Museum in Haarlem, which, in those days, was still accommodated in the Town Hall. Above all others, the works of Rembrandt, Van Dyck and Franz Hals made a deep impression upon me. As regards the subjects depicted, I was interested most in pictures portraying the great Dutch naval battles, and I often tried to reproduce them at home from memory.

Returning home from these excursions we usually took the tram from the Hague to Scheveningen. We became friendly with one of the tram conductors, who had fought in my father's army in 1870 and had distinguished himself at the battle of Wörth. He told us a great deal about those days and of the enthusiasm of the troops for my father. In one place where the tram lines made a very sharp curve (they were still horse-drawn trams in those days) the tram-car fairly regularly ran off the rails. This would be followed by the conductor crying out: "Gentlemen, the car has got to be shoved back!" We youngsters would then jump off the car, would put our shoulders to it, push it back into position and were very proud when thanked by the passengers inside.

Our visits to the churches took us one day to Gouda, where we admired the beautiful stained-glass windows. One of them represented Judith and Holofernes at the moment when the Hebrew heroine is leaving the room with the head of Nebuchadnezzar's general. The beheaded body lay in a magnificent bed with silk draperies. My historical sense of style was somewhat shocked when I observed that a pedestal table stood by the bed and upon it a Chinese tea-set. My question whether people in those days already drank tea greatly disconcerted poor Hinzpeter, as did likewise my next question as to how Holofernes, lodged as he was in a simple tent, had

PRINCE WILLIAM AS A SCHOOL BOY, 1874

INSCRIBED ON THE BACK TO DR. HINZPETER

managed to bring so costly a tea-set with him on his military expedition without having it broken. Perhaps he had had a special camel for the transport of his tea-things? Only when Hinzpeter, driven to despair, replied that probably Judith had brought him the tea-set as a gift was I satisfied.

This visit to the church at Gouda had a sequel. Sophie, at that time Queen of the Netherlands, would occasionally invite us to the Palace where she regaled us with tea, pastries, strawberries and sweets, while we had to tell her about our excursions in Holland. So it happened after our visit to Gouda. When we told the Queen where we had been, she was much surprised. "What in the world, children, did you do at Gouda?" We: "Dear auntie, we went to see the beautiful church." The Queen: "What is there to be seen in this church that is so beautiful?" I: "Why, the lovely windows, dear auntie." "The conquest of Damietta," chimed in Henry, "where the Dutch ships break through the chain-boom in the harbour." To which I added: "Judith and Holofernes, and he has a pretty bed-side table with a Chinese tea-set." The Queen: "But that is impossible. Holofernes never drank tea. It can't possibly be a tea-set." I: "It really is, dear auntie." The Queen: "Well, children, I shall have to see this for myself; there is nothing about it in the Bible." A little while later the Queen did actually become convinced of the truth of our statements, throwing new light on the history of civilization!

To conclude my account of the Scheveningen days, I will mention that it was then that I presented my first military report to my grandfather*, a practice which I continued up to his death.

After our return my final preparation for confirmation was undertaken by Dr. Heym, of the Friedenskirche at Potsdam. He was a plain, straightforward man, a great favourite with all the older generation of the Royal House, with whom, as chaplain to Frederick William IV, as well as to my father and grandfather, he was very intimate. I have retained to this day the veneration with which he inspired me. At this time it also

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* See Appendix No. 2.

happened, much to my joy, that my grandmother, the Empress Augusta, commanded my presence at Babelsberg more frequently, or went for walks with me in the park at Sanssouci. On these occasions I had to relate what I had learnt from my confirmation addresses, and when my grandmother noted a gap or an imperfectly understood word she would share with me knowledge drawn from the treasure-store of her faith and experience of life. I am above all grateful to my worthy grandmother because it was she who taught me the practical application of our Christian religion to everyday life.

The day of my confirmation was for me a great spiritual experience. The confession of faith which I pronounced was for me a sacred vow. The ceremony took place on 1st September in the Friedenskirche, and was exceptionally impressive. My mother had had the church beautifully decorated with flowers and garlands; my father had, himself, selected the hymns and anthems. Most of the members of the Royal House were present in addition to a large congregation. My grandmother, the Queen of England, sent the Prince of Wales, who, after the ceremony, received the Holy Sacrament together with my parents and myself. The ceremony, which moved me very deeply, is a lasting memory.

"My confirmation," says my *Curriculum Vitae*, compiled two years later, "fortified me and invested me with new strength, and I look to the future with firm conviction and trust in God."

With these sacred and solemn experiences, both spiritually and outwardly, the years of my childhood were ended.

KAISER WILLIAM I AT A PARADE, 1885

FROM THE PAINTING BY SCHNÄBELI

CHAPTER IX

THE OLD EMPEROR AND HIS CIRCLE

Relations With My Grandfather—His Scheme of Life—Tête-à-tête Dinners—Anecdotes and Memories—His Early Love—My Grandmother: Her Deep Affection and Interest in My Education—The Grand Duchess Louise of Baden : the last Survivor of the Great Old Times—General von Albedyll, von Wilmowski, Count Lehndorff, Prince Anton Radziwill —Anecdotes of Aides-de-Camp—General von Loë—Doctors and Chaplains, Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting—The Salon Schleinitz— " The Little Prussian Hook."

MY relations with the revered figure of the first German Emperor, my grandfather, from my childhood's days to the affecting moment when he closed his eyes for ever, were extremely intimate. I looked up to him with awe, and was devotedly attached to him. He was in return a kind, friendly and loving grandfather, and in this spirit he kept his eye on the whole of my youthful development ; above all, in my military career I owe everything to him. He had always had the greatest confidence in me, and various incidents in these youthful reminiscences, particularly my two missions to Russia, will verify this. I always reported to him, while on my journeys, anything that appeared to me worthy of attention in political and military affairs, and, as he often remarked, he very much enjoyed this attention.

The year in my grandfather's life generally took the following course : in spring, or early summer, he went to Ems for his health, and then to Gastein ; in the autumn he stayed in Babelsberg after the manœuvres in Baden-Baden ; he spent the winter in Berlin.

Often, when my parents were travelling, and his daughter, the Grand Duchess Louise was not staying with him, I was invited to dine alone with my grandfather in his palace, Unter den Linden. I shall never forget those intimate hours together ;

all the love of a grandfather for his grandson was then fully expressed. On such occasions the meal was served in the drawing-room, which led into his study, at a small, green card-table, that was very shaky and needed extremely careful handling. With the joint, a bottle of champagne was put on the table, which the Emperor himself uncorked and with his own hands always filled two glasses, for himself and for me. After the second glass he would hold the bottle up to the light, and make a pencil mark on the label at the height of the contents; in this way, for he was very economical, he could prove whether the servant kept the bottle for further use or, somewhat against his orders, set a fresh one before him the next day. There was no smoking after dinner, as the Emperor never smoked himself; when he visited an officers' mess, he lit a cigarette to give the signal to smoke, but took only a few puffs.

At these little tête-à-tête dinners my grandfather would let his thoughts roam in the past, and would tell stories and anecdotes of forgotten times. Several of them, which concern his late brother, who was noted for his wit, seem to be worthy of repetition.

King Frederick William IV was once begged by the director of the royal theatre to be present at the performance of a new opera. The visit turned out to be very boring, and the King left before the end of the first act. As he stepped out of his box, he saw the attendant on his chair sunk deep in sleep. Horrified, the director would have hurried towards the erring official to wake him up, but the King held him back and tried to appease him with the words: "Oh! Let him alone! He has listened!"

It was usual in society in those days, as also in my time, to help to pass the evening hours with charades. The King often had the officers of the watch called in, so that they could join in the game. It so happened on one occasion, that a none too intelligent lieutenant stood completely baffled, as the lady acting the word handed him a silver spoon, accompanied by an enchanting look—the solution should read "Silver glance." Thereupon the King quietly whispered to the perplexed

Lieutenant, " Spoon-goose " (*i.e.*, spoon-bill)—and the obedient officer scored a huge success.

In a further anecdote the " joke " was made, if one may call it so, not by the King, but by the " others." Once during night operations King Frederick William IV took Spandau by storm. He had the order to surrender sounded, but nothing stirred. He then ordered the commander of the fortress, Petéry by name, to the gate. Petéry had the aperture in the gate opened, stuck out his head, and reported himself to his King. The King, rather angrily, personally commanded him once again to open the gate of his " conquered " fortress. But Petéry, through clenched teeth, let forth these winged words: " Upon my honour, Your Majesty, not even once for fun ! " With these words he clapped to the little opening in the gate again. The assurance expressed in this, in itself, somewhat astounding answer, was very graciously acknowledged by the King.

My grandfather's thoughts turned back even more willingly to the time of The Wars of Liberation, in which he had taken part as a young man, and he liked to relate incidents from these days; of his baptismal fire, near Bar-sur-Aube, of the march into Paris, of the three monarchs, and so on. One saw how much he was moved as he awoke these memories.

After the meal my grandfather usually went with me to the theatre. He sat in a corner of his box on a raised chair, so that the audience could not see him. It then often happened that as the time advanced, and the events on the stage were not particularly exciting, he had a little doze. I did not sit with him in the Royal Box, but in that of my family. If several members of our family were there, my grandfather frequently came to visit them during the intervals. He insisted that we younger ones must certainly face the audience. He then always referred to the experience that he had had during his youth, in 1815, in Paris, where, at the sight of the backs of the royal party, the public would call out to them: " Face au publique ! "

Once I even stood at the historical corner-window with my grandfather, as the watch mounted guard and the public

greeted him. When I gave vent to my delight at the love shown by the people's enthusiasm, my grandfather quite agreed, but drew attention to the fact that he had once had to fly before these same Berliners. He said this without bitterness, with the unclouded wisdom of age, that has perceived in the deepest deeps the perishability and mutability of all that is earthly.

I have been asked more than once whether my grandfather had ever spoken to me of Princess Elisa Radziwill, the love of his youth. That has not been the case, and I cannot remember during his lifetime ever having heard of this love-affair at all. I was first reminded of it a little while ago by a legacy bequeathed to me by my aunt, the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden. It consists of a New Testament that had belonged to the Princess, and after her death was given by her mother, Princess Louise, to my grandfather, from whose estate it came to the Grand Duchess. On the little book, which was published by the Leipzig publisher, Karl Tauchnitz, in 1818, a small crucifix of lapis lazuli is fastened, and at each of the four ends of the cross a small turquoise ball is set, which, in its turn, is set again with a little jewel. As the custom is, Princess Louise gave her daughter the book at her confirmation on March 28th, 1820, and the crucifix was the present of the then Prince William! A note in my grandfather's handwriting, on the second page of the loose leaves, contains the following significant words:

> "Received from Aunt on October 28th, 1834, who allowed Elisa to have this New Testament, which she held in her hand on Confirmation Day, ornamented with the crucifix I had given her—and that now returns to me again after all is well with her!"

In the book itself, in which pressed flowers and leaves still lie in tender remembrance of a passionate attachment, many passages are underlined in red ink, apparently by Elisa, and at the 11th Chapter of Hebrews a remark appears in Princess Louise's hand:

> "Read aloud to Elisa on Sunday, the 21st of September."

KAISERIN AUGUSTA

(WIFE OF KAISER WILLIAM I),
1888
FROM A PAINTING BY PLOCKHORST

This was the sixth day before her death. On the day of her death itself, there is a longer transcription by Princess Louise on the white page at the back. It reads as follows :

"Read aloud to Elisa by Wanda from the Brother's Song-book on the 27th of September, half an hour before her death. (Freienwalde) 1834.

"Lord, who guidest me and rulest my doings, without Thee can nothing succeed, for desiring and achieving that which shall prosper, comes from Thee alone.

"Truly, when I gratefully reflect before Thee on all Thy wonderful ways to my poor self since I became Thine, I am overcome with amazement.

"In Thee will I now confidently rest. Thus no sorrow will distress me, thus no good will fail me. My Saviour bless my soul."

I received into my possession with deep emotion this simple and yet so eloquent testimony of an affecting episode in my grandfather's youth. Forgotten and now long buried memories rise again from the gilt-edged leaves, and witness to the deep love of two royal children, and their bitter renunciation—I treasure the little book as a precious relic.

* * *

The most beautiful relation, that one can possibly imagine existing between a grandmother and her grandson, united me to the Empress Augusta ; it was, I should say, such an intimacy as one only reads of in novels. The Empress, who usually gave the impression of a formal and even rather cold personality, in a small circle, and especially tête-à-tête, was warm and affectionate, and lovingly demonstrative. It was not only that she particularly spoiled and preferred me, but that, as the right kind of grandmothers so much like to do, she also concerned herself with my intellectual development in the kindest possible way. When Professor Werder came for literature lessons, and a play was duly apportioned and read aloud, she used to come into the schoolroom and listen, full of interest ; the Weimar Princess, who had even known Goethe personally, and still

remained in correspondence with the great Olympian after her marriage, could never be denied. When I came home from Cassel for the holidays, I had to show her my reports, and describe everything to her; the subjects of my lessons, my teachers and schoolfellows. Just before my confirmation, my grandmother paid particular attention to me, and at that time, as I have already said, she first gave life and colour to much that my childish mind had not understood. In her firmly established faith, with her practical Christianity, and in her continual reliance on the character of our Lord, she was—like my Aunt Louise, who was in every way her reflection—a firm curb upon me at this difficult period. In ceremonial matters my grandmother certainly tended towards Catholicism; she had, for instance, arranged for a private chapel, but never allowed that to influence the direction of her faith. This inclination was without doubt the reaction from the rationalistic age in which she had lived.

I was obliged in later years to support my grandmother on my arm whenever she held her Court. In those days it was still the custom at the Courts to stand and speak to each guest, which was extremely fatiguing. Only after my grandmother's accident was it arranged that the guests should merely pass by and make their bow, and in my time I made this a regular institution. I could not help admiring at those levées the great skill with which my grandmother knew how to say something courteous and yet something individual to each one. She was especially trained in this art in her youth; when she was only a girl of fourteen a number of empty chairs would be set in front of her, and she had to look upon each one of them as a particular person and talk to it accordingly. For years I had the happiness of being allowed to guide my grandmother, until, owing to her illness, she had to take to a bathchair and be wheeled.

I shall speak in another place of my visits to the Empress's castle at Coblenz, which she so much loved, and whose position on the Rhine she herself created. There she liked to come into personal contact with the Rhineland nobles, always taking the trouble to meet them on common intellectual ground. She

generally spent the autumn in Baden-Baden, where she usually stayed at the Messmersch House. The whole family always arrived there for her birthday on the 30th of September, and delightful picnics and excursions were then arranged. My grandmother made a charming hostess on these occasions, just as she did in Coblenz. It was highly amusing to observe how my grandfather looked upon himself as a mere guest at both these places.

After my grandfather's death the Empress stayed first of all in Berlin, for which I was profoundly grateful; she did everything she could, in so far as her strength allowed, to lighten the burden of those difficult ninety-nine days for her son and for me. It was an affecting moment when the flag of the guard, which until then was set up at my grandfather's palace, had to be brought over to the Berlin Castle after my accession to the throne. She watched with veiled look the festal but to her sorrowful performance. For the Weimar Princess had become to the very core a Prussian Queen and a German Empress. That she was the best of grandmothers to me at the same time, I shall always remember to my dying day.

* * *

Of Emperor William I.'s circle the now deceased Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, the Emperor's only daughter, stood closest to me. She was an unusual woman, deeply religious, firm in the Protestant faith, but thoroughly tolerant; and this was often misunderstood. She showed a decided partiality for me from my childhood, and until her death I returned her affection on my side with love, trust and esteem, and let her take part, through written communications, in everything that concerned my life and work. She possessed considerable political ability and a great gift for organisation, and she understood excellently how to put the right men in the right places and how to employ their strength serviceably for the general benefit. Although it was not always recognised, she had learned admirably to combine the Prussian element with the Baden character, and she developed into a model sovereign princess. Until the last, sustained by her splendid memory, she took part in everything

concerning charities, politics, inventions and scientific life, and to a certain degree could also keep up with the times. It was deeply affecting to see with what intrinsic greatness she bore the difficult years of the war, the revolution, and the time after the war. Her death was an immense loss to me. She was the last of the great old times.

Her husband, the Grand Duke Frederick, stood none the less close to me. With his wise counsel and his sustaining encouragement, he was always a fatherly friend. That his revered figure sank into the grave as early as 1907 caused me great grief.

* * *

When I now attempt to draw with a few strokes those next surrounding the old Emperor, four figures rise again before my mind's eye who have long since sunk into the grave but will ever live in memory as long as Emperor William and his faithful ones are spoken of: Albedyll, Lehndorff, Radziwill and Wilmowski.

General von Albedyll was chief of the military cabinet. His capabilities were very considerable; extensive knowledge, an infallible memory, a keen intellect, and an extraordinary energy predestined him for his responsible position in the Prussian Army. He actually knew by heart the entire army list, and he was familiar with not only the careers of the officers of the standing army, but with those of their fathers. He nominated all the leading commands in the army for the mobilisation of 1870 in one night. He possessed not only the Emperor's but also my father's unbounded trust; he remained commanding general after my accession to the throne, and received from me the Order of the Black Eagle.

The chief of the civil cabinet, von Wilmowski, I only had the opportunity of meeting when my father took over my grandfather's duties in 1878, and resided at Homburg. He was a quiet man, faithful to duty, who lived a very retired life devoted exclusively to the development of his work. When he retired he recommended Lucanus to me as his successor.

The Chief aide-de-camp, Count Lehndorff, came of an old East-Prussian family. In the year 1813, his father organized

the East-Prussian National Cavalry, armed with lances, which provided the basis of the Hussar-Guards Regiment that was formed later. Far above the average height, and well-proportioned, he was the true type of the old Prussian nobles and officers. Rendering inviolable loyalty to his royal, and later imperial sovereign, the "handsome count" was generally respected and liked. He treated everyone with marked politeness and attention. In the presence of the ladies, his knightly courtesy made of him a charmer, who won all hearts. He can justly be denoted as the chief and central figure of the so-called *maison militaire* which surrounded my grandfather; it rarely happened that my grandfather was not accompanied by him. On service he was always at his post, and with his precise knowledge, he could immediately and exhaustively answer every question. In addition, he possessed a fair dose of mother wit, with which he sometimes gave vent to shrewd and humorous observations. For instance, when Prince Alexander von Battenberg, who was then lieutenant in the Gardes du Corps, was elected sovereign of Bulgaria, the Emperor promoted him, in spite of his youth, to the rank of colonel; upon this occasion Count Lehndorff remarked sarcastically to General von Albedyll; "If I were Battenberg I would bolt now, and let Bulgaria carry on!"

My grandfather's aides-de-camp all felt the greatest respect for Count Lehndorff, but they also adored him, for, in his implicit devotion to his sovereign, and in his imperturbable and distinguished manners, he was an example to them all. It was a great pleasure to me after my accession to the throne, to reward his loyalty to my grandfather and myself with the Order of the Black Eagle, and the rank *à la suite* of the Gardes du Corps.

The last of this group was the large, fat Chief aide-de-camp, Prince Anton Radziwill. In spite of his broad Polish face, he was an out-and-out Prussian, and, in relation to my grandfather, loyalty personified; he was indeed the most Prussian-Pole that ever existed; good company, always full of fun, and even rejoicing over his card losses. My father treated him as a cousin, and used the familiar "thou" to him. In the year

1870 he had the opportunity of playing an historical (even if it were only a small) part, when at Ems he warded off the French Ambassador, Benedetti, in his second attack.

These four were the old Emperor's faithful ones, those who had to perform the insignificant daily work, in order to keep the organisation of the state in motion. Just as little as it is possible to dream of omitting the figures of those great Paladins, Bismarck, Moltke and Roon, whose earlier steps will sound through centuries of German history, from the memoirs of the great Emperor's world-historical achievement, just as little was his day's work possible without the loyal Albedylls, Wilmowskis, Lehndorffs and Radziwills.

* * *

Of my grandfather's aides-de-camp I will only name a few.

Count von Alten, a stiff riding figure, was for many years aide-de-camp, and later, until the last, General *à la suite*. He commanded the regiment of the Gardes du Corps for an endless time. He was generally nicknamed " the chevalier " because of his distinguished appearance. He was the brother-in-law of the chief of the military cabinet, and brother of the Duchess of Manchester, who played an important part in London Society at that time. His comrades wrote these amusing lines about him:

" My brother-in-law is Albedyll,
My friends, Lehndorff and Radziwill,
From crown to toes,
I am the chevalier."

The aide-de-camp von Plessen became later my Chief aide-de-camp; I ought to say that he held this post at the same time that August Eulenburg was Chamberlain. I wish to devote a few words to General von Loë.

Von Loë, a Catholic Rhinelander, had certainly the most distinguished brain in my grandfather's military circle. He possessed a cultivated, winning nature, and the most polished manners. In conversation, he lent convincing power to his words by looking penetratingly at his companion with his fine, clever eyes. He was a shrewd judge of men and events, not only in his career as a soldier, but also in other subjects,

especially on politics. In the war of 1870–1871 he commanded the Bonn Royal Hussar Regiment with especial distinction, and won the Iron Cross, 1st class. During his long service as aide-de-camp and Chief aide-de-camp under my grandfather, he reached such a position of trust that my grandfather used to discuss with him matters of the utmost importance. In the same way my grandmother and the Grand Duchess Louise placed their trust in the solid qualities of this man's character. His quiet work assisted not a little in creating the foundations for the restoration of the confessional peace, for he was just as loyal as a son of the Roman church, as he was as a Prussian Officer.

During my Bonn period I got to know better, and extraordinarily to respect General von Loë; I used to meet him at my grandmother's in Coblenz. When the Empress gave her great receptions for the Rhineland and Westphalian nobles, she would call me over that I might give her my assistance and lead her, as walking had become difficult to her. General von Loë was usually present, and was kind enough to enlighten me beforehand as to the personalities of those who were to be presented. In my campaign, too, against the Union Club, of which I shall speak later, he gave me valuable advice, for he had himself been engaged in a similar though ineffectual conflict when brigade-commander of the cavalry in Berlin.

Although a passionate supporter of the cavalry, he devoted himself, in so far as the rules allowed, to the modern development of the infantry. This was a theme that was often dealt with in our conversations. An incident which General von Loë once related, and which I still distinctly remember, may give some idea of the conditions in those days, as well as of von Loë himself. One morning the General had ridden out to the Kreuzberg, in his character of divisional commander, to watch the infantry being trained. He noticed that the infantry were schooled, under the eye of General von Pape, to march across the field in perfect "line"; this can naturally only be accomplished if the men, instead of looking in front of them, continually look to left and right. When Loë joined him Pape drew his attention, with pride, to the splendid "dressing" of his ranks, to which Loë sarcastically replied: "Your Excellency,

the Prussian infantry is certainly the most wonderful in the world!" Pape: "That is exactly what I think. But in what particular instance?" Loë: "Because, your Excellency, the Prussian infantry is the only one which brings to perfection the artistic work of advancing without ever looking at the enemy, but only attending to the 'dressing'!"

After my grandfather's death General von Loë supported my grandmother and the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, with touching devotion, as he also supported the Grand Duchess after the decease of my dear grandmother. The last time that I shook hands with this clever, loyal man was at the funeral of my revered uncle, Grand Duke Frederick of Baden. God send Germany many more such patriotic Catholics as was General von Loë!

* * *

The chief physician, Dr. von Lauer, attended to my grandfather's life and health for many years with the greatest care. His fine face with his gold glasses was particularly striking, as he was clean shaven, which, at that time, was very unusual. He was an extremely cultured old gentleman, spoke Latin as well as German, carried Horace in his pocket, even when out shooting, and had a Latin quotation always at hand. Quiet and retiring as the old gentleman was, he could, however, be very witty. The relation existing between my grandfather and Dr. Lauer was one of complete trust.

In later years Dr. von Leuthold also attended my grandfather. Brought up in Lauer's school, he was always pushing forward in medical research, seeking and learning. However, in certain cases, he did not at all despise a good old-fashioned household remedy. Leuthold was also with me for a long time; he was a fatherly friend, not only my physician. His clear judgment and his profound education made intercourse with him extraordinarily profitable. He also stood in high favour with Queen Victoria, and was just as greatly esteemed by her court physician, Sir James Reid, who was altogether an enthusiastic "partisan" of the German medical faculty. I shall always remember Leuthold with deep gratitude.

Of the Court chaplains, the leading personality in my grandfather's time was Dr. Kögel. His figure was conspicuous for such an unusual height that he was at one time file-leader of the Emperor Alexander Grenadier Guards Regiment, No. 1. His face expressed energy and a certain fanaticism which sometimes gave him a gloomy appearance; he was passionately "orthodox." His sermons were full of audaciously imaginative ideas and finished in style, and yet they failed in a certain sympathetic warmth; they worked more upon the intellect than upon the heart. He enjoyed the high favour of the royal household in general, and was closely in contact with my grandparents, on both of whom he gave wonderful commemoratory addresses. At the memorial service for my grandmother in the chapel of the castle in Berlin he was suddenly obliged to break off in the middle of his speech, being overcome by indisposition brought about by the melancholy occasion. I learned later from the doctors that Dr. Kögel had never in his whole life preached any of his sermons or addresses freely, but had learnt them all by heart. The many memorial services held at the tomb-side of both my grandparents so overstrained him that finally his memory refused to perform its service. His death meant the loss of one of the most striking personalities among the clergy of his time.

* * *

In closest relation to my Aunt Louise, and above all to my grandmother, stood the Court Chaplain Frommel, who came from Baden. A small gentle figure, with long, snow-white hair combed back from his forehead, large, beaming child-like eyes, lively gestures, crystal-clear character, and a sunny nature through and through, he won all hearts. I believe I can say, without exaggeration, Frommel never had an enemy! His good-natured liberality knew no bounds. The Berlin poor could make a song on the subject, for if he were asked for his coat, he would give his overcoat as well. As chaplain of the garrison, he preached in the Berlin garrison church, and was uncommonly beloved by the soldiers and by his civil parishioners. He delivered his sermons simply and clearly, and filled them

with pleasing warmth and wonderful illustrations, which he, like the Saviour, took straight from nature. His requests for assistance for this or that family, society or parish, were laid before one with such eloquent sincerity that they never failed to succeed. He told me, incidentally, that in his experience, every sermon and every address must have a peg on which to hang its argument. Thus, as he was once on his way to a meeting to speak on behalf of a church building-fund, he still had no peg, and was racking his brains in search of one. Just then he met at the street-corner a drayman whom he had long known ; the man called out to him, " Mr. Minister, you are what one would call a ' decent sort,' then give me a copper ! " He now had his peg, and in his address to the meeting said : " The money is there (great enthusiasm), but not yet here (disappointment). The honoured ladies and gentlemen are what one would call ' decent sorts ! ' Well then, they will want to give the necessary sum ! " The result was a very considerable amount.

While Frommel was still a village priest in Baden, he was sent a diocesan message to be read aloud from the chancel, stating that the peasants were to have more ethics preached to them. When Frommel finished reading he said to the peasants : " You will ask me what ethics are. I will explain it to you by an allegory. See here, my dears, you are now good, worthy, ordinary apple-trees, and have very properly produced simple apples. Now the diocese wants you to become bergamot plum trees, and you are to produce bergamot plums. Now you will answer me : ' But, Mr. Minister, that we cannot do.' And there you are quite right —that you cannot do ; well, then, remain apple trees ! We will leave ethics alone, and continue to concern ourselves with our own dear Lord and Saviour ! "

After my marriage, Frommel often stayed in my house as an honoured guest, and his intelligent conversation helped to pass the evenings very profitably. In the year 1894 Frommel accompanied me and my family to Abbazia, where he exhibited an ardent joy in the glorious south. When the Emperor Francis Joseph visited us there, he was noticeably delighted to meet again, in Frommel, an old and dear acquaintance from Gastein,

for he had often officiated there for my grandfather. Frommel's exquisitely humorous writings and his delightful poems are a valuable possession of the German youth.

I shall have to speak of the Court Chaplain, Heym, in the course of the history of my own youth.

* * *

If I can now only briefly mention the Ladies and Gentlemen-in-waiting, I must put the Minister of the Royal Household, von Schleinitz, at the top of the list. The Minister of the Household was an old diplomat of the Rococo period, amusing and witty, who knew just how to charm people. My grandparents liked him extremely, and maintained, from old times, a sincere trust in him. My parents often drove there after dinner and sometimes took me with them; for Frau Marie von Schleinitz, usually called "Mimi," was an intimate friend of my mother's. She was a literary, highly-cultured and uncommonly intelligent woman; literature, art and politics, and above all an enthusiastic Wagner cult were all encouraged in the famous "Salon Schleinitz" at number 73, Wilhelmstrasse. Upon my mother's recommendation, as an officer I often went to the "Salon" on Sundays, and always enjoyed the original atmosphere.

I only had the opportunity of seeing the Lord Chamberlain, Count Perponcher, at the Courts and on festal occasions; he managed his office with the finished grace of a lord chamberlain of the *ancien régime*. Of the Ladies-in-waiting I greatly admired Countess Oriola, an intelligent lady, with a little dainty figure, in whose veins flowed unmistakable Portuguese blood, but who had become a true Prussian. She took me, in her kindness of heart, under her wing as I trod the slippery parquet of the Court, and so assured herself of my grateful remembrance. On the other hand, people were of one mind about another Lady-in-waiting who, in spite of her faithful attachment to her Empress, did not really belong to a Court. Her nickname was very significant, for she bore the title of "the little Prussian hook."

And with the little Prussian hook, this procession of historical characters at the Court of Emperor William I must now close.

CHAPTER X.

AT CASSEL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Hinzpeter's Scheme, of Old Standing, but strongly Resisted in Certain Quarters, Convinces my Parents—He Chooses Cassel in 1874—An Ideal Spot for Surroundings and Educational Advantages—My Surprise and Consolations—Accompanied by my brother Henry—An Excursion in the Harz Mountains—Doubts and Misgivings soon Dispelled—Our Strange and Unexpected "Entry"—First Impressions of School—School Friends—Recollections of the Masters—Time-table of Working Day—Early Appreciation of Homer and Greek Art—Criticisms of Latin Authors Studied.

SOON after my confirmation it was made known to me that my parents had decided that I should attend the grammar school in Cassel, there to finish my school education and matriculate.

The originator of this plan was Hinzpeter; he had been engineering it ever since 1870; he made the first proposals to my mother in Homburg, and then sent a memorandum of them to my father at Versailles. As he confirmed upon referring to his notes, my tutor presented several memoranda, giving reasons for the acceptance of his proposal, principally the following: "The entire education should be given quiet and continuity by submission to an external, invariable and compulsory standard, which private education, principally on account of the claims and habits of court life, in spite of the very best intentions of all those taking part, cannot possibly provide, and yet this is a preliminary condition of successful development . . . . . A further successful result of submission to a strictly systematic, elaborated and firmly established method should be the habit of firm, inexorable allegiance to duty, and the concentration of all the powers upon the submitted and immediate task. It appears to be of the very greatest importance to the successful sovereign, ruler

of a people, that he should know and understand their thoughts and feelings, and this is only possible if he has had the same method of education that the most cultured have had themselves, if he is nourished with the same ideas and principles as they, and if he has also had the opportunity of coming into closer continuous contact with people of other classes than those of his own future environment . . . . . ."

The consummation of his tuition scheme seems to have presented many difficulties, or so it appears from his notes. He lays stress on the fact that he dealt with a breach of tradition concerning the family affairs of all the conservative courts of the world ; the placing, too, of the heir to the throne on the school-bench, thereby surrendering him defenceless to the world's criticism, had excited attack in a wide circle, and its realisation had, for that reason, experienced violent opposition.

Hinzpeter's proposal was therefore only adopted for the time being for its general purpose, and accordingly, as I have already described, apart from mathematics, Greek was also included in the educational scheme, " an incredible and much-criticised measure in the education of princes." But with his own peculiar Westphalian ability, Hinzpeter overcame all the hindrances that stood in the way of his scheme. At the beginning of the year 1874 its execution seems to have been agreed upon.

Hinzpeter took as his point of view, with regard to the choice of a place, that it must be situated in a healthy position, and near one of the larger towns, so as to be in reach of the means of French and English instruction. In March, 1874, he was principally considering Homburg or Wiesbaden ; the decision in favour of Cassel must have been brought about through a journey there in August.

In reality, Cassel was an almost ideally chosen spot for a youth's school days. In the small town, at that time, the entire life was governed by the school, as is usually only the case in university towns. The beautiful surroundings, with their glorious gardens, provided full opportunity for walks, as well as for short or long excursions. The theatre, the opera, a museum and a picture gallery created all manner of educational

possibilities. The delightful social life of the town supplied stimulating intercourse. And when one adds to this, that Wilhelmshöhe Castle, where we were to live in the summer, possessed a unique position, one must admit that Hinzpeter had made a very good choice.

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When I first heard of the plan to transplant me to Cassel I was not exactly pleasantly surprised. For now I was to leave the parental home in whose protection I had grown up, was to be given into the hands of new teachers, and now, all at once, was to learn with strange boys in a public school, was to compete with them, and—to come out lower in the list!

It was at least one consolation that my brother Henry accompanied me; for as he was destined for the practical career of a sailor, he was to enter the polytechnic school in Cassel. In addition, my "civil-tutor," Dr. Hinzpeter, and my "military-tutor," Major-General von Gottberg, went with me. The latter, who taught me from 1871, as successor to First Lieutenant O'Danne, was a congenial and delightful man, whom I liked extraordinarily. I also spent a good deal of time in his home, where it was always uncommonly agreeable. In Cassel the management of our household was in his hands, in the course of which he often came into direct opposition with Hinzpeter, who quite unreasonably hated the general.

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Not long after my confirmation the farewell hour struck, which meant parting from the parental mansion, from Berlin and Potsdam, from friends and relations, and plunging into the unknown . . . . . .

The transition furnished an opportunity for a journey through the Harz Mountains, in which, in addition to my brother Henry, our friends von Rex and von Moser were to take part; Hinzpeter had the conducting of the party. The expedition took us from Thale to Harzburg, Ilsenburg and Goslar, where we stayed in the Kaiserworth, and from where we climbed the Kammelsberg; we also went up the Brocken,

where thick clouds shut out the view, and up the Regenstein, where a Herr Leibrock acted as our guide, dedicated his Harzbuch to us, and earned secret fame (for "stands in his Leibrock (dress-coat)" became a humorous quotation with us), and to Wernigerode Castle, where the master of the house turned us out because of our doubtful appearance *à la* "Wandervogel." At the inn we had to put up with a tiny room, as the manœuvres had filled the house with military guests. The much-cherished hope, too, of a beautiful dish of mountain-trout, which had sustained us the whole day, also vanished, for the hungry warriors had already cleared up everything, even to the last fish. After parting with our companions, we took the train to Münden on the Werra, where we visited the beautiful old church, containing the tomb of the famous Doctor Eisenbart, and then marched along the old country road, away over the mountains to Cassel.

The journey gave us wonderful impressions of the mountains and places of historical interest, but the thoughts, full of longing for home and not without uneasiness as to the future, would not be banished, and when, for the first time, I saw the place that was to be my home, my heart sank, as I now see on consulting my *Lebenslauf*. "As I saw Cassel lying before me, for the first time, from the Sondershäuser Mountain, all these thoughts arose within me with redoubled power; but then I remembered my confirmation and the hymn that had been sung: 'A firm stronghold is our God,' and the doubts and thoughts vanished like apparitions or ghosts."

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At the Fürstenhaus in Cassel we nearly had the same experience as at Wernigerode Castle. Only after a long palaver between the indignant Hinzpeter and the hotel-porter, who was expecting two Prussian princes, whom we could not possibly be, were we allowed in. The circumstances of our "entry" into Cassel were altogether so strange and unusual that I cannot refrain from quoting here the entry, 12th September, 1874, from Hinzpeter's diary. It will also serve to give an impression of the mind and character which ruled

over my whole education: "We entered Cassel in a peculiar fashion, in deliberate antithesis to the public imagination. We cheerfully sat in the enclosure for yeomen on the bowling-green of a coachman's beer-house, partaking of sour beer and hard bread. It was raining, and I held my umbrella over the lunch to prevent the beer becoming still more watery, for we needed strengthening after a hard march. Then we heard the whistle of an engine, and by this knew that at that moment the Emperor was arriving in Cassel in triumph, in a comfortable saloon-car, honoured, extolled, well-dined, in complete enjoyment of a hard-earned position after a lifetime's work; while Prince William, having quite insufficiently breakfasted, with tired legs and empt stomach, walked to Cassel, and entered Cassel in the true manner of a travelling student. And this moral sermon was fully exemplified in word and deed. So as not to be with the Emperor in Cassel, we wander about in the surrounding country, obtain, with difficulty, a cup of coffee in some pleasure grounds, wherein we blissfully soak a pocketed crust of bread, in a yeoman's enclosure, and finally move on to our Fürstenhaus in Königsstrasse, where the porter, in gala array, is only with difficulty persuaded that we represent the expected company."

And so we arrived at our destination.

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Everything, however, went much better than I had expected: "I had hardly been at school a week before I felt so much at home in the class (the Upper Fifth), and had got on to such good terms with my schoolfellows, that it seemed as if I had never had any lessons except in class. It so happened that the author whom we were studying aroused all my sympathies; the lively, detailed descriptions of events and characteristic sketches of the chief figures of the narrative made this book of Sallust's the most attractive work of his which I had yet read."*

I don't know whether I was aware of it at the time, but I see from Hinzpeter's notes that I had not been the only one

* From my "Curriculum Vitæ."

FAMILY GROUP AT THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM, 1875

to look forward with mixed feelings to my start at the school :— " At first both master and pupils felt rather uncomfortable, for the new boy and his school-fellows seemed such an unknown quantity, formed of heterogeneous elements. But this state of things did not last long, for the Prince bore himself as a typical school-boy, and, after his usual fashion, threw himself with zest into his new life, just as he did later on as undergraduate, and then as soldier. His school-fellows soon found out that, in spite of an ever tactful reserve which forbade all familiarity, he could be, and actually was, a very good fellow, always ready to take part in their plans and pursuits, and sincerely anxious to compete with them on equal terms without special privileges. As, on principle, the Prince was never influenced or restricted in the choice of his nearer acquaintances, he soon formed a small circle of congenial spirits, which made more familiar intercourse possible. In this respect, too, the whole situation developed much more naturally and profitably than might have been expected."

Without forming a close friendship with anyone in particular, I kept on good terms with all my school-fellows. I remember especially my companion, Johannes Brauneck, later on headmaster of the " Wilhelm " Gymnasium in Hamburg ; Ganslandt, later on Public Prosecutor, and a small Jewish boy named Sommer, who became Judge of the Court of Appeal, and died in September, 1925. My brother Henry and I saw a great deal of a boy named Wild, who happened to be neither in his class nor in mine ; later on, as Wild von Hohenborn, he became Secretary for War. We were both very fond of him, for he was a jolly fellow, full of zest and with a great talent for charades and theatricals, which we were always getting up.

Although it was not at school I met him, I should like to mention here another acquaintance of these days. I mean young Count Emil Görtz, whom I first met on a visit at Schlitz. He was as tall as a giant, had an amiable and highly gifted nature, and was versed in many arts ; he could paint, sing, recite, write poetry, compose music, went in for sculpture, and was altogether overflowing with life and energy. Moreover his character was as bright and clear as the day, and he had

the heart of a little child. His misfortune was that he squandered his energies, and therefore did not excel in any branch of art. Later on I tried to influence him and to direct his activities into some definite channel. It is common knowledge that he produced the statue of Coligny in front of the Palace in Berlin, and that of Louis the Roman, in the Siegesallee, as well as many other works suggested by me. For me he was less a great creative artist than the stimulator and counsellor of my artistic impulses, and for this he was particularly well qualified by his keen appreciation of the art of all ages, more especially of the antique.

After this short digression let me return to the school at Cassel.

Amongst the masters I specially remember Vogt, the head-master, who taught classics; he was certainly strict, but pleasant, and neither pedantic nor narrow-minded, and out of school he was very kind. He proved to be an expert on Greek and Roman plays, and in this way aroused my deep interest.

Hartwig, too, the history master, was stimulating and an excellent lecturer; on the other hand, Häussner, my form master, was rather dry, if I remember rightly. All that need be said of Schorre, our mathematical master, is that he was more of a sportsman than a mathematician. Though every now and then he would enthrall us by the account of some midnight adventure with a monster in the Forest of Kaufung, he could not explain to us the nature and origin of an equation. But when we were moved up into the lower sixth we had an excellent mathematical master, who, by the way, bore a striking resemblance to Nasru'd-Din, the Shah of Persia. This gentleman, Dr. Auth by name, was stout and jovial, and very fond of wine and of an over-heated class-room. As the form had put me in charge of the stove, I used to stoke up well before he came in. Of course, the boys near the stove very nearly died of heat, but this disadvantage was amply compensated for by Dr. Auth's good spirits, which would rise with the temperature, and which had a most beneficial effect on the whole class. Both in the lower and upper sixth we made excellent progress under his admirable teaching and bright

stimulating lectures, so that in the matriculation examination the whole class cut a good figure in mathematics.

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Boys of to-day can have no notion of how exacting our work was ; it was certainly nothing out of the way for class and home-work to take up ten or eleven hours out of the day. In summer I used to get up at 5, and by 6 I was already at work on preparation ; from 8 to 12 I was in school. The time from 12 to 2 was taken up with a walk, fencing or bathing. Then came two hours of school, followed by a private lesson with Hinzpeter. From 5 to 6 was the dinner-hour; followed by at least two hours' work, after which private tuition often went on till 9 or later. My own burden was made heavier than that of the ordinary school-boy by extra tuition in French and English with a Swiss named Beauvon, and later on with a Frenchman of the name of Ayme. It is a good thing that boys of the present day do not have such a hard time, for our life was often a perfect torment.

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I could hardly trust my memory now to give an account of the actual teaching, which the change of outlook wrought by the years has dimmed and distorted. The best way seems to me to quote from my "Curriculum Vitæ," which faithfully renders my views of that time. I will insert the continuation of the passage about Sallust quoted above :—

"Later on we read Cicero's speech 'pro lege Manilia' or 'de imperio Cn. Pompeii,' which I hold to be the only one in which he speaks less of himself than of the real subject. In Greek we read Homer, which most pleasantly revived my early memories of ancient Greece. I was carried away spellbound by the beautiful similes drawn from nature and the descriptions of the heroes and of their deeds and contests. And to all this there was now added the beautiful form of the poem, the simple yet grand hexameters, so suitable a vehicle with which to depict such memorable events. I maintain there is nothing greater than the Greek language, and in Greek nothing greater than Homer and his Iliad.

"At Easter I was moved up with the whole class to the Lower Sixth. Here we began to read Horace with the head master, and were soon delighted with this poet, in whom we learnt to recognise the greatest Roman writer. Moreover, I was specially interested by the details of the history of art given with the notes, this being a favourite subject of mine, and I was glad to add to my knowledge. In this connection the lectures of Professor Bötticher, of the Berlin Museum, on Greek and Roman art were very useful and I shall ever be grateful to him for all he taught me.

"As a child I had been taken to look at the Greek sculpture in the Berlin Museum; it appealed to me so strongly that I soon made special favourites amongst the statues. I was particularly fond of a statue of Achilles and of the Æginetan group because these were the only ones with Greek weapons, and that was exactly what I wanted. I had just been reading the story of the Iliad and the description of the heroes' weapons made me want to see what they really looked like. I was specially interested in the helmets with plumes of horsehair and there was a whole row of them in the Æginetan group. To my great joy my father had given me two terra-cotta statuettes of Achilles and Patroclus in complete armour; I was never tired of looking at them and always had them out whenever there was any reading of the Iliad going on.

"In our Latin class, besides Horace, we were also reading Cicero, the fifth book of 'The Tusculans,' the beginning of which did not interest me much, though I found the latter part more attractive. After this we read the 'Orator,' the first ten chapters of which were enough to dispel the liking for Cicero inspired by the speech 'pro lege Manilia' and 'The Tusculans.' I have never read a book so dry, so difficult to understand and so ill calculated to arouse interest in its author; there is nothing in it one can apply usefully to one's self. When I read a book I want to keep what I might call its essence and make it my own for all time; but with the best will in the world it was not possible to do so with this work. I found nothing but an endless number of periods and phrases, and a list of orators and sophists that held no interest whatever for me.

"This made the compensation all the greater when I turned to the Greeks and read Demosthenes. I was filled with amazement and admiration for this giant among men when I found in what untoward circumstances he had developed and how he had worked his way up and become the most powerful and famous of orators, for even to this day it is on him that our orators model themselves. He was able to overcome all the obstacles in his path, those connected with his own speech as well as those placed in his way by his opponents. And then what speeches his are! Clear, simple, direct; never boasting of his own actions or services, always keeping strictly to the matter in hand, and above all avoiding any allusion to himself. The greatest proof of his eloquence lies in the fact that after one of his speeches the Athenian army marched straight into battle and to death. In his speeches he never turns fine phrases and periods but speaks straight from his heart and hurls many a blunt home truth at the Athenians. It was on account of all this I liked him so much, and the more I steeped myself in his works the more I grew to despise the comparative limitations of Cicero.

"I gradually lost my admiration for Horace too. The more I read his Odes the better I came to know the poet's character. If Horace were transplanted to the present day every respectable person would be ashamed of going about with him and would certainly never think of asking him to dinner.* Our history lesson happened to deal with the Middle Ages, my favourite period. I would read over at home in Kohlrausch and Menzel what we had studied in class, and I formed a history society with a few friends for the study of all ancient history including the Middle Ages; in this society we read papers which were criticized by the audience and afterwards filed. Besides Demosthenes, we read in class the "Electra" of Sophocles. What a master mind breathes through this play, what deep moral sense is revealed in the choruses and speeches, and what a depth of feeling in the character of Electra!

"In connection with this play I learnt a great many new things concerning the Greek drama, not only about the construction

* I cannot read this passage now without quiet amusement.

of the theatre, but also about the arrangement of the stage, the number of the actors, and their costumes, and the acting itself. Here again, Professor Bötticher's excellent lectures on the Greek theatre and drama were very useful.

"At Easter we were moved up to the Upper Sixth. Here we read Horace's Satires, which soon deprived me of the little respect which the Odes had left me for this author and reduced him in my eyes to the lowest rank of pleasure-seekers. In Latin we also read Cicero's speech 'Pro Sestio' which might rightly have been called 'Pro Cicerone,' for it contains but a few brief allusions to P. Sestius, the main part of the speech dealing with the mourning of the *populus Romanus* about Clodius and his followers, and with their delight at Cicero's recall. And yet we are expected not to despise this boastful rhetorician even when we compare him with the great Demosthenes!"

CHAPTER XI

PHILOLOGY *v.* PATRIOTISM—TACTICS AND RED TAPE

The Unreformed Prussian Gymnasium—Defective Methods of Teaching History—Philological Tyranny—Germanism and the Spirit of Empire Neglected—Overworked German Schoolboys Compared with Etonians—My Fondness for Historical Romances, History in Every Form, Books of Travel, Books on War and the Sea—My Preference for Epics and Dramas over Lyric Poetry—My Solitary Effort as a Poet—My Sunday Debating Club—Visits to the Theatre and Opera—Wilhelmshöhe and the Fürstenhaus—My Devoted Valet and His Wife—Swimming, Skating, Riding and Fencing—Distinguished Cassel Friends, Old Hessians and Stalwart Prussians—Weekly "Conciliation Dinners"—Walks and Excursions with Hinzpeter—Golden Days at Scheveningen—I am Taught Lawn Tennis by the Daughters of the British Ambassador—French Lessons from Karl Zuschlag—My "Abiturienten Examen" in 1877—Hinzpeter Retires to Bielefeld—I am Invested with the Orders of the Garter and the Black Eagle on My Eighteenth Birthday—Six Months' Regular Military Service with the 1st Foot Guards—A Long-standing Ambition Fulfilled—Old-fashioned Infantry Training Regulations and New Theories—Expensive Volley Firing—Crying Need for Reforms—The Old Emperor's Birthday Cake—Summer Manœuvres near Potsdam—I Gain My Father's Approval—Antiquated Tactics and Red Tape—A Priceless Phrase and a Brilliant Idea—Manœuvres at Hohenfinow—Quartered on the Bethmann Hollwegs—Visits in 1877 to Kiel and Altona—Humours of a Sham-Fight—My Brother Henry Joins the "Niobe" at Kiel—Our First Night on a German War-vessel—Sea-bathing at Ostend—Visits to Brussels and Osborne, Darmstadt, Carlsruhe, and Baden-Baden.

"IN history we went through the Reformation and the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. Though this period also is very interesting, I did not enjoy it quite so much, because the beginning of the decline of the German Empire was already noticeable, whereas in the age of chivalry, the Holy Roman Empire of the German people was at the acme of its power and completeness and at the head of the whole of the then civilised world."

In his *Lebenslauf* the Ober-Primaner* did not mention, though he felt it keenly, that his instruction in history ended with the Thirty Years' War, and that he was taught nothing of subsequent developments, let alone the events of the present day. It cannot be denied that the teaching of history by no means attained the standard it should have done in a Prussian Gymnasium. Greek and Roman history occupied much the largest place in the curriculum, sadly to the detriment of the national story. But even classical history was confined mainly to a recital of facts, while the character of rulers and statesmen, and the description of customs, manners, and the intellectual life was treated in a very step-motherly fashion. The history of Germany was presented in the most general way, without any attempt to arouse enthusiasm for the national idea. The blame for this lay with the system of the school's curriculum, not with the talented historian, Dr. Hartwig, who, in the later days of School Reform, became the head of the first Reformed Gymnasium.

Another complaint I have to make against the Gymnasium of those days is that the teaching was mainly under philological influence and bore a distinctly philological stamp. During my schooldays I was able to see that my school-mates had a good deal of enthusiasm for the events of 1870–71, and for the new German Empire; but there was absolutely no adequate basis for "Germanism," the feeling *civis Germanus sum*, such as I awoke later in the German people. The ossified, philological syllabus was quite incapable of laying such a foundation or of arousing interest in it in the youthful breast. The heart and character of the pupils had no rôle to play in this sort of teaching; their brain alone was exploited. Philologists were turned out in plenty, but no German citizens adapted for practical co-operation in the development of the new empire —in short, no self-conscious Germans. In my own small reading circle I often tried to deal with the ideas of a "Greater Germany" in order to get away from particularist tendencies and others alien to the German idea; but it was all in vain.

* Ober-Primaner = Upper First Form Boy, corresponding to Upper Sixth.

In fact, the only work that succeeded in exciting any lively feeling for the German Empire was the well-known "Book of the German Fleet," by Admiral Werner. When, a little later, I had a chance to see English schoolboys and to compare the manly and athletic lads at (say) Eton with my quondam, overworked fellow-students, the comparison was not one to give me any pleasure. The young Britons had learned much less Latin and Greek, but they were inspired with the idea of making Great Britain still greater and stronger. They dreamed of new Colonial conquests, of exploring unknown regions, of expanding British trade, and of acting as pioneers for their Fatherland with the slogan "my country—right or wrong." This, at any rate, became at last fully clear to me, that the philological track was not the way to produce self-confident Germans, who would vie in pride with the citizens of other states and apply to themselves the maxim *civis Romanus sum*, in order to be vital factors of Germanism.

From these considerations I afterwards contended stoutly for reform in the school-teaching of German youth against the opposition of the philologists, both within and without the Ministry and educational circles. The reform did not materialize in the shape I wanted and did not attain the aim I proposed. To what degree this neglect contributed to our downfall will probably become clearer to future generations.

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My favourite author at this period was Georg Ebers. At Cassel I fairly devoured his historical romances. "Uarda," in particular, gave both me and my mother extraordinary pleasure. The fact that Ebers disguised modern ideas in archaistic drapery, naturally, did not at that age disturb me in the least. Hinzpeter often read aloud from Dickens, another favourite of mine. Scott, too, maintained a high place in my esteem. I received an extraordinarily deep impression when my teacher put Gobineau's "Renaissance" in my hands. The splendid, highly coloured scenes of this romantic work are still vivid in my memory. The Empress Augusta and the Grand Duchess Louise shared my enthusiasm

for this book. A few years later Taine's "French Revolution" fascinated me in the same way as the "Renaissance."

Besides these, I read a great many other books. Among historical works, I may mention Grube's "Characteristic Scenes from History and Legend," which took the place of Kohlrausch's book, so warmly praised in my *Lebenslauf.* Grube's book brought me nearer the ordinary school subjects and made them much more real to me than was possible for the usual dry text-books. His description of the Battle of Pavia, which I especially admired, afterwards stood me in good stead at my leaving school examination. For the rest, I gobbled everything that fell into my hands, in German, French or English, that had to do with history, travel, war, or the sea. In particular, everything relating to the sea awakened my keenest interest. I was always the first to read the English books about the sea, which Queen Victoria sent as birthday and Christmas presents to my brother, who was destined for a naval career. It was while I was in the Gymnasium that the above-mentioned book of Admiral Werner, on the German Fleet, came out. This book never left me so long as I was at Cassel. As already stated, I often read aloud from it to my comrades, in order to inspire them with my own enthusiasm; and, eventually, I knew it by heart.

Epics, dramas, and ballads also interested me. The wonderful "Bells of Speyer" (Spires), and other ballads by Lŏwe, which Count Görtz, of Schlitz, used to sing, moved me deeply, but my interest in lyric poetry was very slight. Hinzpeter was very unhappy over this, and gave himself an infinity of trouble to awake the missing sense, but in vain. His efforts to inspire me to write verses myself were equally fruitless. I yielded to his earnest exhortations so far as to make one attempt at poetry. As I was then in my sixteenth year, I naturally wanted to write a tragedy, and one with an historical subject. After long hesitation, my choice fell on the story of Harmodios and Aristogeiton, the two Athenians who assassinated Hipparchos, son of Pisistratus, in B.C. 514—a real revolutionary drama! A love interest was not lacking, and my play borrowed

its name from its heroine, Hermione. I took my task very seriously and carpentered my verses complacently and with great diligence. Finally, however, my inspiration waned; and when my future brother-in-law, Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen, told me one day that he had already written a drama on this theme, I decided that German literature had enough in one such piece, and gave up my plan. So the great "poetic work" remained a torso.

My "Curriculum Vitæ" has already described the little club I founded with my fellow pupils. In this "circle," which met on Sunday afternoons, not only were the classics read (each taking a part), but lectures were given and debates held. I remember I once gave an address on Alexander the Great's march to India. In the debates each of us assumed the name of some well-known politician then in the public eye. Thus, *e.g.*, the small and disputatious Sommer was known as Lasker. It was not quite so easy to find a suitable model for me, and lengthy deliberations were necessary. At last we agreed on Schulze-Delitzsch, then leader of the Progressive Party, or advanced Liberals. These debates were handled very seriously, and minutes were carefully made by the secretary, Brauneck (Brauneck, by the way, was a great collector of stamps; and, when my interest in this hobby slackened, I made over my own collection to him).

Visits to the theatre, now as before, were holiday occasions. Cassel possessed a relatively good opera-house, and Reis, the Director, was an excellent conductor. The dramatic side was not quite so good; but I had an opportunity to see with interest plays by Shakespeare, Schiller, Uhland, and others. The representation of Uhland's "Duke Louis of Bavaria" made a particularly strong impression. Among the actors a special favourite of the young was Varena, who afterwards became Director of the theatre at Stettin or Königsberg; his rendering of Count Wetter vom Strahl made us all frantic with enthusiasm. The actress Harke was another favourite, and also the beautiful Hagen, who afterwards married a Prince Wittgenstein-Altenkirchen. The very talented young Herbert,

to whom I called Hülsen's attention, unfortunately did not remain in the Prussian service.

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In summer we lived with Hinzpeter in the château of Wilhelmshöhe, in winter in the Fürstenhaus, or palace, at Cassel. Wilhelmshöhe, with its incomparable view of the Fulda valley, was a real gem, afterwards greatly beloved by the Empress. It still contained many reminiscences of Emperor Napoleon III., who had been a captive here a few years earlier ; indeed, the rooms he occupied were left unchanged till 1918. The " Empire " furniture, dating from the time of Jerome, was the best in Europe, correct in style, sumptuous, upholstered in satin, but somewhat heavy and oppressive.

The Fürstenhaus was part of the Electoral Palace in the Friedrichs-Platz ; its courtyard adjoined that of the Gymnasium from which it was separated only by a low wall. On our arrival some steps were added on both sides of this wall, so that I could reach the school direct, without going out into the street. In summer we used to ride down from Wilhelmshöhe to school every morning.

At this point I have to remember two beings who served me at this time with the most touching loyalty. I mean my valet and his wife. Friedrich, a Silesian, who had originally been batman to General von Werder, was a thoroughly good fellow, who had looked after me with great fidelity from the days of my childhood. Eventually he became my cellarer. His worthy wife kept my linen and clothes in order, and could never do enough for me in the way of motherly care. I shall always retain a grateful memory for these two loyal attendants, who brought light and warmth into the often hard times I endured at Cassel.

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At Cassel I went in for sport as much as previously at Berlin and Potsdam—swimming in the Fulda, skating, riding, and fencing. My first riding-master was Captain von Raven, of my father's regiment of Dragoons ; he was succeeded by Captain von Prittwitz, of the 14th Hussars. I fenced with

CROWN PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM

WITH HER ELDEST SON, 1875

the cadets at the Military Academy, thus continuing the lessons I had had at Potsdam from Captain von Dresky. Captain von Heugel gave me instruction in épée fencing, of which I was specially fond. The Commandant of the Military Academy was Lieutenant-Colonel von Streccius, known as the translator of a work by Prince Galitzin on " The Tactics of the Ancients." He was distinguished for his musical gifts, and highly esteemed by my father. I read with great interest the work he translated.

* * *

Naturally, during my stay in Cassel I made the acquaintance of many eminent personages—practically all, indeed, who moved in the first circles. It would carry us altogether too far if I went into minute details, but I shall at least mention a few of the most important. In the first line were General von Bose, the hero of Wörth, a fine old gentleman ; the aged General von Roël ; and Burgomaster Nebelthau of Cassel, who had been already known to me for his admirable oration on the return of the troops in 1871. From the days before 1866 there were a number of Hessians, all fine specimens of humanity, every one of them tall strapping fellows, and all devotedly loyal to their Grand Duke. Among them I remember von Heeringen, President of the Assembly (father of the later Minister of War), with his red face and snow-white hair ; Baron von Dörnberg, of Hesse, Grand Master of the Hunt ; and Herr von Baumbach, another incumbent of the same office. The commandant of the 83rd Regiment of Infantry, then stationed in Cassel, was Colonel von Oetinger, a jovial old gentleman, fond of jokes and drollery. He had always much to tell of the Emperor Napoleon's journey to Cassel, in which he had taken part.

All these persons, besides many others of all stations, officers, professors, officials, old Hessians, and well-set-up Prussians, were often my guests. It was part of Hinzpeter's programme to " bring the classes together." Therefore, General von Gottberg had to arrange a weekly dinner according to this programme. Hinzpeter named these occasions his " Conciliation Dinners."

My mentor accompanied us on walks and on shorter and longer excursions, just as he used to do in Berlin. In this way we visited all the immediate and more distant environs of Cassel, on foot or on horseback, and learned to know both the country and the people. Hinzpeter was wont on these excursions to mingle work with pleasure, either holding forth to us on historical and other subjects or making us recite to him. In any case we had abundant opportunity in the open air and country for a rich interchange of thought and instructive observation.

The only real journey we made during the Cassel period was that to Scheveningen, in the summer of 1876. I still think with especial pleasure of the weeks we children spent with our parents at the Dutch watering-place, and remember many details of our sojourn. The best of it was that my father, in the unconventional atmosphere of a seaside resort, far from Court and all its fetters, could give free rein to his inner nature and live with us as a real comrade. Thus I remember with the utmost satisfaction how he took us to the gauffre (" waffle ") fair at Utrecht and urged us to intensive activity with the words " now stuff yourselves full." Poor Hinzpeter had to content himself with making a sour face in the background.

Then we had various fêtes and other entertainments. We often visited Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, who had a summer villa, called the Huys de Paw, between The Hague and Leyden. On another occasion he came to Scheveningen, where he had a bungalow. King William III, of the Netherlands also visited us there.

We likewise saw a good deal of the family of the British Ambassador at The Hague, Admiral Sir Edward Harris. His four daughters taught me the game of lawn tennis, then just coming into vogue. He himself, when he observed my keen interest in naval matters, presented me with William James's " Naval History." While still young I read the whole of the twelve or fourteen volumes and was often able to astound British naval officers with the knowledge I gleaned in this way.

The recollections of these golden days in Scheveningen are closely connected with our " Karlchen Zuschlag," as we used to call him. Professor Karl Zuschlag taught French at the

Cassel Gymnasium and had accompanied us to Scheveningen to give my brother Henry some supplementary tuition in that tongue. He was a brisk and genial man, who had never before seen the sea and consequently received an overpowering impression of that element. He would from time to time exclaim, " Thalatta, Thalatta," and was hardly able to contain himself. It was not without emotion that we witnessed the far-reaching effect on a man of mature years of the first glimpse of the mighty ocean.

* * *

January, 1877, was the fateful month of my " Abiturienten-Examen," or leaving school examination. We were in all, seventeen " Abiturienten," and the ordeal was not particularly easy. However, the written part of the examination went off well, and the mark for the *vivâ voce* was also " good." All seventeen of us passed. On 25th January our formal release from school life took place in the Aula of the Gymnasium. We received our leaving certificates in alphabetical order, and I, counting as Prince William of Prussia, among the " P " s, came tenth on the list. Our school life was now over, and we were ready for the school of life. In my " Curriculum Vitæ " I gave " political science and jurisprudence " as the subject of my future study.

Hinzpeter's task was also now at an end, and he could return to Bielefeld to live for his family and for his books. The ineffaceable gratitude of his pupil and my parents followed him in his retirement.

* * *

Two days after leaving school I completed my eighteenth year, and so, according to the law of our house, attained my majority. Two high orders were conferred on me on this day.

At noon the British Ambassador, Lord Odo Russell, appeared at the Palace of the Crown Prince, bringing the insignia of the Garter. This high English order is generally bestowed on reigning monarchs only, though it is occasionally given also to Heirs Apparent. I received it as the grandson of Queen Victoria. The Ambassador handed over the mantle, star, and

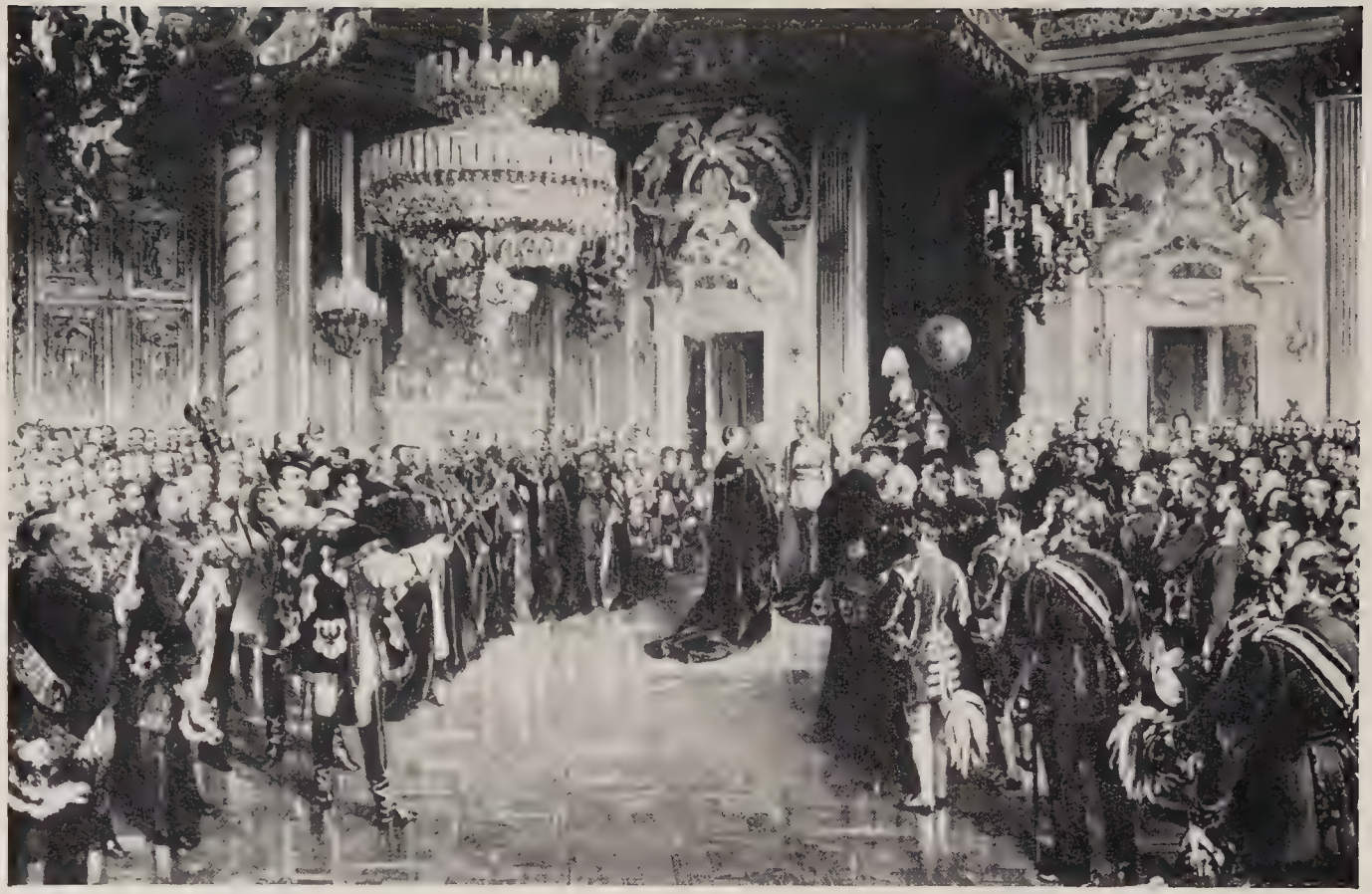
ribbon of the Order to my father, who then, as representative of the Queen, his mother-in-law, invested me with them.

We next went over to the Royal Palace, where my grandfather was waiting to invest me with the Order of the Black Eagle. The ceremony took place in the Rittersaal, and was attended by all the members of the royal family. Prince Charles, Prince Frederick Charles and Prince Albert were all present; also, Field-Marshal Count Wrangel, Marshal of the Order, Count Stillfried, as Master of the Ceremonies of the Order, Field-Marshals von Moltke, von Steinmetz, Herwarth von Bittenfeld and von Manteuffel, and Generals von Goeben, von Kirchbach, and von Bose. My father and my uncle, Prince Albrecht, acting as my sponsors, conducted me into the Rittersaal, and, after I had taken the vow, invested me with the red mantle of the Order. I then advanced to the steps of the throne, on which the Kaiser was seated, kneeled down, and received from my grandfather the chain of the high Order of the Black Eagle. Thereupon I stood up, and my grandfather drew me towards him, kissing me warmly and giving me the accolade.

With this solemn ceremony, I was received into the exalted company of the knights of the highest Prussian Order.

* * *

Before spending some terms at a university, I had to put in six months of military service. I had been appointed in January, 1873, *à la suite* of the Second Regiment of Landwehr Guards, and I had been promoted First Lieutenant in March, 1876. With this rank I began my regular service on 9th February, 1877, in the Sixth Company of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards. My grandfather himself introduced me to my commanding officer, who had been summoned to the Palace at Berlin, and made me a short address, the simple truth of which ought to inspire every soldier throughout his whole life:—"It may at first rather surprise you how insignificant many of your duties in your new career may seem; you must learn, however, that nothing in the Service is really small, and that each stone needed to build up an army must be properly shaped if the building itself is to be satisfactory and



INVESTITURE OF PRINCE WILLIAM WITH THE ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE

27 JANUARY, 1877

FROM THE PAINTING BY EMIL DOESSLER

strong. Now, go and do your duty, as it will be taught you. God be with you!" In the afternoon my father drove with me to Potsdam and introduced me to the officers of the regiment, and then to the barracks of my Company, the Sixth. My father himself had served in this Company.

My longing from my earliest years was now satisfied; I could at last devote myself to the military life and to the great Prussian idea. It was a delight to me, too, to live with the Company, and to concern myself with my men. I learned to know many splendid specimens of loyal men, of every condition, and from all parts of the Fatherland. Their training was made easy by their enthusiastic devotion to a soldier's life. For the men, like the officers and non-coms., were all filled with the high resolve to show themselves, in the Emperor's service, as ever loyal and ready to promote the glory of the Empire.

My battalion commander was Count Heinrich zu Rantzau, a genuine Holstein nobleman and a very considerate chief. He had been a naval cadet in his youth and joined the army later. Owing to his high-bred temperament and his personal interest in his officers he was very popular with all of us.

Von Petersdorff, the captain of my company, who had been severely wounded in the right arm at the battle of Königgrätz, was, when on duty, severe, and even, perhaps, a little pedantic; off duty he was a paternal friend and counsellor. He instructed me, with the most painstaking accuracy, in all the branches of the Service, in all details of organisation, and in all the duties of a company commander. And he personally taught me how to use my voice in giving commands—a course held, to avoid disturbing others, in the Captain's room. I learned a great deal from him and owe him profound gratitude. It was afterwards a great pleasure to have him under me as colonel of the Second Foot Guards, when I was in command of the Second Brigade of Foot Guards. He was, moreover, one of the last officers in the army to receive from my grandfather the frogs of an Imperial aide-de-camp.

It was with immense pride that I led my platoon on the review of the Sixth Company held by my grandfather in the

historic Lustgarten on March 24th, and I was much gratified by the approval both of my grandfather and of my father. After the company review it was my grandfather's custom to lunch with the Mess of the First Regiment of Foot Guards. The function this time was one of exceptional significance. It was an old custom in the regiment to hand round a cake bearing a number of candles corresponding to the age of the officer whose birthday it happened to be. Who can describe our joyful surprise when, at the end of this particular luncheon, a cake appeared bearing eighty candles, in honour of the fact that my grandfather had completed his eightieth year just two days before! A spontaneous three times three thundered from the throats, young and old, of his First Foot Guards in honour of their Imperial Colonel. The Emperor then distributed the candles among the officers present, and no doubt each of them carefully preserved the interesting souvenir. I kept mine until it was lost, with my letters and other personal relics, in the Revolution.

The summer manœuvres took place in the neighbourhood of Potsdam. In these the acquaintance I had acquired of the lie of the land in my innumerable tramps with Hinzpeter stood me in good stead. Some of the field operations against a real enemy took place under the eyes of my father, and I am glad to believe that I acquitted myself to his satisfaction. An important day for the young first lieutenant was April 1st, when I had an opportunity to put my company through its facings on the Bornstedter Feld before my father and Colonel von Derenthal. The entry in my father's diary for this day runs as follows:—"William drilled the Sixth Company before Colonel von Derenthal very well indeed, almost without errors and entirely without help. He also showed himself to be well up in the field service regulations and in musketry drill. He is recognised as full of zeal and enthusiasm and he shows a military flair which justifies the belief that he possesses real talent."

Besides my practical work, which occupied nearly the whole day, I had to prepare myself for the officers' examination. The necessary instruction for this test was given me by the following officers: Captain von Neumann (musketry), Captain Diener

(fortifications), Captain Meyer (reconnaissance), and Captain Vietinghoff von Scheel (tactics and subsidiary branches). The examination took place on 14th July, in presence of my father, before General von Holleben, the formidable president of the Military Chief Examination Board; and I am glad to say I came through all right.

The regulations for the training of the infantry were practically the same at the time of my joining up as they were at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There had been a few modifications, such as the introduction of half-battalions by General von Steinmetz, a little before the war of 1866. The alteration in the regulations, so much desired by the troops, had come neither in 1866 nor in 1870. Thus, on one side, it was prescribed by the regulations that in battalion drill, movements should be made only by command of the battalion commander; on the other hand, in battle exercises, the battalion was divided into four columns by companies, whose officers, stationed at the heads of the columns, transmitted the commands of the battalion commander to the men. In the case of tactics in battalion columns the captain was thus reduced to the position of a mere section-leader; in the case of company columns he was an independent order-giving officer. In the first case the battalion executed all its movements as a unit under the command of the battalion commander, just as a company does under its captain; in the second case, the captains repeated and passed on the orders of the commander. In the battle-order tactics for the reserves, the line and the column were used alternately. The regiment moving forward from the reserves was (e.g.) led in three parallel battalions, "deployed in line," with drums beating and the regimental band playing the York March. The men had to keep step and preserve strict accuracy of line. This form of advance was universally known as the "English Attack." It is easily understood that a great deal of time had to be spent in attaining perfection in these movements by line and column.

The open or skirmishers' formation was, on the contrary, treated in a stepmotherly fashion. From the point of view

of regulations and discipline, the skirmishing line was looked upon as a necessary evil. The platoon-leaders and the company officers told off for the attack remained erect while leading their crawling skirmishers, for it was then considered unseemly and incompatible with his dignity for a Prussian officer to take cover or even to lie down. Moreover, it was asserted that he could not properly direct the fire of his skirmishers except in an upright posture. The arrangements for firing were all very fixed and rigid. The sections or companies intended for the support of the skirmishers were led in line, and on arrival at the skirmishing line they fired their volleys standing. While they remained in this attitude, the skirmishers went on with their attack. For the regiment as a whole Colonel von Derenthal had introduced the so-called "normal attack," which was to serve as a panacea in every emergency. In this attack two battalions occupied the front line, with a third battalion as reserve behind and between them. The flanking companies of each of the forward battalions were thrown out in front; a file of skirmishers preceded each flanking company. As cavalry charges still played an important rôle, the closed formations had to form squares, while the open-order skirmishers ceased firing and ran to join each other, either collecting into knots or taking up position without much attempt at formation, behind one of the stationary lines. This evolution gave the answer to a popular riddle: What is it that has four limbs in front and is bristly behind?

To cap all these old-fashioned regulations there came, in my first year of service (1877), the theory of Captain Mieg that everything could be settled by volley-firing. This theory came directly into the foreground without a trial in the school of musketry. Its success surpassed all expectation, as, henceforth, nothing but volley-firing was heard, even from the skirmishers. Lieutenant von Moltke, the future Chief of the General Staff, and I had on one occasion brought up our reserve section in line to support the skirmishers, and began the usual series of volleys. At the end of the exercises we realized that in the course of half-an-hour we had used up, in volley-firing, the entire amount of small arm ammunition allowed for a

whole day. The way in which a firing engagement was carried on in these exercises may be best illustrated by the following fact. The supply of blank cartridges was very small. The usual allowance in these exercises was six blank cartridges per man, to be used to mark the beginning of important stages in the contest. As, however, there were generally more of such stages than there were of cartridges, we had to be very sparing in our use of the latter. One result of this was that, when an order to fire was given to the skirmishers, it was necessary to state each time the exact number of blank cartridges that were to be used. An order might accordingly take some such absurd form as this:—Five rounds of blank cartridge, two rounds with cartridges, three rounds without cartridges.

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The regimental and brigade manœuvres, then usual in spring and autumn, gave me the opportunity, for the first time, to take part in the employment of infantry in large masses. As a matter of course all the defects in the military regulations were well in evidence. The formal evolution of the battalions in line and column played the chief rôle; the fighting evolutions were pedantic and without go. For these reasons my father, when he came to the throne, abolished the regimental and brigade exercises altogether, in order that more attention should be paid to manœuvres in actual fighting order. The autumn brigade exercises at Potsdam in 1877 were sometimes visited by my grandfather, Prince Charles, and Prince Frederick Charles. The battle scenes then evolved must have been terribly unmilitary, for I remember Prince Charles rode up to the Sixth Company, then stationed in reserve, and, with a wave of his hand towards the battle, called out to me: "Plevna, dear William, Plevna!" Full details had then just arrived, telling of the enormous losses of the Russian troops in their attacks on Plevna, owing to the antiquated tactics they employed.

The following little fact will show how much red tape was used in the training and preparation of the troops for the manœuvres. On one occasion the order was given to bivouac in the Militz Woods, but all such operations as fetching water, food, timber,

or straw were to be carried out in make-believe only. Thus the water-carrying detail was to march into the woods with the buckets for a certain distance and then return with the buckets still empty. So, too, the last post or the retreat was to be sounded in broad daylight, on the arrival of the Brigadier. In explanation of this the brigade order of the day contained the priceless phrase : " the approach of dusk will be indicated by the arrival of the Brigadier." On another occasion the commandant of a battalion of the Third Foot Guards, which had come to Potsdam to take part in the brigade manœuvres, hit upon the brilliant idea of bringing all the boots of the corporal's guard to headquarters, mixing them up, and then sounding the alarm, in order to test the readiness of the men in a sudden emergency ! Naturally, the only result was inextricable confusion, with nothing that could be of the slightest use from a military point of view.

The autumn parade and manœuvres marked the end of my first period of actual service. The latter operated from Berlin, in the direction of Hohenfinow. I placed my pickets in the fields beyond Weissensee, now covered by a sea of houses. I did all I could to keep my pickets and sentries on the alert, looking out keenly for the foe, especially towards dusk. It was not particularly easy to manage this very effectively, for before my front lay a village occupied by the Brigade and Regimental Staffs, and also by some of the Umpires. In conformity with the regulations of the day, this village was "out of bounds," and technically did not exist for the operations. The result was that the patrols of both sides used it as cover, and various small engagements took place in its vicinity. Next morning the dignitaries whose repose had been disturbed called down the wrath of heaven on my sinful head. Privately, I considered that this reprimand should have been delivered to the Staff Officer, who, to suit their convenience, had quartered these high officers in a village in front of their own outposts ; but on the whole I judged it wiser to maintain a discreet silence on the matter.

The course of the manœuvres brought me to Hohenfinow, where I was quartered on Herr von Bethmann Hollweg. This old gentleman and his amiable consort received me with the

most cordial hospitality; and I spent many happy hours in their congenial family circle. In the afternoon Herr von Bethmann Hollweg gave me my first chance of shooting a roebuck; the spot where he fell is now marked by a boulder and a young oak. As I had nothing but my uniform with me, his tall son, afterwards Imperial Chancellor, lent me his shooting-jacket, which, on me, looked like a summer overcoat and excited great merriment. The loyal and deeply religious atmosphere of the Bethmann household was extremely sympathetic to me, and drew me to Hohenfinow on many future occasions.

At the close of the manœuvres I went to Bonn, to begin my university career.

* * *

Before I begin a description of my life at Bonn, I think it may be well to note a few other events of 1877 which may not be uninteresting.

In the spring I travelled with my parents to Kiel to see my brother Henry join the navy. We broke the journey at Hamburg, and put up at an hotel on the Alster. At a dinner in the Kunsthalle I had an opportunity to inspect the collection of pictures, and was much struck by the seascapes and naval paintings of the famous marine painter, A. Melbye. I possessed a collection of photographs of his works, but was now glad to see several of the originals.

Next day I accompanied my father to an inspection of the garrison troops of Hamburg and Altona. Before the sham-fight began, I asked General von Tresckow, the commanding officer, what "Turks" [*i.e.*, rehearsed "stunts"] the battalion commander would introduce for our benefit. His Excellency replied with some acerbity: "the ballet effects, or so-called 'Turks,' which are so popular with the Guards, are not in favour here, though they may be all very well for Berlin or Potsdam. I give a general order, and thereafter the manœuvres of the troops are wholly spontaneous."

Much abashed, I turned for consolation to Colonel Streccius, whom I had known in Cassel, and who had heard the general's retort. He laughed, till his huge body shook like a jelly,

and then whispered, pointing to the battalion at its work: "the major there is now making the so-called 'Lonely Tree Stunt' towards the oak under which your father is standing. He has already rehearsed this five times. So you may feel quite easy; here we act exactly as in Berlin and Potsdam. Water is used everywhere for cooking."

On the way back to Hamburg my father remarked, with regard to the manœuvres we had just seen, that in the Line the evolutions in battle order were carried out quite differently from those in the Guards. When, however, I replied that the evolutions had been so exactly performed that they must have been practised in advance, and repeated Colonel Streccius's story about the fivefold rehearsal, my father, after a pause of amazement, broke out, rather unexpectedly, into a peal of laughter. For, as the troops had shown themselves to be smart and well-drilled, he was in a good humour and quite inclined to look on the matter in a humorous light. At the evening reception given to us by the town of Hamburg, I happened to be standing by Colonel Streccius, when my father came up unnoticed and tapped the colonel on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, Streccius, it appears that you have been telling my youngster tales out of school! Your story of the 'Lonely Tree Stunt' is simply delicious!"

At Kiel my brother was duly installed in the training ship "Niobe," a sailing frigate purchased in England. My father and Admiral von Stosch delivered addresses to the officers and crew mustered on the quarter-deck. As Henry felt very lonely and deserted, I arranged with Commander Baron von Seckendorff (to whose especial care he had been confided) to pass the first night on board with him. We notified Captain Ulffers and took possession of Henry's small cabin, adjoining that of Seckendorff. The weather was raw and cold, and the cabin unheated. The sleeping question was settled by Henry, as the genuine sailor, taking the hammock, while I occupied his berth. From this cosy nook I could comfortably watch my brother's "going to hammock." After several failures, he finally managed, with the aid of a chair and various gymnastic feats, in getting into his swinging couch, where Seckendorff

tucked him snugly in a warm plaid. The lights were turned out, and I went to sleep. After a time I felt an oppression on my chest and difficulty of breathing, as if someone were standing on my body. To my sleepy enquiry "what's the matter," Henry—for he was the cause of my trouble—replied, plaintively, "where is my plaid, I want my plaid," and continued his promenade over my person. I called for Seckendorff, who rushed in with a light, and was much amazed to see the lightly clad and shivering Henry perched on the edge of my bunk. The plaid lay on the floor. With some trouble Seckendorff succeeded once more in stowing the young sailor in his swaying hammock, and deep peace again descended on the cabin.

Next morning I jumped up in a fright, for the reveille was sounded on the gun deck, which was separated from our cabin only by a thin partition, both drummer and bugler doing their utmost. I went on deck quickly, feeling pretty brisk, and marched up and down the deck in the raw morning air, in a desperate effort to get warm. And I felt frightfully hungry. So I hastened to Seckendorff to ask when and where I could obtain some breakfast. On the way I met a sailor with steaming coffee and bread. When he had met my hopeful question "is that the breakfast?" with the words, "Yes, your Royal Highness," I led him to our cabin, where he was also joyously greeted by Henry. We fell hungrily on the fare, and Seckendorff had to send for more. After hastily consuming the last roll, we went on deck, and Henry reported himself for duty to Captain Ulffers. I received the impression that that officer seemed rather grim and out of humour. Seckendorff afterwards confirmed my impression, when I asked him, and told me the reason. I had unwittingly taken the Captain's steward for the orderly of the officers' mess, and so had diverted the Captain's breakfast into the stomachs of Henry and myself. Moreover, our demand for a "follow" had almost exhausted the last reserves of the Captain, who had to be content with a very meagre meal. The steward had not reckoned on my presence, and above all had no idea that two Prussian princes could develop such an appetite!

This is the true story of the first night Henry and I spent on board a German war-vessel.

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In July the family of the Crown Prince, Henry excepted, went to Ostend for sea-bathing. From there we visited the wonderful Flemish towns of Bruges and Ghent. We also went several times to Brussels. Of course, we visited all the sights of those beautiful old towns and thoroughly enjoyed them. An especially deep impression was made on me by the magnificent sarcophagi of Charles the Bold of Burgundy and his daughter Mary, in the church of St. Sauveur at Bruges. I was so fascinated by the beauty of these sculptures that I have never forgotten them. During the Great War I went to Bruges more than once to see them again.

One day we had a very pleasant surprise. The "Niobe" suddenly cast anchor in the roads, waiting for a favouring wind for England. The joy over the unexpected meeting with our Henry was great, though of short duration. Of course we went on board with our father, and again I explored every corner of the ship. A little later I went to Cowes and paid a short visit to my grandmother at Osborne, after which I rejoined my parents at Ostend.

In September my parents and I were present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Niederwald Monument, which was done without much ceremony. A short visit with my parents was paid to our relatives at Darmstadt, and others with my father and grandfather to Karlsruhe and Baden-Baden, to see the Empress Augusta. The next part of my life was passed under the astronomical sign of "Bonn."

CHAPTER XII

A STUDENT IN BONN

My Arrival at Bonn—My Quarters and Neighbours—Lectures and Lecturers—My Fellow-Students—The Military Side of University Life—Trips on the Rhine—The Empress Augusta and her Regiment—The Hesse-Darmstadt Family—Carmen Sylva—Painful Incident at the Royal Hunt—Doctor Dryander—Royal Weddings—The Crown Prince Rudolph—Attempts on the Life of my Grandfather—I help my father to "Reign"—My First Visit to Brussels—Impressions of King Leopold II—His Heartless Cynicism and Sardonic Humour—Ilfracombe and Balmoral—Queen Victoria permits Me to Wear the Royal Stuart Tartan—Deer-stalking on the Cliffs of Lochnagar—Queen Victoria's affectionate Kindness—A Fortnight in Paris at the Exhibition—The Charm and Feverishness of Paris—Farewell to my Brother Henry on His Start for a Two Years' Cruise Round the World—Return to Bonn for My Third Term—Death of My Aunt Alice—With My Parents I Attend the Marriage of the Duke of Connaught in London in 1879—Death of My Brother Waldemar—Political crisis owing to the Tsar's Letter to my Grandfather on the Balkan Frontier Question—Meeting of Tsar and Emperor William at Alexandrovo—General Discontent at the Results—Bismarck's Dissatisfaction and Secret Treaty with Austria—My Visit to Italy with My Parents—Profound Impression Created by Venice, its Churches and Palaces—Scheme of a Tour in the East Abandoned—Farewell to Bonn and My Alma Mater.

TOWARDS the end of October, 1877, I decided to study Jurisprudence and the Science of Politics at Bonn, on the Rhine. As I write its name the fascination surrounding this university town rises before me. I can recall nothing more beautiful than those few terms I spent at Bonn—my Alma Mater—with its glorious sense of academic freedom enhanced by its situation on the banks of the Rhine, that most German of all rivers, which here lies embraced in vineyards and interwoven by countless legends with the spirit of romance.

Here I lived, enjoyed unfettered the exuberance of life, and indulged in day-dreams of the future. The thought of it

all lies like a ray of sunshine across the memories of my youth.

I was accompanied by Major von Liebenau, who later became my Master of the Household, also by von Jacoby, my aide-de-camp, who came from Strassburg and therefore was well acquainted with university and student life.

I lived at the Villa Frank in the Koblenzstrasse. The house stood in its own magnificent grounds and had a beautiful view of the Siebengebirge.

If I am not mistaken, the Villa was part of the estate of the old Vinea Domini, where my father lived as a student 28 years before—at any rate my father used to know the proprietor personally. My nearest neighbour was the universally esteemed magistrate, von Sandt. He and his charming wife, who was a native of Cologne, kept open house for me in the most charming way. I very often played croquet with his daughters in the afternoon, and joined them in an informal dinner in the evening with a delightful dance to finish up. Even now I often think gratefully of the happy hours I spent with the von Sandt family.

I spent altogether four terms at Bonn. The principal lectures I attended were Jurisprudence, National Economy, and Sociology—besides History, German Literature, the History of Art, Philosophy, Physics and Chemistry. My studies were divided each term as follows.

During my first term I attended the following lectures:

Professor von Stintzing on the Theory and Practice of Jurisprudence, Professor Maurenbrecher on the History of the 19th Century, Professor Clausius on Experimental Physics and Professor Meyer on the History of Philosophy.

In the summer term of 1878 I attended Professor Loersch's lectures on the History of German State Government and Laws; National Economy by Professor Nasse; German Literature of the 18th Century by Professor Wilmanns and a lecture on Antique Art by Professor Reinhard Kekule.

In the winter term of 1878–9 most of my time was taken up with lectures on Criminal Jurisprudence (Professor Hälschner); Finance (Professor Held); State Government

THE HOUSE AT BONN

IN WHICH PRINCE WILLIAM LIVED, 1877–79

lectures continued by Professor Loersch; the History of Evolution (Professor Maurenbrecher), and a lecture on Modern Art and the Art of the Middle Ages (Professor Justi).

During my last term in the summer of 1879, I attended lectures on State Rights, the Rights of a Sovereign, of the Individual and of the People (Professor Hälschner); on Prussian Administration and Politics (Professor Nasse); on the National Debt (Professor Held); and on Experimental Chemistry (Professor Dr. August Kekule).

Some of these lectures, such as those on Experimental Chemistry, I attended at the University, but most of them were delivered to me privately at my house. In this way it was possible for me, whose time was so much more fully occupied than that of my fellow-students, to have more leisure for my studies. In fact I spent all my time in those days with professors and students and came in personal contact with the former, whom I frequently invited to my house.

Loersch, who eventually became Crown Solicitor, was at that time one of the youngest professors at Bonn. He was always most correctly turned out and was very precise in his speech. He married a daughter of Commander Reichensperger, and I got to know him very well, visiting him and spending a great many enjoyable evenings at his house. I profited much through his lectures, which greatly interested me. He was a native of Aix-la-Chapelle and my cicerone when I paid my first visit to the city of Charlemagne.

It is not exactly an academic science, but I owe my knowledge of how to make an excellent salad to Loersch's sister-in-law.

Professor Hälschner was equally friendly and obliging, but his lectures, though interesting in matter, were very dry in delivery. I must also confess that Professor von Stintzing's lectures on Roman Law and Jurisprudence never inspired me. Nasse, the national economist, was a highly intellectual man, whose brother was Governor of the Rhine Province, but I was not old enough at the time thoroughly to comprehend his lectures. On the other hand I was much attracted by those on Finance, by Professor Held, who occupied the Chair of Sociology. Held was comparatively young and I was much

attached to him. Shortly after I left Bonn he met with a fatal accident on a lake in Bavaria and I was deeply grieved to hear of his death.

Wilhelm Maurenbrecher, the historian, was a brilliant scholar and the style of his delivery reminded me of Treitschke, especially in the graphic way he summed up historic characters. For example, once in criticising Jerome he dismissed him tersely as that "puffed up, conceited clown." The incident remains fresh in my mind to this day, for with my impressionable inclination for history I readily embraced Maurenbrecher's views. He was also very musical and we often met in the Beethoven Hall, for which we both had season tickets, our seats being next to one another. I remember looking forward with great expectation to Wilmanns's celebrated lectures on the History of Literature, but was disappointed. He failed to arouse my interest. On my mother's advice I attended Professor J. B. Meyer's classes on Philosophy, but as I have no inclination for the theory of it, I very soon gave them up.

The physiologist Clausius was without doubt one of the most brilliant of my tutors. He was handsome, with a charming personality—a man of the world with an arresting presence, and he delivered his lectures in a fascinating and interesting manner, so much so that my technical curiosity was always appeased. It was at one of his classes that I first heard the telephone, which had then just been invented. What a consternation it made among us! At his evening receptions Clausius contrived to gather round him a circle of brilliant men whose discussions were a never-failing source of interest to me.

I also found a man to my liking in August Kekule, the lecturer in chemistry, whose classic features were so generally admired. He was witty, elegant, distinguished looking and full of personal magnetism, especially when engaged in demonstrating his experiments. The rare gift was his of explaining, in the most simple and yet arresting way, facts which to the lay mind would be otherwise full of confusion. When he became Rector, I joined the torchlight procession with my fellow students and standing below his balcony,

torch in hand, we listened spellbound to his significant words as he spoke of the Spirit of the Fatherland, and with ringing voices we sang "Hail to thee, Victor" and "The Watch on Rhine."

I am also much indebted to Kekule's distant relative, the art historian. He was a man of a retiring nature, and did not appear at his best in the lecture room, but he was consumed with a passion for the antique and, as I shared his zeal, his lectures were a source of great pleasure to me. These were held in a gallery containing plaster replicas from the original antiques, and have proved of lasting value to me in after life. I often dropped in to see him and his wife—the latter a beautiful woman with charming manners. Later I was instrumental in getting him appointed Director of the Royal Museum in Berlin and, by still cultivating his acquaintance, continued to add to my knowledge of art. The last pleasure I was able to give my friend before he died was an invitation to visit me at Achilleion at Corfu—its natural beauty quite overwhelmed him. When discussing the site of the great Achilles statue he not only gave me valuable advice, but wrote the dedication to the Greeks engraved on the plinth. Unfortunately, the statue was destroyed by the Franco-Serbian forces in the Great War.

Last but not least I must pay a tribute to the other art historian of Bonn, a member of that distinguished family of scholars—the Justis. Living only for his work, scarcely mixing with his fellows, he was, nevertheless, a man of the world and brilliant in the lecture room. The Art of the Renaissance and the Old Masters lived again before our eyes when he spoke. His lectures I certainly put to the credit side of my student days.

Finally, I must mention two university lecturers who, though I did not attend their classes, were socially very dear to me. The first was Professor Schaafhausen, the renowned physiologist and phrenologist. I paid many pleasant visits to his house, enlivened by a garland of charming girls, who acted as hostesses to their widowed father.

The other lecturer in question was Professor Sell. His gaunt stature loomed like a figure out of prehistoric times

when he came amongst us. The old gentleman had a particular liking for the Corps "Borussia," and, though touchy at times, his old-fashioned formal manners endeared him to us all.

His politeness was proverbial. He individually acknowledged the salute of every student he met by raising his hat with a great flourish. Well aware of this fact, two students walking together would separate to let the professor pass between them, each saluting in turn. Whereupon the kindly old gentleman would never fail to bow with a charming smile first to one and then to the other.

* * *

Do not let it be supposed, however, that I spent all my time at Bonn in the mere acquirement of learning and in constant intercourse with professors!

The exuberance of youth will out, and it found a vent in the society of similar spirits.

My father in his time belonged to the Corps "Borussia," and it was only natural that I should assume its colours. In the midst of this youthful circle I spent some glorious times. All rules imposed by the corps I strictly observed, and gladly joined in all meetings arranged among the students. The morale of the young men was very high indeed. The conception they formed of their King and Fatherland was ideal; their views on the administration of government, the duties of a citizen and on comradeship were exemplary. The discipline in my corps was strict, though it never opposed high jinks within reason.

As an example of the ingenuity of these high-spirited boys I would like to relate a little incident which happened in my time. An old gentleman, a member of the high nobility and Gentleman-in-Waiting at my father's Court, used to visit our corps, and on these occasions amused himself by pretending to be drunk, and in that guise to twit the members with insulting remarks. The corps summoned a meeting, when a resolution was passed that this disturber of the peace should be paid back in his own coin and that in future his insults should be met with jeers instead of signs of annoyance.

PRINCE WILLIAM AS A STUDENT

BONN, 1877

The old gentleman, who had no idea of this scheme, was not a little surprised when his assumed rudeness was greeted with yells of laughter instead of marks of disapproval. After this he soon tired of his little game to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The dark side of student life is undeniably its heavy drinking. I tried hard to check this pernicious habit while I was there, and even after I had left. Let us hope that the sporting movement which is now prevalent in Germany may help to stamp it out.

I was never a fully-fledged member of my corps, merely a "Konkneipant," and only received my colours long after I had left the University. As to fencing, I continued lessons at Bonn, but never went in for duelling.

I have a vivid recollection of many of my contemporaries in the Corps "Borussia," and as I write, their various personalities pass before me. There was Duke George of Oldenburg, the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden—who was my companion on a walking tour through the Black Forest; also Baron von Scherr-Thoss, later Governor-General of Liegnitz; Baron von Thiele-Winkler, whose fencing in a duel I witnessed for the first time in breathless excitement. Then there was Baron Ernst von Salza, with whom I had many a fencing bout at his country house at Wyk. Also I remember Ohlendorf and Otto Ehlers, both of Hamburg. Ehlers became an explorer, and met his death on an expedition to New Guinea. Finally, I must mention Count Münster, son of the Ambassador; Count Victor von Henkel, and von Sydow, who was the best fencer in the corps. In addition to these we had honorary members, as, for instance, my near relative Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who later became Regent of Brunswick. One and all they contributed according to their ways and means to keep up the high traditions of the "Borussia."

A note peculiar to university life at Bonn was the close tie which connected the three corps: the Hanseatic, the Pfälzer (Palatinate), and the Borussen. This was due to the fact that many students belonging to these corps took the opportunity

of serving their one year's compulsory service in the King's Hussars, who were stationed here. This not only kept alive the spirit of comradeship, but strengthened the link between the university and the army—truly an ideal bond, and I cannot refrain from a few words on this aspect of my student life.

In the hospitable house of the Colonel of the Regiment, Prince Henry XIII of Reuss, and his charming consort *née* Hochberg, sister of the Prince of Pless, I spent many a pleasant evening, playing charades, acting, or dancing. There was another Reuss, Prince Henry XXIV, descended from the Ernstbrunn-Köstritz line—a most amusing fellow who was an excellent musician. He played the organ and the piano, composed, conducted, and in particular knew his Bach from A to Z. We acted once together in a little play in which Reuss took the part of a Saxon valet, which he portrayed in such an exaggerated yet convincing manner that the rest of us were convulsed with laughter and couldn't go on with our parts. Here I also met Major Mossner, who later on was my aide-de-camp ; Count Pourtalès, who became an Ambassador, and Herr von Knesebeck, who was first appointed Private Secretary to the Empress Augusta and afterwards to my wife. Knesebeck resembled Count Seckendorff in character. He was a dilettante in art, extremely well informed, a linguist and an enthusiastic admirer of Italy, especially Venice.

General von Loë, who commanded the King's Hussars in the war of 1870 against France, often came to see his old regiment. In my talks with him I learnt many a valuable lesson gathered from his experiences both in war and peace.

I must not forget Field Marshal Herwarth von Bittenfeld, in whose house I was a frequent guest, and who always listened patiently to the tales of my experiences as a lieutenant. What an event it was when this staunch old soldier visited the Corps at our Grand " Kommers " Meetings. There he stood on the platform reserved for honorary members, and when he began to speak we all rose as one man ; faced him at attention with hands glued to our sides, and listened in breathless silence to his sharp, crisp words, which fell on our ears like the strokes of a

hammer. When he finished we all broke forth with one accord in three tremendous "Hurrahs!" winding up by singing the National Anthem so lustily that the rafters rang again and again.

I came to know many other officers of the King's Hussars who afterwards became famous, but much as I should like to talk about them, complete historical accuracy is not my aim.

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Whilst at Bonn I made many excursions both in the immediate neighbourhood and the surrounding country, sometimes on horseback, sometimes by train or steamer, but what I enjoyed above all were my boating trips on the Rhine. This gave me an opportunity of seeing some of the most beautiful spots in our Fatherland. What wonderful outings they were! My favourite plan was to take the night steamer to Coblenz and row back the following day—usually stopping at the castle of Argenfels for an hour's rest. Otto Ehlers was generally one of our party, for being a Hamburger, he knew more about boating than the rest of us. Our cox was Busch, the swimming instructor, a genial Rhinelander, who could claim the credit of having saved over twenty lives. These outings to the Siebengebirge, the Drachenfels, and to the other numerous castles on the Rhine afforded me transports of delight which are almost indescribable.

As to the people themselves—the merry Rhinelanders—it was a pleasure to watch them at their various pursuits; sometimes I even joined in their merrymakings. Of the regular carnivals I naturally saw little, being present only on one occasion—at the Victoria Rooms on All Fools' Day—yet I recall a charming festival in which I joined at "The Malkasten" (Paint-Box) at Düsseldorf. On the other hand—as we North Germans are more seriously minded—I attended most of the musical festivals in the Rhine Province. I have already spoken of my regular visits to the concerts in the Beethoven Hall, and in this connection have vivid recollections of Frau Joachim's singing and Clara Schumann's performance at the piano.

I often received a summons to visit my grandmother, the Empress Augusta, at Coblenz. In this dear old castle, with its beautiful and peaceful grounds and its magnificent view across to Ehrenbreitstein, I spent unforgettable hours. Among the numerous visitors I met there was General von Goeben, who at the time commanded the VIIIth Army Corps, and whom my grandmother held in high esteem. I had a sincere reverence for this wonderful man, who, with his spectacles and delicately formed features, had the appearance of a scholar rather than a soldier. He told me many incidents of his eventful career, particularly dwelling on his adventures in the Spanish Civil War (when he fought on the side of the Carlists), and on the events of his three glorious campaigns for the Fatherland. Thus I was fortunate enough to obtain facts at first hand.

At the express wish of my grandmother I got in touch with the officers of the IVth Battalion of the Queen Augusta Grenadier Guards, stationed at Coblenz. The attitude of the regiment towards their exalted Colonel-in-Chief was one of reverential love, and not a day passed without some of the officers being bidden as guests to my grandmother's table. As for the Empress, she looked upon her regiment as her family; she was their mother, and the "Augustaners" were made to feel themselves her sons. I had an excellent opportunity of observing this on the occasion of the jubilee celebration of the regiment, when I accompanied the Empress on her visit of inspection to the barracks, and afterwards to the officers' quarters. It was touching to witness the loving devotion of all ranks to their Colonel-in-Chief.

A sight I shall never forget was the swearing in of recruits to the regiment. It took place in the entrance hall of the castle, below the grand staircase, in the presence of the Emperor himself. High above the assembled soldiers, at the head of the stairs, stood the Supreme War Lord, the tattered banners of the regiment rustling over his head. A little behind him, a few steps higher, stood the Empress with me by her side, and as the oath to the colours was given in loud and impressive tones it seemed to soar upwards towards the venerable figure

of the aged Emperor waiting to receive it. After the oath the Emperor delivered a short exhortation to the newly sworn recruits; the Colonel gave the oath of allegiance on behalf of the whole regiment; three thundering hurrahs were raised, and the ceremony ended by singing "Hail to thee, Victor!" The Emperor was deeply moved when he thanked the Colonel and shook hands with him, which he also did with General von Goeben. A mist came before my eyes as I noticed the hand of the Emperor resting in the General's as if loth to let it go—for was he not the victor of St. Quentin and one of those who fought to place the Imperial Crown on his master's head? My grandmother whispered in my ear: "St. Quentin —Versailles—Coblenz, remember that all your life!" I have not forgotten it.

* * *

During my student days I spent many Sundays with my relations at Darmstadt. As there were no lectures on Saturdays, I generally left Bonn on Friday afternoon, returning early Monday morning. At any season of the year, the drive through the lovely valley of the Rhine was always a great treat, but my visits to Darmstadt gave me greater pleasure still. My aunt, the Grand Duchess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt, consort of the Grand Duke Louis and a sister of my mother, was clever, deeply religious and of a most lovable disposition. She was a second mother to me and my cousins were like so many brothers and sisters. Cousin Ernie, who was then only a little boy, and his four sisters made many excursions with me and we often played lawn tennis and other games together. Then my uncle frequently took me out deer stalking and riding, and on these occasions the enthusiastic old soldier would recount his recollections of the war of 1870–71. Altogether, those days were happy beyond description.

But, alas! What a tragic fate was in store for my beloved relatives.

Whilst I was at Bonn, diphtheria broke out in the family and claimed as a victim, on 18th November, 1878, my little cousin May. My Aunt Alice insisted on nursing the children

and herself caught the malady, to which she in turn succumbed on 14th December. Her death was a great blow and I felt her loss grievously. Of her three remaining daughters, Princess Irene married my brother Henry; the other two married into the Russian Imperial Family—Princess Elisabeth became the wife of the Grand Duke Sergius, son of Alexander II, and Princess Alix of the Tsarevitch, who became Nicolas II. The Grand Duke Sergius, as is well known, was blown to pieces by a bomb thrown by the Anarchists when he was Governor-General of Moscow in 1905. After this terrible event his widow founded the Martha and Mary Convent in Moscow as a refuge for the sick and poor and became its abbess. During the Great War her saintly bearing and many sacrifices evoked the admiration of the Frenchman Paléologue. The fate of both sisters is now history. The Tsaritsa and her family were done to death by the Bolsheviks on the night of July 16th, 1918, at Ekaterinburg, and the following night a death of equal cruelty was meted out to her sister the abbess.

Such are the bitter blows which fate has dealt us, who in the long ago were so happy together.

* * *

Neuwied was another place I frequently visited, staying both at "Monrepos" and at "Segenhaus." Here I renewed my acquaintance with Roggenbach and on one occasion I had the pleasure of meeting the Princess Elisabeth, who later became Queen of Roumania. Among the poems she has written under the pen name of Carmen Sylva are some delightful verses on the Rhine and its people, such as: "Bonn, Bonn, es liegt an dir—dass man bummeln muss!" (Bonn, Bonn, what an ideal place you are to "bummel" in!). On leaving Carmen Sylva I carried away with me the memory of her large expressive eyes and deeply religious nature.

* * *

About this time a bitter controversy was raging in which I was unwittingly implicated. Von Kalitsch, the Head Ranger of the Crown Forests at Oranienstein, issued invitations for the Grand Annual Royal Hunt to the officers

of the King's Hussars, several of the "Borussians," myself included, and to many of the Rhenish-Westphalian nobility. As the last-mentioned did not arrive on time, von Kalitsch gave orders for two minor drives to proceed. At length, after the second drive, Count Wolff-Metternich-Gracht arrived driving his magnificent four-in-hand.

Apparently he was very much out of temper, and no sooner was he presented to me than he drew aside von Kalitsch and von Liebenau, my Master of the Household, obviously discussing with them something of a very painful nature. Suddenly von Kalitsch left them and to my utter astonishment ordered the drive to proceed without waiting longer for the non-arrivals. Herr von Liebenau then explained matters to me. It appears that the Rhenish-Westphalian nobles who were to attend the meet had not been informed that I was to be present and, on seeing me pass their hotel in Deutz, immediately decided to return home. In fact they refused to attend because of the *Kulturkampf*, as on this account they could not meet a Prussian Prince. This unparalleled behaviour was greatly resented by all the other guests, for obviously I had no personal share in the dispute. Such an incident proves to what length political dissensions can be carried.

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Two remarkable clergymen used to preach at the Protestant Church in Bonn and I always looked forward to hearing them. One was Dr. Christlieb, Dean of the Faculty of Theology, who, though quite a young man, had such an earnest and forcible style that he completely carried away his hearers. The other was Dryander, whose cheerful cordiality and sympathetic ways gained him the confidence of everyone. His spirited sermons found a ready acceptance.

With infinite refinement of feeling and in spite of all the difficulties, he succeeded in handling the question of the confessional so as to keep the peace between all parties. It distressed me very much to find the sermons preached in Berlin and Potsdam were mere dissertations on dogma and that the teachings of Christ were neglected. It was in the

sermons of Dryander I found what was wanted. Gentle in argument, he was yet convincingly clear and held a true Protestant conception of Christ entirely in sympathy with my own. His sermons were free from dogma. He made Christ the axis of his Faith and practical Christianity the Alpha and Omega of his doctrines. I had a great respect for Dryander and, as the result of our intercourse, made up my mind to use every means to bring him to Berlin, where he ultimately made his influence felt through his sermons at Holy Trinity Church, the Cathedral and the Chapel Royal. He shepherded me and mine year in, year out, in a true Christian spirit and we had many talks together on the duties of the Protestant Church, its future and expansion. Dryander was a true friend to me through weal and woe to the end of his life.

* * *

My memory conjures up a whole series of events whilst at Bonn and I must more or less refer to them here.

In February, 1878, there was a grand double wedding in our family, when my sister, Princess Charlotte, married the Hereditary Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen, and Princess Elisabeth, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, became the consort of the Hereditary Grand Duke Frederick Augustus of Oldenburg.

Soon after this two abominable attempts on my grandfather's life were made, first by Hödel on 11th May, and then by Nobiling on 2nd June. The latter was premeditated, and struck a note of horror in every breast. The disgrace of it : that a German should be capable of perpetrating such a despicable outrage on an aged man ! It was unthinkable, and the whole nation was horrified. All my friends rushed to see me in hot haste to offer their sympathies and hear full details. I received permission to leave at once for Berlin, and with my parents visited my wounded grandfather. It was a great shock to me to see the old Emperor, to whom I was devoted body and soul, lying swathed in bandages and pale as death. This second attempt on his life completely broke up my grandfather's health, and he decided to appoint my father Regent.

My parents moved to Homburg in July, and during my vacation in August I went to stay with them. My father wished me to be always present when he gave audience to the heads of the Military and Civil Departments, and on such occasions I was allowed to help him to " reign." As he used sand to blot his papers this was no end of a business for me, for I had to arrange the various patents and other documents presented for signature and afterwards lay them out to dry. At the end of the proceedings every table, every available piece of furniture, and even the floor, were covered with them, and only a narrow path left to reach the door.

* * *

About this time I paid my first visit in an official capacity to a foreign Court. On August 22nd King Leopold II of Belgium and Queen Maria celebrated their silver wedding, and as my father, being Regent, could not absent himself, I was appointed to represent my grandfather at the festivities.

Accompanied by Major von Liebenau and Lieutenant von Jacoby, I left for Brussels, and on the Belgian frontier met the Archduke Charles Louis, representing the Emperor Francis Joseph. This archduke was the father of the heir-apparent to the Austrian throne who was murdered at Sarajevo. In his suite was General Prince Windischgrätz, who used to visit us in Berlin, and was a " persona grata " both with my parents and grandparents.

King Leopold himself met me at the station, when we drove together through gaily decorated streets and cheering crowds to the Palace, where I was greeted by the Queen. She impressed me as a stately woman with distinguished features and a truly regal bearing. Her brother, the Archduke Frederick, commanded the Austro-Hungarian Army in the Great War.

Without doubt King Leopold was a remarkable and imposing personality, not easily forgotten, but I am betraying no secrets when I say that he was a heartless cynic and despised his fellow creatures. The following incidents, of which I was a witness, will confirm my statement.

The first was when the King was presenting his Ministers to me. This he did with consummate skill, dwelling in an ingenious manner on the personality of each Minister in turn: his family, his official position, and how he excelled in his duties. All this, naturally, in French, but he would break off from time to time to make sarcastic asides to me in German in no wise complimentary to the gentlemen in question, who, being ignorant of the language, were quite unaware of these sneers. Let me give an example of this. His Minister of War, a giant wearing a patched dress coat, white cavalry breeches, jack-boots, and a cocked hat with plumes, reminiscent of one of Napoleon's generals, was presented to me. King Leopold, speaking French, extolled this worthy, praising his merits and speaking highly of his services to the army and the country. I was trying to reply with a few words of appreciation in French, when my host suddenly whispered to me in German: "I must tell you that His Excellency rose from the ranks in which he was drum-major, and in spite of his jackboots he can't ride, so when I gallop past my troops on parade I insist on his riding beside me, and more often than not he falls off his horse." I should mention that the King was an excellent horseman, and only rode English thoroughbreds. In this way all his Ministers had to bear the brunt of their master's capricious humour, whilst I had the utmost difficulty in keeping myself from bursting out laughing.

At the State Banquet the Archduke Charles Louis rose to congratulate the Royal pair on attaining their silver wedding. He did not proceed very far when he got stuck, and only saved the situation by going straight to the end of his speech and finishing up with a "Hoch!" King Leopold, turning to me, whispered in a significant voice: "My dear William, it is truly a rare gift of the gods to be a good speaker."

This occurred towards the end of the banquet, dessert had been served, and everyone was waiting for their Majesties to make a move. Conversation lapsed into silence, as it usually does at this stage. Only one person went on talking—Count Philip of Flanders, the King's brother. He was as deaf as a post and quite unaware that he was the only one speaking.

And what was the subject of his conversation?—the derision of his fellow guests! Such a situation became unbearable. Countess Grünne, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, who was sitting next him, tried in vain to change the subject. At last she looked appealingly at the King, but he only nudged me (I was seated between their Majesties), and speaking in German, slowly uttered these shrewd words: "My dear nephew, you notice how Countess Grünne begs me to rise and end this tension, but I have no idea of doing so. I shall let my good brother go on talking. This is the only way I can hear of things which no one would dare tell me."

The climax of the festivities was reached when we attended High Mass and a Te Deum at the time-honoured, ancient cathedral of St. Gudule. Their Majesties, with the members of their family and the Royal guests, had positions near the altar in the chancel. Our eyes sought the fine Gothic arches which soared upwards throughout the sublime edifice. Between the tapering pillars the glorious colours of the famous Gobelins tapestry stood out in strong relief against the grey stonework. All the principal ecclesiastics took part in the service, and a splendid orchestra and choir accompanied the celebration of High Mass. The whole building was flooded in rays of sunshine which streamed through the richly coloured windows, bathing the nave in a sea of golden light. The heat, however, was oppressive, and the King in particular felt the ordeal on account of his stiff leg.

I shall always remember King Leopold's charming kindness and helpful advice to me in my inexperience on this my first official visit; and when I came to the throne he maintained the same kindly attitude towards me.

From Brussels I went straight back to Potsdam. At the end of August Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg came with his family to visit us. Princess Augusta Victoria was also there.

* * *

In the beginning of September I went for the benefit of my health to Ilfracombe, a seaside resort in Devonshire. A very

charming young scholar who collaborated in the *Monumenta Germaniae* came with me; to my deep regret he died not long after.

From Ilfracombe I was invited by my grandmother to pay her a visit at her beloved Balmoral, and accepted with great pleasure. Balmoral is a not very lofty castle, built in a quadrilateral round a court: the rooms are not large but comfortably appointed; the wild magnificence of the Highland landscape and the climate resemble Norway. The Highlanders are a sympathetic race, peaceful, straightforward and hospitable: unlike the English they have a great sense of humour.

This particular visit is precious to me as being the occasion of my grandmother's showing me an extraordinary proof of her attachment. To my great surprise she honoured me with permission to wear the Royal Clan tartan—Stuart. As Highland dress is very popular in Germany, but practically nothing is known about it, I shall explain the garb of the Royal Clan thus "lent" to me in some detail.

In the daytime green kilts (hunting Stuart) or grey (Balmoral) are worn. Evening dress consists of red kilts, velvet jacket with silver buttons, a pouch set in silver (sporran), shoes with silver buckles, and a plaid over the shoulder fastened on the left with a great silver brooch set with a cairngorm. In addition, a set of superb silver-set weapons was worn, procured at my grandmother's express behest. It consisted of a dirk, over a foot long, suspended by chains and adorned with a cairngorm of the size of an egg, and a broad buckled bandolier from which there hung the historic claymore with its basket hilt; the claymore, however, was not worn in the house or at table. In the stocking a small cairngorm-set knife sparkled. The costume is not only highly picturesque: it is also practical, since it keeps one warm, enables a free stride to be taken in walking and does not expose anything like so much of the leg as do the famous Tyrolean, Styrian and Upper Bavarian gaiters, since the knee is always covered. Essentially the kilt is a folded plaid, swung round the body.

The youthful joy with which, on entering my room, I found all this magnificence spread out for me as a surprise from my

grandmother can be imagined. Her Scottish body servant, John Brown, who belonged, like so much else, to the days of the Prince Consort, had to superintend my dressing, and his expert eye saw to it that everything fitted perfectly.

At my grandmother's suggestion I was allowed to go deer stalking. Such sport in the Highlands has special difficulties. We went out stalking on the cliffs of Lochnagar, after my outfit had been looked through by Cowley, my grandfather's old loader, and he, having given me careful instruction as to what I was to do, had handed me over to the charge of the leading Scottish gillie. The ground was treeless and mostly covered with thick heather. Scottish game, being constantly driven, is uncommonly suspicious and, like the chamois, seeks safety in distance. The Scottish sportsman is, therefore, invariably equipped with binoculars with which, a certain height reached, he scans the horizon, lying flat for the purpose. I could hardly see the deer we were to shoot; it may well have been three miles off, yet we had to take full cover. After some three hours' exhausting chase—for we had gone a long way before we picked up the scent, had to negotiate a series of bog-holes which would have taken us over our heads, and do the last part of the way on hands and knees—at last we got behind a rock at shooting distance of the quarry. I succeeded in bringing down a fine old eight-pointer.

The extreme kindness of my grandmother made my time at Balmoral, with its simple, cosy, country ways, a real pleasure. The place was full of memories of my grandfather, Prince Albert, cherished by her with touching piety. She showed me, with a sort of tragic pride, the gardens he had planned and the plantations on the hillsides, lasting memorials of his effective talent for developing natural beauty. I spoke of this impression when taking leave of my grandmother. She patted me on the shoulder, and, gazing dreamily into the distance, said: "My dear boy, never forget him! Your grandfather was the best man in the world. Try as much as you can to become like him. God bless you."

I went to London to say good-bye to my favourite aunt, Louise, afterwards Duchess of Argyll. She was on the point

of starting for Canada, where her husband was taking up the duties of Governor-General. From London I went to Paris to see the Exhibition.

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I stayed in Paris about a fortnight—from the end of September to the beginning of October. Under the admirable guidance of Rudolph Lindau I visited and enjoyed the Louvre, the Musée Cluny, Notre Dame, the Sainte-Chapelle, and other sights. One day I looked in at a trial; another, I went up in a balloon from the Tuileries Gardens, and got an indescribably fine view of Paris. When wandering through the streets I had a chance of raising my hat to President MacMahon, and met General Chanzy and other famous French military and political leaders. At the Theatre Français I saw an admirable performance of "Les Fourchambeaux," with a fine actress in the great tradition, Madame Agar. Every visitor must feel the charm of the surroundings of Paris, above all of St. Cloud and Versailles: I did, but the feverish haste and restlessness of Parisian life repelled me. I have never wanted to see the French capital again.

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On 14th October my brother Henry was to start on a two years' cruise round the world. I, therefore, travelled home to Kiel and got there just in time to bid him farewell. I accompanied him on the sloop of war "Prince Adalbert," which was to carry him to distant seas, as far as the end of the Kiel Roads. Just before we reached Bülck, I bade him adieu and returned to Kiel on the "Notus," while he fared forth on the ocean. Little did we guess what dark days were in store, for him on the sea, for us both at home.

I was back in Potsdam for my father's birthday, and gave him pleasure with some charming gifts from Paris. At the end of October I returned to Bonn for my third term. The death of my dear Aunt Alice at Darmstadt shrouded the outgoing year 1878 in gloom and sorrow.

Gloom and sorrow were the marks of 1879 also. A happy family event, the marriage of Princess Margaret Louise of Prussia to the Duke of Connaught, took my parents and me

to England—the first time since 1871 that we had gone together. For the first time since the Prince Consort's death my grandmother, though still in mourning, was present at a great family feast. Eight days after our return from the gay festivities the blow fell: on March 27th my brother, Waldemar, died of diphtheria. The grief of my parents for the loss of this splendid son was unspeakable; our pain deep and cruel beyond words. All I could do for my departed brother was to hold all night vigil in the Friedenskirche.

A few months in Homburg were planned to help us all to recover from this blow of fate.

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In August, 1879, a grave political crisis suddenly arose, as the result of a letter to my grandfather from Tsar Alexander II. The Berlin Treaty of 1878 was the turning point in Russo-German relations; to carry it into effect a Commission of the Signatory Powers met to fix the new Balkan frontiers. The Russians held that they had grounds for dissatisfaction with the attitude of the German representatives on that Commission. In his letter of complaint the Tsar began by saying that a "personal grudge" of Prince Bismarck's was the motive of Germany's attitude to Russia, went on to recall the services rendered by Russia to her neighbour in the 1870 war, and ended with unconcealed threats. My grandfather was the more incensed by his nephew's tone that from his youth up he had had the strongest sympathy for Russia and regarded friendship between Russia and Germany as a "sacred legacy." He was unwilling to admit that a quite different temper ruled in Russia. Field-Marshal General Manteuffel was sent to Warsaw with an Imperial reply; thereupon the Tsar proposed a personal meeting with my grandfather at Alexandrovo, in Russia, for 3rd September.

On 2nd September there was a great review in the Tempelhof fields, for which I brought up the flags from my grandfather's palace. While it was going on the report of the Tsar's proposal began to go round and that the Emperor had accepted it. Stupefaction could be read in every face, everyone

was in a high state of excitement; everyone talked of "a second Olmütz"; everyone blamed Manteuffel. My father was in despair: the Empress Augusta looked deeply depressed.

On 4th September I drove with my grandmother, my father and numerous officers of high rank to Dirschau to meet my grandfather on his return from Alexandrovo. There was to be a review of the 1st Army Corps at Königsberg next day, followed by corps manœuvres. Spirits in Dirschau were very low: they became lower when we heard that the Russian War Minister, Milyutin, a well-known chauvinist and Germanophobe, had been in Alexandrovo, too, and actually had received the Order of the Black Eagle, at Manteuffel's request! My grandfather, on the other hand, declared that he was satisfied with the conversation; the Tsar had explained that he had no intention of using threats, that we had misunderstood him, that his letter was private, and that, in the circumstances, he begged that it should be regarded as not having been written. Plainly my grandfather's friendship for Russia was greater than ever. All the others, however, not excepting the Empress, continued to be deeply disturbed about the incident.

We knew, of course, that Prince Bismarck, who was at Gastein at the time, was much disquieted about the meeting, which he had not approved. We had at the time no suspicion of the fact that, precisely in view of the hostile attitude of Russia and the grave peril of a Franco-Russian alliance, he was preparing a close union of Germany and Austria-Hungary—in which he found himself up against the violent opposition of his Imperial master. My grandfather viewed any such alliance as an act of felony against Russia. The Treaty of Alliance, actually signed on 7th October, like the Triple Alliance of 1882, only came to my knowledge much later, when I was working in the Foreign Office.

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While this struggle over the Dual Alliance was going on, I was gone on my first Italian journey with my mother and

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA, 1878

sister, accompanied by Seckendorff and my father's aide-de-camp, Captain Baron von Nyvenheim. On 1st October my father followed us from Baden-Baden, where the Emperor was then staying. A marvellous impression was made on me by the country whose southern loveliness and classic memories had " drawn my soul " from my childhood on.

Never shall I forget Venice, with its churches and palaces, the Grand Canal and the Bridge of Sighs, or those fairy-like gondola rides by night that brought us to the Doges' Palace as the sun was rising again in glory. From Venice we went over to Pegli, a wonderful spot near Genoa, where we stayed in the Hotel Egli, formerly the Lomellini Palace. The spot above all others in that enchanted ground that stays in my memory is the Marquis Durazzo's Villa Pallavicini. Huge fountains played in the lovely park, with its great views over the sea. My mother found a wealth of superb subjects for painting there.

Almost every afternoon I went over to Genoa, either with my parents or with Baron Nyvenheim. Cathedral, churches, palaces, university, galleries, Campo Santo, harbour—the whole thing had an indescribable fascination for me, and continually called me back to the town. We also visited the renowned Monza, where the Italian King and Queen and Crown Prince met us. There we of course visited the splendid cathedral and its treasures. I saw the Iron Crown of the Lombards, the Cross and Insignia of Queen Theodolinda and other historic reliques.

Rich in impressions I returned to Germany at the end of October, while my parents remained at Pegli. My father came home at the end of November, but my mother stayed on, as she was still in need of recuperation after the cruel blow of her loss.

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By the middle of August, in this year, 1879, my studies in Bonn had ended, at the close of the summer term. My dream was to make a journey to the East, in which I was passionately interested, and especially to go to Egypt. My grandfather,

however, could not fall in with this idea; it was high time I was serving at the front. I was allowed my Italian journey, then—To the Company!

Bonn and the Rhine, Muses, Graces and the happy life of comradeship faded behind me. From now onwards my fate was Potsdam.

Still in my memory a golden light enshrines the vision of Bonn, set in the lovely Rhineland. Grateful greeting to Bonn and its Alma Mater! Long live Bonna!

CHAPTER XIII

MY REGIMENTAL LIFE

Training Recruits—Promoted Captain, March, 1880, Company Commander, August, 1880, Honorary Major in 1881—Regimental "Family" Life—Frugal Fare—The Officers' Mess and the "Middle Table"—Frederickian Traditions of the "Tall Fellows"—Instruction in Horsemanship and Cavalry Drill under Colonel von Krosigk—Service with the Hussar Guards—Parade before the Old Emperor—Importance of Parades, Inspections and Guards of Honour in Training and Testing Discipline and Precision—Camaraderie of the Hussar Guards—Colonel von Krosigk and Prince Frederick Charles at the Dreilinden Debates—I am Transferred to 1st Guards Brigade of Field Artillery in 1883—Gunnery Practice—Telephone Humours—Appointment to the Command of the 1st Battalion of the 1st Foot Guards Brigade in October, 1883—Obliged to Abandon Visit to Spain—My Lecture on the Art of War as Practised by the Romans at the Battle of Cannae—More Parades and Manœuvres—I succeed in Making the Gloomy General Witzendorff Smile—Manœuvres in 1885 at Karlsruhe and Stuttgart—My Grandfather Desires me to Combat the Gambling Habits of the Hussar Guards—His Approval of the Modern Methods of General von Schachtmeyer—My Campaign Against the Union Club, the Headquarters of Gambling—Reforms and Innovations—A Mess for N.C.Os.—Regimental Christmas Gatherings—New Equipment and Saddles—My Cure at Reichenhall—Manœuvres and the "War Game"—The Union Club Affair reaches a Crisis—I Refuse to Withdraw my Ban, and am "Reprimanded" but Carry my Point Against Powerful Influences and Intrigues—Infantry Exercises for Cavalry—Last Appearance of my Grandfather at a Parade of the Guards in 1887—Training in Leadership—Examinations and Strategical Discussions—I Leave my Regiment in January, 1888, to Take Over the Command of the 2nd Foot Guards at Berlin—My Grandfather Consents to my Commanding a Brigade—Loyal Regimental Commanders—Death of my Grandfather.

ON 29th October, 1879, I reported myself in Potsdam for service with the Regiment, and was attached to the First Company. My captain, Oldwig von Natzmer, at once gave me the recruits to train. It was a great pleasure for me to watch this raw human material take on shape and polish during the period of training. Captain

von Natzmer, who was feared on account of his harshness, displayed a well-nigh "motherly" care for his men, and understood remarkably well how to win their affection. That I was also successful in this was revealed to me by the zeal of my recruits when on parade, and by the trust with which they came to me with their little troubles and wants when off duty.

On 17th March, 1880, I was able to parade my recruits before the chief army commanders in the presence of my father. The inspection was searching and extended to the method of instruction in a review of the First Company in the Company School. The results of the inspection were revealed in the "blue letter," which five days later, on the Emperor's Birthday, brought me my promotion to captain. Therein it was stated: "It is a great pleasure to me to have seen for myself your Royal Highness's progress in military service, and specially to have seen you on the 17th instant parade the First Company to my entire satisfaction." The stars for the epaulets were speedily procured, and, at the ceremony of congratulating the Emperor on his birthday, I was able to present myself before my grandfather as promoted to captain. He shook my hand, looking at me with his grave, yet friendly expression, and said, laughingly: "My First Company was good." From that moment I understood what it meant to be proud of one's own achievement.

On 1st April, 1880, I was entrusted with the command of the Second Company of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, and half a year later, on 7th August, there followed my promotion to Company Commander. It was the first position of individual responsibility that I had occupied. My predecessor, Captain Baron von Wangenheim, had trained the Company with the greatest care, brought it into an exemplary state of discipline, and, with the help of a first-rate Sergeant-Major, Schumann, had developed its morale to an uncommon degree.

Among the happiest memories of my military life is my time as Company Commander, because of the close association it brought me into with my Grenadiers, for whose training, discipline, weal and woe, it was my happy duty to be

responsible. Field exercises and musketry were vigorously pursued, and by the regimental and brigade parade in the spring I had my company well in hand. My principle was solely to appeal to the honourable instincts and understanding of my Grenadiers: our company must be the best in the regiment in drill, musketry, gymnastics, field exercises, and, above all, in guard duty. Off duty my Grenadiers should bear themselves in such a manner that wherever they went they would be recognised as belonging to the Second Company. Guard duty plays a principal part in the training of troops, since it is a means of instilling in the men a sense of duty and responsibility which will qualify them for independent action. To my great joy, in my company it became a point of honour never to miss or fail in guard duty. My principle justified itself by its results, and in the entire period up to the autumn of 1881 it was only necessary to inflict one severe punishment. My officers, Lieutenant von Hoepfner and the Second Lieutenants Baron von Willisen, von Leipziger, von Eckartsberg, von Kleist and von Hopffgarten, assisted me with skill in the leadership of the company, as did Sergeant-Major Schumann.

During the Imperial manœuvres, which took place this year in the neighbourhood of Gross-Ziethen, many interesting battle-problems came before me. I specially remember one moment when, through a surprise attack, undertaken on my own initiative, I was able to fling back the enemy at the precise moment when my grandfather and father with their staffs, and many observers, reached the company. The battalion commander, enraged by my independent action, was only prevented from pouring the vials of his wrath over me by the commendation for it which he received from the Imperial mouth. In bivouac, later, he lectured me about it with gentle hints that I had, the more readily, acted in a manner contrary to orders because of the presence of a distinguished company of observers. I replied that in war I would have acted in exactly the same way, and, perhaps, like the battalion commander, would have been commended. For he, naturally, gave it to be understood that he had given the order.

On 16th September, 1881, I was promoted to honorary major in the regiment, and had to give up my company. The parting, which took place on the parade ground, was affecting, I think, not only to me, but to my men. When I went to the Imperial manœuvres, at Itzehoe, in Schleswig-Holstein, in order to report myself as a major to my grandfather, the Emperor told me with complimentary remarks that I was to be attached to the Hussar-Guards Regiment.

On my entry into the First Regiment of Foot Guards, on 9th February, 1877, I had received a suite of apartments for myself in the Palace at Potsdam. Major von Liebenau, who was appointed my Equerry, also took charge of my household affairs. I then exchanged life in the dear home of my parents for that in the circle of my regimental comrades. But that was also a "family." I was quickly intimate with my comrades, who treated me entirely as one of themselves, and in simple affectionate manner interested themselves in my raw youth.

In the circle of my regimental comrades, inspired as it was by the old Prussian ideas and traditions, I invariably felt myself thoroughly at home. Life in the barracks was simple, unpretentious and cheap. At noon, after duty was over, there appeared almost invariably the dish "Fried eggs with fried potatoes"—the breakfast of hungry troops. At five o'clock in the afternoon came dinner with a hot dish, cheese and fruit. Sweets were served only on Sundays and holidays. Anyone appearing unpunctually, who could not excuse himself to the President of the table on grounds of duty, had to pay a fine. Champagne never appeared on the table except on the Emperor's Birthday, or after an inspection. After dinner, one smoked, played music or chatted until evening duty. At 8.30 we came together again in order to play whist, piquet, skat, chess or billiards. For supper we went into the breakfast room, and for the most part ate a simple sandwich and drank a glass of beer. After which we passed some time in lively talk, salted with harmless wit and frank fun, and went early to bed, for duty began at seven in the morning in winter, and at six, or earlier, in summer.

In the officers' mess the differences in rank that were strictly observed on duty disappeared entirely. From lieutenant to staff-officer all mixed freely and happily with one another. Friday was the evening on which the married officers of the regiment had to appear, and the strict Colonel was able to surround himself with his officers in order to see for himself this progress in social and intellectual intercourse. I habitually sat at table with comrades of my own rank, and was sorry to leave the " Middle Table " at which the gay lieutenants sat, when I had to join the senior officers. Both as captain and staff officer I now and again paid a visit to the " Middle Table " so long as my own generation still sat there.

I shall never forget those joyful years, full of work and camaraderie, in the First Regiment of Foot Guards. Here I learnt what old Prussian traditions and old Prussian comradeship meant. We lived in the traditions of Frederick William I and Frederick the Great, and were filled with pride, as soldiers of His Majesty, when he called us " My " First Regiment of Foot Guards. " Semper talis " is inscribed on the peaks of the Grenadier caps of the " Tall Fellows " ; " semper talis " we were, and " semper talis " remains the spirit of the regiment, the bond between it and myself even to-day. For my silver wedding and my jubilee as many of my Grenadiers appeared as were still alive, ready for inspection before the New Palace ; some had even come over from America. Great was the joy as we once again stood face to face, and could remember together the fine old times. My aide-de-camp Baron von Berg, alas ! prematurely deceased, wrote an intimate little brochure about my time as Company Commander which was given to each individual.

After the Imperial manœuvres in Holstein I reported myself to Colonel von Krosigk for duty with the Hussar-Guards Regiment, and was appointed to the Fourth Squadron which Captain Baron Geyr von Schweppenburg commanded. I received a riding class to instruct (2. class A.) and took part in the officers' riding lessons. Under the brilliant direction of Colonel von Krosigk, who was a master of cavalry training, I learnt the rudiments of riding, and, for a person who had

hitherto practically no knowledge of horses, it was truly a toilsome and hard task. In the spring Cavalry-Sergeant Laue showed me how to ride correctly at the head of the troop, and then Colonel von Krosigk taught me how to drill the Fourth Squadron so that on 22nd May, 1882, I could parade them before my grandfather on the Bornstedt Plain. As a sign of his satisfaction my grandfather surprised me at the end of the preliminary manœuvres by giving me the right to wear the uniform of the Hussar-Guards with honorary rank in the regiment.

These manœuvres afforded me an insight into the importance of the cavalry as an intelligence and communications service for the other arms. The system of intelligence and communications service, worked with great skill by Krosigk, had made the regiment so famous that other units or higher commanders copied the Hussars. After the close of the autumn exercises on 30th September, 1882, the birthday of my grandmother, I received a royal order extending my service with the Hussar-Guards Regiment until 1st April, 1883, which later was once again extended to 1st July, 1883. Because I was to enter the Civil Service in the course of the winter—of which I shall speak subsequently—an order came from the military cabinet that I should be relieved of the command of the squadron, My duties in the winter were to comprise instruction in regimental office work, participation in the officers' riding lessons and in some special exercises as also in a survey of the progressive training of squadrons and in winter training. Hence sufficient work, military and civil, was provided for the winter.

It was exceedingly useful for me to see von Krosigk, the model cavalry leader, instructing his regiment as regulations prescribed and to be able to instruct under his guidance. In consequence of the high standard of horsemanship which he had introduced into the regiment, it was able to carry out movements at all paces—even the swiftest—in complete order and discipline. The regiment performed evolutions without a failure—a model for the whole Prussian cavalry.

On 22nd May, 1883, the great day arrived on which I had to parade the regiment before my grandfather. How my heart

beat as the Emperor, with a brilliant entourage—among them the great cavalry leader Prince Frederick Charles—came near to the shimmering red line of my regiment. After the first march past, which passed off satisfactorily, the evolutions, whose course was pre-arranged according to a plan drawn up by the Emperor, began. These evolutions were all the more difficult because, my grandfather on account of his age being no longer able to ride much, they had to be carried out around him. Among the evolutions I carried out the charge of a regiment in column of squadrons wheeling on to the flank of a supposed enemy. I went to the top of a hill in order to direct the evolutions from there, and the five squadrons in column came galloping one after the other in perfect array, Prince Frederick Charles suddenly appeared, and called to me "Bravo, William, you have done well, as a true Hussar!"

The inspection ended with an attack on a battery in action behind breastworks, and with the carrying off of captured guns with the aid of foraging rope. The finale took the form of a march past in galloping squadrons. My grandfather's criticism was exceptionally kind, so that the Hussar-Guards beamed with joy, and even the iron Krosigk was genial. This day there was champagne!

At this point in my recollections some words might be said as to the object and importance of the parades, inspections and guards of honour which will often be mentioned here. These are now frequently represented as nothing more than charming military spectacles of a past age, and often opposed precisely by people who, after setting aside the old German "militarism," proceed to bring up their own dependents on military lines and can never have enough of shows and uniforms. I have not mentioned them here as mere shows, but for a very different reason. The parades recall not only what that great soldier, Frederick William I, finally made out of the ridiculed mounting of the guard, which his successors had still further developed, but very much more. For they constitute a test of discipline, of the skill of the individual man, of his capacity to control his nerves and muscles, of his ability, of the submerging of the single will in that of the majority.

It has often been said that in consequence of the great change that has come about in tactics, mechanical drill, involving long training in parades, will become superfluous. This so-called " drill " has also been contrasted with what is called " training."

This contrast can be easily proved false. It is impossible to achieve through drill alone what our parades brought forth, namely, a self-control by which thousands of valiant German soldiers might be governed. Such a result is only conceivable on the foundation of careful moral and physical training of the individual. My old comrades agreed with me as to the proportion of " training in mass formation " (" Sichzusammenreissenkönnen ") required if, after hard physical toil, the wearying ranks were to have spirit left for perfect discipline in the final march-past of the manœuvres.

Such an achievement strengthens self-respect, arouses confidence in one's own ability, and thereby produces the will to and the belief in victory.

Though not the only one, the regulation parades were indeed a very real aid in training and testing discipline, *i.e.*, the subjection of the individual will to a higher will representative of the whole. To my satisfaction the most modern training manuals, which are founded on the experience of the War, recognise that " discipline will be strengthened through precision in exercises and the use of formations which the regulations enjoin; that order and cohesion must become second nature in the troops; that the soldier, convinced of the necessity of unquestioned obedience and strict discipline, will submit himself to it with a joyful heart, knowing that it will be for the good of all."

The finest commanders in the World War have told me that the amazing performances of our troops, notably in the great campaigns in 1914 and 1915, could only have been rendered possible through our traditional habit of a systematic training in discipline and its continuous maintenance. On this our tactical and moral superiority, as well as the consciousness of this superiority necessary for success, was really based.

Our opponents have made use of this knowledge. The Japanese—the " Prussians of the East "—adopted our discipline

before the War, and made good use of it. The French, who before 1914 ridiculed the " Prussian drill," learnt from the events of 1914, and made use of the most harsh methods in order, during the course of the war, to make good the omission and to enforce with the least delay an iron discipline. They attained their object at the moment when our discipline was broken up from the rear.

Throughout my long military career, and during my reign, I have often enough been able personally to watch with interest the intense preoccupation with which foreign sovereigns, or their military attachés, followed our parades. The high efficiency of our army, which was continually in evidence in such reviews, showed them the value of our friendship—and our enmity. So the Army co-operated in high policy. It was the same at the manœuvres, and the final review demonstrated that the troops were well under the control of the commander both before and during a battle. Another aspect of these displays had special value. When the Princes, who were colonels-in-chief of regiments, paraded their troops before the Emperor, or foreign monarchs, the pride of the colonel-in-chief in his close relations with the troops became noticeable.

The underlying meaning of military parades must be remembered in making any criticism of them, and also the importance attached to them from time to time as a meeting ground for Princes, giving opportunity for many important political discussions. Superbly impressive as demonstrations, highly useful from a military point of view, and most decorative from a Court one, their particular value was the opportunity they afforded for political influences.

Quite apart from all this I think that military parades, despite the completely altered strategy of the present day, retain their value. Close formation is entirely valueless in the modern battle. Hence there is all the more need that discipline among the troops should be strengthened through training and continuous exercises. Without regularised training this cannot be achieved. " The foundation of the serviceability of a troop is discipline," says a very modern textbook. " It creates within it a firm union and overcomes the disintegrating

effect of battle." A wise saying with which I entirely agree.

Everything which concerned the Army in the days before the War was understood by the German nation from prince to workman—to my great pleasure. The delight in parades was enormous, and, as no one can gainsay, proper. Some thought of the days when they had been on parade; others rejoiced that they would soon be able to wear the King's uniform. All loved and honoured the common compulsion to serve in the Army—that great school of the German nation. Each individual knew what he owed to it, and the whole people knew that only under the shield of the Army could work and well-being prosper, art and science be nourished.

All this was proved by the joy with which the Army was greeted at parades, manœuvres and on other occasions. These were symbols and not empty shows.

What value foreign nations, and our western neighbour in particular, placed on being able to discover the principles of the training used in the German Army, is clearly shown in the following episode that has remained in my memory. At a mimic battle of the Division of the Guards Cavalry around Tetlow, in which I took part as orderly officer on the staff of the divisional commander, General Count Alten, two French general staff officers, who, most improperly, had come in civilian clothes and mingled with the spectators, were captured. Count Alten sent me to them to inform them that they could have avoided their misfortune by making an official request through the French military attaché to be allowed to take part in the manœuvres. Their amazing reply—amazing when it is remembered that they had been told by my equerry who it was who spoke with them—was that they had not come to the manœuvres without the knowledge and connivance of their military attaché, whom one of the French officers called his "friend." Almost immediately afterwards I met the French military attaché at the Imperial manœuvres and told him of this. At first he denied all knowledge of it, and it was only when I conveyed to him the greeting of his "friend," and informed him of the full circumstances of my encounter with

the captured General Staff officers that he lost colour and stood before me like a shamefaced poodle.

In this year a manœuvre took place under my leadership, between the Regiment and the 6th Cuirassiers in the neighbourhood of Lehnin. Prince Henry's Fusiliers, and the mounted section of the 3rd Field Artillery Regiment, also took part.

The manœuvre, which was directed by Divisional Commander General Count Haeseler, lasted from early morning until the late evening, and in extraordinary heat. The bivouac was set up in the neighbourhood of Baumgartenbrück. Early next day, after the close of the manœuvre, I led the regiment back into barracks. An affair so unusual at that season aroused general excitement in Potsdam and Berlin " because in summer one was concerned only with exercises or details of field-service. A manœuvre was inadmissible and to be undertaken at the earliest in autumn." In these circumstances my grandfather summoned Colonel von Krosigk to give an explanation of the manœuvre. Colonel von Krosigk explained to the Emperor that on account of the shortness of my service with the regiment opportunity must be afforded me to learn to manœuvre the regiment on an unknown terrain against an unknown enemy. My grandfather accepted in its entirety Colonel von Krosigk's explanation, and thereafter his many critics were silent.

I must mention another episode which was characteristic in more than one way of the period when I commanded the regiment of Hussar-Guards.

It was my grandfather's custom to go into residence at Babelsberg for the late summer and occasionally to be present at the military manœuvres held at Bornstedt. That year, for the first time within living memory, a muster of all the regiments of Horse Guards was commanded for divisional field manœuvres. In order to practise his three regiments in these manœuvres and instruct his officers in tactical attack, my Brigade Commander, General von Brosowski, had drawn up the brigade by regiments in single file formation, thus turning each regiment into a single file brigade. There were two brigades of Uhlans and one brigade of Dragoons to a corps, and in the

aggregate one of cavalry in single file. This arrangement placed regiments under the command of regular senior Captains of Horse, and squadrons under that of numbers of 1st Lieutenants—splendid experience for these gentlemen. General von Brosowski, who in his time had collaborated in drawing up the cavalry regulations, was a man of slight and dapper figure, a dark complexion, and snapping black eyes; he was extraordinarily kindly and polite towards his inferiors in rank, even during manœuvres to his orderly officers, of whom I have been one. When excited he had an amusing little habit—a source of much joy to us—of ejaculating "Devil take me!"

One evening when, as so often happened, I had been commanded to dine with my grandfather, he asked me what we had done that day at Bornstedt. I had to elaborate my answer: "Preparatory exercises for the divisional manœuvres at Tetlow," by an explanation of these exercises. The Emperor listened with increasing attention, often nodding his head in affirmation. When I had finished, my grandfather expressed a desire to see the single file manœuvres next day, whereupon I at once requested permission to carry the corresponding orders to the Brigade Commander, received it, sprang into my carriage and drove to General Brosowski's villa. After lively greetings he asked what brought me. "A command from His Majesty!" The General's heels clicked. "His Majesty commands?" "His Majesty commands that the General shall manœuvre the Brigade in single file before him to-morrow." With a loud and horrified cry of "Devil take me!" the General fell into the nearest chair. When I had succeeded in reassuring him by saying that he had the regiments well in hand and that the Supreme War Lord had full sympathy with all reasonable innovations, the General said: "Yes, you are quite right; but, Your Royal Highness, General von Pape, the General Officer Commanding, and Count Brandenburg the Divisional Commander, have no sympathy with innovations! Devil take me!"

Next morning, in true Royal weather, our Brigade assembled at the entrenchment facing the road, and in their best bib and tucker. The first to appear were a number of gentlemen

from Berlin, among them the General Officer Commanding, the Divisional Commander, the Brigade and Regimental Commanders of the Berlin Cavalry Regiments, and in addition a number of my grandfather's suite—all wearing visibly astonished and questioning faces. Shortly afterwards the order "Halt! 'shun!" rang out. We all sat as if glued to our horses. We saluted, and the Emperor rode down the line of his Regiment, making kindly acknowledgment. The exercises proceeded according to ordinary programme. On the Bornstedt Field, General von Brosowski swung a division in open formation, as if it had been a regiment, round the Emperor; the "regiment" of the second corps rode as confidently and in as good formation and time as had the first. In general, evolutions were carried out at a trot, deployments were made, but attacks were only defined, not carried through. Everything went like clockwork. In his critique my grandfather spoke very appreciatively of what he had seen, praised the excellence of the cavalry, the extraordinarily good bearing of the troops, and the precision of the evolutions. At the same time the Emperor specially emphasised the foresight of General von Brosowski in training his officers to ride in large bodies, and also his having only defined the attacks and not carried them through. In concluding he shook the General by the hand and congratulated him.

Riding home, General von Brosowski joined the Regiment of Hussar-Guards, and we all congratulated him heartily. I asked him if the realisation had been as bad as the anticipation, and he replied: "Devil take me, Your Royal Highness, it was wonderful! His Majesty so gracious! I am still deeply moved. Even His Excellency von Pape and Count Brandenburg congratulated me—*but* their expressions!! Devil take me!"

* * *

The same spirit of *bonhomie* ruled among the Staff Officers of the Hussar-Guards as among those of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards. Relations were of course closer on account of the comparatively small number of officers, and the personal influence exercised on each by the regimental commander was

more evident. Colonel von Krosigk knew how to inspire a vigorous and cheerful cavalry spirit in his staff and how to awaken and cultivate their interest in questions of tactics and strategy. I can testify to the pride and real respect with which we Guards Officers regarded our Commander, in spite of a severity at times amounting to harshness. Prussian cavalry owed it to men like him and von Rosenberg, Colonel Commanding the Ziethen Hussars, that their regulations, by dint of repeated revision, were kept abreast of the times and corresponded to the requirements of modern drill and warfare—an immense advantage over the infantry. In discussing strategy and tactics in the Dreilinden Society, of which he was a member, Colonel von Krosigk often brought the talk round to the principles for the use of cavalry laid down by Prince Frederick Charles, thus giving opportunity for lively debate and testifying to the great part played by the Prince in the development of the Prussian cavalry. I was once present at one of these Dreilinden evenings. Several gentlemen, mostly elderly, Officers of the Royal Household, of the Army, and of the Navy, from General and Admiral down, discussed candidly the tactical and strategic problems set for debate by the Prince, which were of the greatest importance for the Army. When the Prince in the course of conversation mentioned gunnery practice, General von Hartmann, possessor of a very ready wit, remarked (*à propos* of the recent ennoblement of a Brigade Commander of the Artillery Guards): "Your Royal Highness, since the Prussian Artillery has come to be commanded by a lot of Montmorencies, they always miss their shots!" Lively merriment followed this sally, which has stuck in my memory as characteristic of the Dreilinden spirit.

* * *

On 1st July, 1883, I was transferred to service with the 1st Guards Brigade of Field Artillery, commanded by Colonel Mauve, *alias* von Schmidt. I was to have special gunnery instruction and therefore was attached to the 3rd Mounted (Black Horse) Regimental Battery, under the command of Captain Count zur Lippe. I was initiated into the secrets of

KAISER WILLIAM I
AND HIS SISTER, THE GRAND DUCHESS ALEXANDRINE
OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN
AT EMS, ABOUT 1880

gunnery practice by Major von Bach, a past master in the art.

The day soon came when I had to parade the 3rd Battery for review on the practice-ground at Tegel; a number of the members of the Higher Command, from the Inspector-General down, were present—General von Voigts-Rhetz, General von Dresky, and Colonel von Körber. At the finish of the firing criticism was passed by the senior officers present, especially by the so-called "Triad." The verdict was favourable, to everyone's astonishment, not least to my own.

The following incident illustrates the humorous touch which never fails even on the most serious occasion. Connection between the butts and the battery-stand was established by the then newly-invented telephone. General von Voigts-Rhetz, impatient at the long delay, betook himself to the telephone in order to add his own enquiries to the many already humming over the wire as to the reason for the non-appearance of the targets. Suddenly we saw him drop the receiver and ride thoughtfully away, head sunk on breast, while the artillerymen attendant on the telephone grinned all over their faces. We soon found out what had happened. His fuming Excellency had roared too loud into the instrument—at that time a heinous offence—and instead of the desired information had received in answer: "Don't bellow so, you idiot!" This story went the round of the Prussian Artillery like wild-fire.

In the course of this summer I was permitted to parade my battery before my father, on the Kreuzberg, and on this occasion too we came out well. I remember that the "Triad" already mentioned were again present, without my father's command or even desire. During the discussion that followed the exercises the "Triad" expatiated upon their own services in 1870–71, and it appeared as if the impression intended to be made on my father was that the efficiency of the battery was due principally to their own efforts. As a matter of fact, however, the credit was due to the Regimental and Detachment Commanders, Major von Neubronn and Captain Count Lippe. This my father knew very well. He listened grimly to the long discussion, then shook the Regimental and Detachment

Commanders by the hand, praised the battery, curtly saluted the "Triad," and rode away.

At the autumn manœuvres of the Corps of Guards I was for a time in command of a detachment of artillery, and one day of a mixed detachment. That day I succeeded in carrying the three regimental batteries at a gallop right into the skirmishing line of the pursuing force, and was commended for carrying out a manœuvre seldom attempted.

The manœuvres of the Corps of Guards having ended, I took leave of my companions, of whom I had grown quite fond, and of my superior officers, whom I esteemed highly, with feelings of the warmest regard. My whole life long, relations with the regiment have been informed, on both sides, by the same warm feelings of confidence and regard.

* * *

For the period of the Imperial manœuvres of the 4th Army Corps in the autumn of 1883, I was attached to the staff of General von Blumenthal. His Chief of General Staff was Colonel von Holleben. I was able to take part in the last days of the divisional manœuvres, and to marvel at the acute and lucid criticisms of my father's old commander, tested in two campaigns. During the manœuvres I was present every evening after dinner with Colonel von Holleben to assist in drawing up searching reports, and in drafting orders for the next day. I learnt much of use for the Higher Command.

On the last day I was detailed to carry to the field orders in council concerning corps promotions and decorations, and had an amusing experience. Colonel von Werder, later General Officer Commanding the 1st Army Corps, had the reputation of being an excitable individual, always all over the place and yet nowhere to be found. As far as I was concerned that day he was unfortunately nowhere to be found. I sought him high, I sought him low, in vain. No one in his regiment could tell me where he had betaken himself to. At last I found him on a country road, and attempted to deliver up my blue envelope into his hands. The attempt failed. I was forced to thunder down the road after the fellow, who had not even noticed me,

until he flung himself round testily on the unknown hussar, desiring to know what I wanted of him? Why ever was I riding behind him like that? I was enough to make his horse shy! I held up the blue envelope, and in my embarrassment said loudly: "An order in council from the Emperor, Colonel." At that he reined in his horse so sharply that he lost his stirrups and shot sitting on to the animal's neck. In this scarcely military attitude, and from between his horse's ears, he accepted the order for his promotion. Still testy, he asked me again who I was? In a severely military manner I answered: "Orderly officer to the General Officer Commanding, Prince William of Prussia, whose grandson I am, from whom I have the honour to bring this order in council." The General was struck speechless. Before he had time to collect himself I was up and away.

After the manœuvres I received an order in council from the Emperor commissioning me to the command of the 1st Battalion, 1st Foot Guards Brigade.

* * *

On 20th October, 1883, I entered on my command.

At the same time my father was commanded to return the visit of the King of Spain, who had been present at the Imperial manœuvres at Homburg. My father had already, unknown to me, expressed a desire to the Emperor that I should accompany him. What words can express my consternation when my grandfather seized the next opportunity to express his displeasure that I, "immediately after entering upon so important a command, should wish to go on a pleasure-trip to Spain." I immediately informed my father, requesting him to release me from participation in the journey. I thereby drew his displeasure upon myself; but I considered it my duty to renounce the beauties of Spain for the barrack-yard and the exercise-ground.

In the winter of 1883-84 Colonel von Lindequist, Colonel Commanding the Regiment, requested me to deliver a lecture upon a subject taken from ancient military history. From my brother Waldemar's former governor, Dr. Hans Delbrück

(later to gain fame as professor and historian), who was then serving with the regiment, I had heard much of the latest researches into the art of war as practised by the ancient Greeks and Romans and into the Roman phalanx formation and maniple tactics. This I made the basis of my lecture upon Roman tactics and the Battle of Cannae, illustrated by sketches I drew under Delbrück's instruction. I showed that up to and including Cannae, the Romans fought in the old phalanx formation, a formation at once unwieldy, awkward, and without reserves or even superficial systematic organisation. The Scipios were the first to divide the phalanx by two longitudinal cuts, thereby instituting divisions each under its own commanding officers and following one upon the other. This method of attack enabled Scipio to gain a decisive victory over Hannibal at Zama. The problem handled by me at that time became later of the first importance when dealt with by Schlieffen.

* * *

In the spring of 1884 I had to parade my battalion before my grandfather in the Lustgarten. As the reserves had been called up, I was able to show a strength of 180 men to a company. This was on 5th May. My grenadiers came up to scratch and received the verdict "admirable!" from his lips.

During that summer I went into bivouac for shooting practice. We practised field sharp-shooting at Trebbin in companies of war strength. This course was a very stimulating one as it was attended by a detachment from the School of Musketry at Spandau, who succeeded very cleverly in arranging the butts as if they had been objectives in actual warfare. At the autumn review I paraded the First Battalion (jokingly called by my friends the "First Battalion in Christendom") before my grandfather. The Brigade of Guards manœuvres which followed engaged the battalion in interesting and profitable exercises in military tactics and palisading.

* * *

As the manœuvres were under two different commanders, I left the Brigade of Guards after a time to report myself to

PRINCE WILLIAM AT POTSDAM, 1885

Field-Marshal General Count Moltke in the Rhine Province. He was indisposed, however, and his command had been taken over by Count Waldersee. My father was Chief Referee. On the parade ground at Euskirchen the Empress Augusta's Own Regiment of Grenadier Guards was placed on the right wing of the Eighth Army Corps; near the right wing of the First Battalion my grandmother's carriage was drawn up, and to her right stood General von Loë and General von Pape. It was a moment of deep emotion when my grandfather, followed by my father and myself, galloped up to the Empress, the illustrious Colonel-in-Chief, to kiss her hand. It was the last time she paraded her regiment before the great War Lords.

During these manœuvres I was repeatedly detailed to General von Witzendorff's Staff (Seventh Army Corps) as a despatch rider. The General was a long and lanky man, with burning eyes beneath shaggy brows. He had never been seen to laugh. His Staff stood always at a decorous distance and in dead silence; only his Chief-of-staff might approach him occasionally. Once when I was returning from carrying a despatch to my father I rode past the advance guard of the Seventh Army Corps resting behind a village. At a cross-roads I passed a rather burly General who bore a slight resemblance to the late Duke Ernest of Coburg. As I was about to salute and ride by, the General halted me with the following harangue: "Are you not aware, young man, that anyone advancing must halt by me, General Michelmann, General Commanding the Advance Guard, and report to me?" "I come," I reported, "from the Chief Referee, His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince, and ride by his orders to His Excellency von Witzendorff." "Good; that's very convenient, you can carry my report to him." As I was about to ride away after receiving it, the General stopped me, remarking: "Now, now, my young friend, calm these youthful ardours and repeat the report! I know the young gentlemen of the cavalry. They think of nothing but a gallop 'cross country; they listen with half an ear, they carry confused reports to senior officers, and then *I'm* put under arrest."

The General allowed me to go when I had repeated the report

to his satisfaction, and I returned to His Gloomy Excellency upon the heights.

After I had delivered my despatches I added that I had been commissioned by General Michelmann to make a report. General Witzendorff looked me searchingly up and down. "How," he asked, "did General Michelmann come to commission Your Royal Highness with a report? Did he not recognise Your Royal Highness and report fittingly?"

I said he had not, expressed the belief that the General had taken me for a despatch rider, and described my meeting with him. The result was astonishing to a degree. His Staff observed the stern features of their Commander-in-Chief convulsed by something extraordinarily like a smile. His Excellency had condescended for the first time, and openly before his Staff, to smile. I soon discovered the cause of his amusement. General Michelmann it was at whose expense all the good stories known to the corps were told, and now he had, all unwittingly, gathered to himself another, and a true one. The tale was told and duly relished that evening round all the camp fires in Westphalia.

As far as service was concerned, the year 1885 passed in much the same way as had 1884. On 2nd September, 1885, I relinquished the command of the First Battalion on my appointment to the command of the First Regiment of Foot Guards at the autumn manœuvres. This gave me the opportunity of fraternising constantly with the Divisional Commander, General von Schlichting. He was possessed by the importance of the proper and skilful use of territory, especially by riflemen, without reference to alinement, which at that time still played a large part in tactics. The manœuvres concluded with an attack on the Hakenberg east of Berlin, for which the First Regiment of Foot Guards (Reserves) under my command were detailed by His Excellency von Schlichting. My father was a spectator of the successful storming and carrying of the height.

* * *

I was attached to the Staff of General von Obernitz, General Commanding the Fourteenth Army Corps, for the Imperial

manœuvres. The troops showed at their best in the varied country between Karlsruhe and Ettlingen, the Cavalry Brigade commanded by Colonel Edler von der Planitz (later Inspector-General of Cavalry) especially distinguishing itself by resolute attack. On the heights of Ettlingen, on 16th September, the last day of the manœuvres, I received an order in council from the Emperor nominating me to the command of the Regiment of Hussar-Guards, and promoting me to the rank of Colonel. The first to offer his congratulations was Planitz.

On the occasion of my reporting myself in person at the Castle of Karlsruhe my grandfather informed me that gambling was general among the Horse Guards, and that the Hussar-Guards were said also to take part in it. I should have to combat it with all my strength, and he made me responsible for freeing my officers from this burden and for leading them back to the sound simplicity of Old Prussia.

I accompanied my grandfather to the Imperial manœuvres of the 13th Army Corps at Stuttgart. His Chief of General Staff was General von Schachtmeyer, who had transmitted to his Corps a large amount of the skill in turning every inch of shelter to account, inherent in an ardent deerstalker. He never used large columns, and company columns were so cleverly hidden under cover that they were practically invisible. In short the Corps was drilled after all the most modern rules of warfare ; it was the first I saw fight according to these rules. Of course the eye of the lay spectator missed the imposing pictures of massed infantry, and I heard most disapproving comments passed on the manœuvres by personages standing round my grandfather. What was the consternation of these gentlemen to hear my grandfather in his criticism mention von Schachtmeyer's Corps as the best-prepared for war and as a pattern for the whole army. These words show that my grandfather thoroughly understood how to march with the times, and that Berlin's dictum, " no one dare allow His Majesty to see anything like that," was not true to fact.

* * *

On my return to Potsdam I reported myself to General von Pape, General Officer Commanding, as Colonel Commandant

of the Regiment of Hussar-Guards. Though Pape was a harsh man and much feared, he showed himself always fair and kindly disposed towards me; indeed he was almost a father confessor. My divisional commander was Lieutenant-General von Winterfeldt, my Brigade Commander, Major-General von Versen, late commanding the 12th Hussars.

General von Pape heard of my grandfather's injunction against gambling with the greatest satisfaction and informed me that the Union Club was the source of all the evil. Frequenting this Club had lost many a promising young officer his reputation, even his life, and ruined many a family. I should go without any regard for the consequences straight for this witches' cauldron; I was protected by His Majesty's order, and he himself would naturally support me in every contingency.

The first time I assembled my staff of officers around me I repeated to them the Kaiser's serious words against gambling; as far as I could see they did not fail of their effect. On approaching the other Commanders of the Potsdam Cavalry Regiments in the matter, I discovered that all, without exception, were of the General's opinion; at the same time they asserted that nothing could be done against the Union Club—it was too well protected by persons in high places. This position of affairs, which I recognised only unwillingly, was the cause of my long conflict with the Union Club. I opened my campaign by prohibiting my officers unconditionally from membership and from taking part in any play.

* * *

Generally speaking, service in the Regiment of Hussar-Guards, in cavalry drill as well as in exercises and in field service, was regulated strictly according to the principles laid down by Colonel von Krosigk. Cavalry-Captain von Dewitz, who had with much success taken over the cavalry training from Krosigk, and was therefore known to the whole regiment, I appointed officers' instructor in riding. This appointment brought me into conflict with Colonel von Kleist, Comptroller of the Household (on the establishment) who hankered after it himself. I dismissed him, however, with the

PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA
AT THE HEAD OF THE HUSSARS, 1883
FROM THE PAINTING BY SCHNÄBELI

observation that I did not confer this appointment according to rank but according to capacity for teaching riding; also, I refused to allow myself to be misled by intrigue. When in the course of that winter of 1885–6 I was confined to the house for several weeks with an attack of measles, von Kleist seized the opportunity to alter a number of the regulations I had drawn up. As our mutual relations were not made any the easier by this contretemps I had finally to make an alteration in my personnel. Major von Mossner, whom I had known in Bonn, took von Kleist's place on the establishment, and loyally supported me. A graduate of the brilliant school of the Imperial Dragoons under the then Colonel von Loë, von Mossner showed himself a fine and ardent horseman with a proper comprehension of the meaning of service. As he was also of a cheerful and happy disposition, with a considerable dash of humour, he rapidly became a general favourite with the Staff. When still little more than a youth he had in 1870, at Bapaume, been awarded the Iron Cross of the First Class, an unusual honour in those days. It was a pure joy to work with him.

Among the innovations I made in the regulations for my own Regiment, was to provide a means of keeping the younger and unmarried N.C.Os. out of public-houses. This included the development into a regular mess for N.C.Os. of the café which, under Colonel von Krosigk, had already been instituted for them. The place was suitably furnished and the addition of a small library and tables for chess, draughts, etc., made it a constant and favoured resort of the men. Even the older married sergeants and sergeant-majors frequented it with obvious pleasure. Its institution strengthened the esprit de corps among the N.C.Os.

The administration of the regiment and especially of the well-stocked stores lay in the hands of the trustworthy old Paymaster Herbringer, a man zealously devoted to duty and of unimpeachable honour. Among other things he helped me to organise a large regimental merry-making in the riding-school on Boxing Day, in place of the usual celebrations, held separately by each squadron. This regimental Christmas

gathering became a permanent institution, and was held regularly throughout my whole reign. Even when Emperor I never allowed anything to prevent my being present at it. It was a fine sight to see the five squadrons formed up in open squares before the tables bearing their presents, and decorated with illuminated Christmas Trees. The wives and children of the married officers and N.C.O.s were present at the gathering as spectators. The fine old Christmas carols rose in great waves to the high roof, and after a short address by the regimental commander a three-fold "Hurrah!" for the Supreme War Lord rang through the building. It was always a red-letter day for the rank and file of the regiment, and a day of very special pride for my old Herbringer.

In all the internal concerns of the regiment the Adjutant, Lieutenant von Stoesser, was the greatest possible support to me. When severe illness necessitated his retiring Lieutenant von Chelius took his place. He very rapidly developed into a first-class Adjutant, and took a conspicuous part in the life of the officers. To me he was a genuine support, in every contingency, great or small. Attended by him and Herbringer, I began to inspect the officers' mobilization equipment, and brought to light that there was nothing beyond the prescribed number of small leather trunks. When lists had been compiled of all things necessary for the equipment of a cavalry officer in the field, the articles were purchased direct from the makers and placed in the regimental stores. In event of war each officer would find his equipment complete to the last pencil, and himself spared the necessity of making any purchases. Again, the old regimental saddler, Bernhard, invented a new kind of saddle-bag, which he cut in conformity with the shape of a horse; these proved a great success and were used also in the Imperial stables. Under the direction of a Commission I appointed from among the senior officers, Bernhard was finally successful in making a new cavalry saddle as a substitute for the horror then in use. This new saddle came everywhere to be recognised as the "Army saddle," and was used by the entire cavalry. In the World War it carried the German cavalry almost to the gates of Paris and to the Don.

Ear trouble arising from an attack of measles compelled me to spend some of the summer months of 1886 in taking the cure at Reichenhall. I was thus, to my great disappointment, prevented from training my regiment myself. From Reichenhall I was first commanded to my grandfather's presence in Gastein, as I shall later describe more fully, and thence dispatched to Brest-Litovsk. From there I went direct to Strassburg in order to deliver my report to my grandfather, and was detailed for duty during the Imperial manœuvres on Count Haeseler's Cavalry Division. Attached to his staff I enjoyed the most perfect days the heart of a cavalryman could desire. Haeseler's ardent spirit set every cavalryman in his division afire. By enveloping movements and sudden invasions he constantly took the enemy unaware and vanquished him. On the last day of the manœuvres a bold flanking march and the use of bridges abandoned by the opposing force enabled him to take them in the rear and win a victory over their entire artillery by a brilliant attack; thereby bringing the manœuvres to an unexpected conclusion. Immediately after the close of the manœuvres my father took the greatest pleasure in congratulating the Count on the success of his *coup de main* and in presenting him on the spot with the "blue letter," containing his promotion to Lieutenant-General. The succeeding winter was entirely taken up by profitable "war-games," and theoretical instruction in the art of command. Meanwhile a serious state of affairs had arisen in the Union Club through my absolute refusal of the request of the President, the Duke of Ratibor, that I should withdraw my ban. In consequence the Club left no stone unturned to undermine my influence. My father and my aunt Louise, then visiting my grandfather, who both shared my opinion in the matter, informed me of the numerous attempts being made in certain high quarters to influence my grandfather against me. To my great pain I found that, for a time, these machinations had a certain measure of success. Unhappily, my grandfather had been induced to become an honorary patron of the club, and Albedyll, who in this affair was not on my side, would not

permit any request being made to the Emperor that he should withdraw his acceptance. This, naturally, complicated matters tremendously and gave me much anxiety, but I could not, and would not, draw back from a course I knew to be right.* In the end, however, the affair was satisfactorily settled.

One day General von Pape sent for me, and in accordance with regulations I appeared in service uniform. He, likewise in service uniform, broke the news to me, accompanied by a wink, that he had received an order to "reprimand" me in connection with my action in the Union Club affair. Thereupon he read aloud to me a Minute of the Council, in which he was instructed to "suggest" to me that it might be better if I withdrew my prohibition of membership and attendance at the Club by my officers. After reading the order Pape asked me what I should do about his "reprimand." My answer was that, as it had been "suggested," I should continue to uphold my ban until His Majesty the Emperor personally commanded me to raise it, and thus himself rescinded the command he had given me at Karlsruhe. "Agreed," said the General, and declared that as Commander of a Regiment I had a perfect right and duty to lay a ban upon any place I considered unsuitable, even the Union Club itself, and that no one could question this right. More than this I could not demand; my standpoint had been actually, if not formally, recognised. My father, my aunt Louise, and many others congratulated me heartily on this victory. My grandfather never mentioned the affair to me again, but Albedyll and I were not reconciled until August, 1886, during a conversation one night at Salzburg, which will be mentioned in its place. Directly I ascended the throne I issued an order forbidding officers to belong to smart gambling clubs.

Among other things, Colonel von Krosigk attached much importance to infantry exercises with muskets as well as with sabres, in order that the cavalry might be used, if necessary, dismounted. This form of training was pursued with great energy, and at the end of the winter I thoroughly drilled the regiment on foot. Then followed the inspection of the regiment

* See Appendix No. 4.

KAISER MANŒUVRES, 1886

by General von Pape, in the Lustgarten. The regiment presented arms while the General rode down the ranks. Then followed exercises with muskets and sabres, and then some evolutions in marching column and in column battalions with shouldered arms; a march past in file with shouldered arms, then in squadrons with muskets at the carry and drawn sabres concluded the parade, which made an undeniably good impression. In a few terse words the commander expressed his entire satisfaction with the regiment. As observers and military experts many of the First Regiment of Foot Guards had attended the inspection: they also were surprised at the precision of the movements and exercises, and an old staff officer was almost unable to contain himself or to express his appreciation of the Hussars in their short riding-boots, closely-fitting breeches and pélisses, which, he declared, rendered the march past far more spectacular than in the case of the infantry.

* * *

In the spring of 1887 I had to parade the regiment on the Bornstedt Plain before my grandfather, but as the Emperor was prevented from appearing, his place was taken by General von Pape. The eyes of the Supreme War Lord rested for the last time on the Regiment of the Hussar-Guards at the spring parade in the Lustgarten. His kindly nod showed his complete approval.

The summer brought various opportunities for regimental exercises as well as a two days' emergency mobilization to which was added two days' field manœuvres. Through the kindly offices of the Infantry Musketry School, at Spandau, I was enabled to test field training in the use of the rifle by means of regimental sharp-shooting. It gave me much satisfaction to watch the entire regiment engaged in sharp-shooting for the first time like an infantry battalion. The teaching on the rifle-range and the thorough training on foot with the rifle had borne fruit. When the results of the shooting were handed in, the School of Musketry characterised them as entirely satisfactory and above the average.

In the late summer I offered for my grandfather's inspection at the Castle of Babelsberg a cavalry mitrailleuse, which I had ordered from England. It was mounted on a two-wheeled limber, had been invented by Lord Dundonald, and was called in England a "galloping machine gun." It was drawn in tandem, and the ten flat gun-barrels placed abreast were, in firing, rotated by a horizontal movable lever to prevent spreading. At the following manœuvres this "galloping machine-gun," for which Spandau supplied blank cartridges, proved remarkably effective in the defence of entrances to towns and villages and of narrow defiles paved with logs. I protected the machine-gun by a dismounted squadron armed with rifles, while the entire remainder of the regiment stood ready to hand, mounted, so as to charge the enemy when held up by our fire. Again, at the divisional manœuvres, with which those of the Guards Corps were united, the machine-gun rendered useful service.

When these manœuvres were over I went, at my grandfather's command, to Stettin on 12th September, to assume command during the Imperial manœuvres held there of the King Frederick William IV Grenadier Guards (1st Pomeranians, No. 2). I had worn the regimental uniform since the autumn of 1869 when my grandfather had conferred it on me on the occasion of the parade of the Second Army Corps at Stargard; during the Jubilee celebrations of the regiment in 1877 I had marched past my father in a column of Grenadiers. It was now my privilege to parade this fine regiment before my grandfather on the last review he held.

During the manœuvres I was able to observe the good modern war training and discipline of the Pomeranian Grenadiers, especially due to the General Officer Commanding, General von Dannenberg. Lieutenant von Webern, the Regimental Adjutant, remained by the side of the Brigade Commander in order to be at hand to take urgent orders, while the three Battalion Adjutants rode beside the Regimental Commander; the Captains of companies, not yet in the front line, kept at a distance half-way to the Battalion Commander. This arrangement resulted in the orders of the senior officers

being received by the captains of companies with little loss of time; they, in turn, passed the orders on solely by means of preconcerted signals. The regiment carried all evolutions through quietly and with rapidity. Thus, in spite of old rules and regulations, its training was thoroughly modern—just like that of the Thirteenth Army Corps.

* * *

During my command of the regiment I made a point of attending to the training of my officers in the theory and practice of leadership. For this task I had been systematically prepared from the very beginning of my time of service. I was instructed in the duties of a general officer, in times of peace as of war, by General Bronsart von Schellendorff, and learned to plan manœuvres and to move troops according to map.

General von Hahnke taught me a concise military style through the drafting of orders and the drawing up of reports; at the same time he dwelt with painful conscientiousness on the necessity of placing dates, reference numbers and transcripts in the proper place. General Count Waldersee gave me a series of little private lectures on the nature of the General Staff; its significance in the Army; its separate departments; and on foreign armies. Through my Aide-de-camp, Adolph von Bülow, who was a Captain on the General Staff, I received each spring the problems set for the final examination by the Grand General Staff. From that date until the outbreak of the Great War I took part in these examinations in the same manner. I also attended regularly the strategical discussions and experiments (the " war game ") at which the inspectors of the different arms of the service gave lectures.

Before I close this account of my life as a Regimental Commander I should like to touch upon the building of the Hussar-Guards Officers' Mess. Of all the cavalry regiments in Potsdam as regards the officers' mess the Hussar-Guards were in the most unfortunate position. They occupied only four little shabbily furnished rooms on the ground floor of the barracks. The mess-room was so small that when the married officers were present there was barely room for them all. In

summer it was unbearably hot in the rooms, and since there was no garden, the officers generally visited other cavalry regiments who possessed gardens with skittle-alleys, etc., in order to pass the delicious Potsdàm summer evenings in the open air. A new officers' mess was therefore a real necessity, and I undertook the business of building it with great energy. I put it into the hands of the esteemed architect Hasenheyer, in Potsdam, who had worked for my grandfather. After I had overcome numerous difficulties such as great waste of ink and paper, the foundation stone was laid in November, 1886, on the former riding ground of the Brigade of Guards; a ceremony which, to my great joy, was performed by my father. When the frame-work was completed, a banquet was given to the workmen, at which the Supreme War Lord was a spectator, and heard from the windows of the old mess-room the three-fold " Hurrah," given by the masons and carpenters led by Hasenheyer. I had invited a number of old Hussar-Guards to breakfast, and my grandfather exchanged reminiscences with them in the most friendly way.

I put the interior decoration of the mess in the hands of the young architect Ihne, later Chief Court Architect, who carried it out tastefully in the Gothic style. My grandparents and parents gave heraldic windows, while other Princes who were connected with or had served in the regiment presented furniture, chandeliers, carpets, etc. The Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, who was then on a visit to Berlin, presented a stove for use in the chief reception room, on which may still be seen his monogram with the well-known three feathers. Many a happy hour, full of companionable cheeriness, did I spend there in the midst of my officers.

* * *

On 27th January, 1888, I received the significant blue letter which summoned me to lay down the command of the regiment of Hussar-Guards and to take over that of the 2nd Foot Guards Brigade at Berlin. It was painful to part with my beloved regiment at Potsdam, for it had shown its attachment to me in the most moving way. A period in my military career, strenuous but pleasurable and successful, had come to

an end. I was able to hand over the regiment to my successor with the knowledge that it was still as efficient as when commanded by Colonel von Krosigk. Naturally enough, I chose this regiment to be my body-guard when I ascended the throne.

When I reported myself to my grandfather as Major-General and Commander of the 2nd Infantry Brigade he shook my hand with many appreciative words for my leadership of the regiment, and expressed the hope that I would soon feel at home in the larger sphere of a brigade command. On leaving my grandfather's room, General von Albedyll drew me into a window and informed me that he fully understood it was not very pleasant for me to take over this new command because they could not place a residence in Berlin at my disposal; but His Majesty had declared that he must have me near him during the continued absence of my invalid father. When he had suggested to the Emperor that I should be given the 2nd Foot Guards Brigade the Emperor had exclaimed in astonishment: "But, Albedyll, remember that up to the present the youngster has commanded a regiment with only about twenty or twenty-five officers, and now he would command all at once three regiments with three regimental commanders, and nine battalions. That's quite impossible." To which Albedyll replied: "He'll do it all right." And my grandfather gave his consent.

I settled into my new duties as soon as I could. The three regimental commanders were: Colonel von Collas (2nd Foot Guards), formerly regimental Adjutant to General von Pape; Colonel Baron von Wilczek (4th Foot Guards); and Colonel Blecken von Schmeling (Fusilier-Guards). My frequent visits to the officers of the three regiments gave me a feeling of close camaraderie with them. Commanders and officers all gave me the most loyal support during the short time I commanded the Brigade. I was present at inspections of recruits and companies, and later was every day at battalion training on the Kreuzberg. In the spring I inspected the battalions when they were not inspected by the General Officers Commanding. The exercises were models of smartness and precision.

Less than six weeks after my promotion to general my grandfather closed his weary eyes for ever. I cannot express how deeply his loss affected me, not only as a grandson, but as a soldier. From my earliest youth the great man had followed my military development with the deepest love and interest. All I had become was due to him. Now that he was gone I was robbed of my pattern and my guide.

CHAPTER XIV

MARRIAGE AND FRIENDSHIP

Early Relations with my Future Wife's Family—Visits to Gotha and Görlitz—A Long-cherished Wish Realized—Our Betrothal in 1880 and Marriage in 1881—My Undying Gratitude to and Veneration of the Late Empress—Intimacies of the 'Eighties—Count Philip Eulenburg-Hertefeld, Musician, Artist, Diplomatist, Humorist and Loyal Friend—General von Versen, a Great Gentleman and Cavalry Trainer—Count Waldersee, Moltke's Right-hand Man, Great at the "War Game" of the General Staff, Witty and Cultivated—General von Chelius, a Fervent Wagnerite, a First-rate Officer and a Fine Italian Scholar—Generals von Kessel and von Hahnke; Professor Paul Güssfeldt, my Companion on all my Scandinavian Tours.

I HAVE related in an earlier chapter how I made the future Empress's acquaintance as a child at Reinhardsbrunn, and used to play with her there. I mentioned, too, that her father, Duke Frederick von Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, had been a friend of my father's for many years; they had been brother-officers in the First Regiment of Guards, and also, I believe, fellow-students at Bonn. He was a distinguished, attractive man, not unlike the Grand Duke of Baden. The family often stayed on visits with us. I have described one of these occasions in the autumn of 1878, and may now add that I had stayed with them at Gotha a few months before that. In the April of 1879 I went to Görlitz for black-cock shooting, and took advantage of the opportunity to call upon the ducal family at Primkenau, which was not far off. During this visit a long-cherished wish became a resolute purpose.

The choice of my heart not only met with no opposition from my parents, but was entirely approved by them; and it was to me a source of infinite happiness that we were so completely in harmony on this question. There was nothing to prevent my proceeding to knit the desired bond, but a stern

decree of destiny intervened to prevent the public announcement. On 14th January, 1880, Duke Frederick died, and so the betrothal could only take place quietly on 14th February. It was not until the 2nd of June that my grandfather proclaimed the event at Babelsberg. On 27th February of the following year I led my bride to the altar.

I had just been appointed Captain of the Body Guard, so it will be appropriate to record the important event from that particular standpoint. On the day before my wedding it was my duty to lead my company through the Brandenburg Gate along the Linden to the Palace, everywhere warmly greeted by the crowds who were awaiting the entry of the Princess Augusta Victoria. As Guard of Honour, it was our duty to receive the arriving Princess in the courtyard of the Palace. My late father, who welcomed my future bride as she stepped from the carriage, took her on his arm and leading her along my line of Grenadiers, who stood to attention like statues, he presented her to them as the "mother of the company." The marriage ceremony took place next day. At first I was installed at Potsdam, the town Palace; afterwards we moved to the Marble Palace.

Our subsequent domestic life was of the happiest, surrounded as we were by many fine, thriving children.

What the late Empress, throughout forty years in good and evil days, was to me as my companion and the mother of my people, is engraven in my heart for ever. Speech is too poor for any expression of the gratitude and veneration which I owe to her memory. She did indeed, in the words of Scripture, "do what she could"; and in the end she sacrificed her life for my sake. In the remembrance of the German people she will have an honourable place beside that other Princess of my House, whose heart, like hers, was broken by the sorrows of her Fatherland. My thoughts are often at that grave in German soil, on which I am forbidden even to lay a flower.

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My personal intimacies in the 'eighties were more or less continuations of earlier friendships and acquaintances, as, for

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-AUGUSTENBURG, 1880

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANGELI

instance, that with Professor Werder, to whom I have already alluded more particularly. Of what is called an " inner circle " I cannot speak, for the great demands made upon my time and strength by military service left me but little freedom. Nevertheless, I did enjoy closer intercourse with a few men whose names must not be omitted from this narrative of my younger days. In the following pages I shall attempt some slight character-sketches of these persons and describe the nature of my intercourse with them, at the same time endeavouring to depict them as I then saw them, without interpolating later experiences. And it is far from my intention to attempt such portraits as are the ambition of an historian who makes use of any written or printed material he can lay his hands on. Such sources I shall deliberately ignore ; and, moreover, I propose to make every effort not to allow any knowledge of them, so far as they concern me personally, to colour my judgment in any degree.

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When I made Count Philip Eulenburg-Hertefeld's acquaintance he was in the Diplomatic Service, and was attached to the Embassy in Munich. Count Werthern-Beichlingen, who was at that time his superior in the Service, drew my attention to him in the course of a conversation about Nordic Sagas and Atlantis, saying that he had great musical talents and sang his own Nordic ballads, the words and music of which were both composed by himself, to admiration. When he was ensign in the Body Guard, Eulenburg had made friends with Colonel von Kalkstein, General von Kessel of the First Foot Guards, General von Moltke of the same regiment, and Count, afterwards Prince, Richard zu Dohna-Schlobitten of the Body Guard, all gentlemen with whom I, too, was intimate. They all thought very highly of Eulenburg. Prince Bismarck, too, was very fond of " the Nordic bard, Phili," and the Princess used to listen to his ballads with great delight.

When I spent the summer of 1886 with my wife at Reichenhall, Eulenburg stayed a while with us, and used to enliven our evenings with his piano playing and ballad singing.

One of his finest compositions, on the " Submerging of Atlantis," was my favourite piece of music. He was, like me, a great lover of nature, and my wife and I had stimulating talks with him on art, music, and literature during our long walks in the beautiful surroundings of Reichenhall. He was great on the Italian Renaissance especially; had many friends and acquaintances among notable artists in Munich, and could give interesting accounts of their lives and works. As a diplomat he held sound opinions on the political duties and aims of Germany, which were in general accordance with my own, so far as I had then had any opportunity of forming them. Eulenburg was noted for his gift of narrative. He was one of those fortunate people to whom, particularly when travelling, something comical always happens, and who are able to do justice to it in the telling; so that his descriptions, full of humour and often seasoned with ironical amusement at himself, always excited universal hilarity.

From Reichenhall, Eulenburg and I went on to the Bayreuth Festival, for he was a devoted Wagnerite and knew the Wagner family well. It was to him that I owed my being able to visit Wagner's house and grave, as also my introduction to the family. In the evenings we would listen together to the performances of *Tristan und Isolde* and above all, of *Parsifal*, which made an overwhelming impression on me.

Eulenburg also took me to the studio of the recently deceased painter, von Piloty, where I inspected the magnificent picture of " The Dying Alexander," executed by order of the Prussian Ministry of Arts. On this occasion I learnt, to my astonishment, that as the head of the King was not finished, the National Gallery had some idea of refusing the picture unless the head could be " painted in " by some other artist. Death had struck down Piloty while he was engaged upon the painting, and thus it remained unfinished; hence I considered it a pious duty to accept the picture as it stood, without allowing any other artist to " touch it up." I sent a message to my father, who was President of the Royal Museums and Galleries, in which I told him of the profound impression the picture had made upon me, and begged him to see that it was accepted.

PRINCE WILLIAM AND HIS WIFE, 1881

The possession of this fine work of art is, therefore, due to my father's energetic intervention.

I have to thank Eulenburg for many things connected with art, science, and literature, and no less for his delightful companionship. Whenever he came to our Potsdam home, it was like a flood of sunshine shed on the routine of life. Such a friend as he then was to me he remained through decades of unchanging loyalty. As to the many and various accusations levelled against him, history will one day deliver her verdict. For my part I shall always hold him in grateful remembrance.

* * *

Of General von Versen, whom I have already alluded to in another context, I must here speak at greater length. My future A.D.C. had made a name for himself in the Prussian cavalry as Colonel of the 12th Hussars, after proving his mettle on the General Staff in the 1866 and 1870 campaigns, and also taking part in a foreign campaign. He was afterwards entrusted with the Guards Cavalry Brigade, in which the Hussars were included. Small, slender, with a figure that might almost be called pretty, and a clean-cut, pock-marked countenance, he was a dashing horseman, inspired with a genuine ardour for his branch of the service. The marks of smallpox dated from the war in South America between Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay; he had had no nursing, and the terrible hardships had proved well-nigh fatal to his life. He only just escaped from the perils of disease on the one hand and the cut-throat bands of President Lopez on the other. He was curt, clear, and decided in manner. Stern towards himself, he was equally so with his subordinates, and made very exacting demands upon us. But every one of us knew that if he ever committed an injustice he would never rest until he had set it right. Take him for all in all, he was a gentleman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, for whom all of us, officers and men, would have gone through fire and water.

His brigade, at that time, could ride like none other in the Cavalry of the Guards! He trained his squadrons

by erecting obstacles, which in those days were held to be extremely arduous—a high bank, a deep ditch (in whose waters, when the rain had filled it, the horse sank to the neck and the rider to the belt), a moderately high wall and hurdles; all these obstacles extending across the entire breadth of the advancing squadron. Directly we began to do our outdoor exercises, which was in the early spring, the horses were put at these obstacles, first singly, then in file, and lastly in squadron-formation.

The General would appear on the field every morning, and with his three regimental commanders would gallop twice round the whole Bornstedt ground, a distance of about 500 yards, a performance which we called the "circular tour." On these occasions he would hold earnest discussions with us on service matters all the while, "for it is the horses' business to get over the fences and the man on his back should be able to think of other things besides training his lungs by talking." When we were putting our mounts at the obstacles he insisted on a brief salute, in which the right hand was carried to the cap. In this way he obliged us to take the leap with only one hand on the bridle, thus leaving the horse full freedom of action instead of pulling at its mouth, and so he saved us from the fate of being a cavalryman, summed up to me by Rosenberg in the pregnant remark: "Most cavalrymen can think only at walking pace, others, perhaps, at the trot, but to think at the gallop is given to very few." Versen really taught us to master the last achievement!

Versen was married to a charming American, who co-operated delightfully in the fulfilment of his social duties; she kept open house for all the officers of the Brigade. He instituted Brigade beer-parties in the large, pleasant basement of his house; at these we sat about anyhow, and over our foaming glasses would vie in telling anecdotes of our military experiences, or would argue over cavalry matters. The men called this room the "Tunnel." Mark Twain, the celebrated American humorist, was a distant cousin of Frau von Versen; I made his acquaintance on one of these evenings in the "Tunnel." But, to our surprise, we were to find that in

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-AUGUSTENBURG
AS A BRIDE

ON THE BACK IS THE INSCRIPTION, "TOMMY DEARLY BELOVED WILLIAM, FROM HIS DONA"

private life great humorists display few of their literary attractions.

I was very intimate with the General in those years. In my conflict with the Union Club, for example, he stood by me, unflinchingly, working hand-in-hand with the Commander of the Forces, General von Pape. When my father's sufferings, and the prospect of their tragic outcome, weighed upon my spirits, he often comforted and upheld me. And when the decisive moment drew near he was at my side to counsel me out of his wide experience, and help me later in the establishment of my General Headquarters. His judgments were confirmed in every instance. All my life I have honoured and valued him as a true friend and counsellor.

* * *

General Count Waldersee was Quartermaster-General on the General Staff, and, moreover, Field-Marshal von Moltke's right-hand man, when I came into more intimate relation with him. He was married to an American, a charming, sympathetic, and deeply religious woman, who was a friend of my wife's. I often, and gladly, spent my free time in their house. I have already mentioned how he educated me in General Staff matters. I was also enabled to take part in the great "war game" of the General Staff, which took place in the grounds of the Military Academy under his direction; and it was a pleasure to hear his brilliant discussion of the problems involved.

The questions set by him for the final examinations of the Staff, which I, too, had to work at, put interesting military problems before the officers, and always demanded some insight into larger matters for their solution. For example, it was he who first required us to consider, in these examinations, the use of railway transport instead of marches in the advance or retreat of troops. On the other hand, he pointed out to us that for the execution of a given order from higher quarters unusual decisions are sometimes imperatively necessary.

The relation between the corps and the divisional commands were very closely examined and criticised. I can

still recall the Count's amused smile as he told me of the solution offered by a Bavarian officer, who had begun the "urgent" pursuit of the enemy by his command with an "urgent" summons to the commissariat! On a General Staff-ride led by Waldersee, in the neighbourhood of Baruth, at which I was present, I had an opportunity for admiring observation of his amazing powers of orientation and his remarkable memory. While we were all poring over our maps so as to be sure of the lie of the country, no one ever saw a map in Waldersee's hand; he had so studied it before he rode out that he had every feature indelibly printed on his memory. He made extraordinary demands on us on these rides, and spared neither horse nor man. But in the evenings he was always the leading spirit in our friendly merrymakings.

Waldersee was a man of the world, clever and cultivated and witty, whose conversation was always uncommonly interesting and stimulating; and one to whom I owe a great deal, not only in military matters. He was at home in all sorts of subjects, and, as he had a good knowledge of French and English, was familiar with the literature of both countries.

Full of vitality, notably intelligent, with a remarkably quick apprehension and an amazing memory, his was a conquering personality and seemed to have the secret of happiness. I considered him to be entirely trustworthy and truly devoted to me, and words and deeds seemed every day to confirm my opinion anew. What he entered in his diary of evenings, in the way of religious and other comments, I could not, of course, have known at that time.

* * *

General von Chelius—as he afterwards became—I had first met at the divisional manœuvres of the First Guards Division in Prussia. My regimental commander, Colonel von Lindequist, under whom I was then captain of the first battalion of the First Foot Guards, had conveyed to me an invitation from the von Bodenhausens, on whom he was quartered for the manœuvres. It was at their hospitable house that I met Lieutenant von Chelius of the Hussars. After dinner he sat

CHRISTENING OF THE ELDEST SON OF PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, 1883

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANTON VON WERNER

down to the piano, and I had my first experience of his great musical talents, his wide technical knowledge, and his extensive musical memory, for he could play anything that was asked for without the notes. He was a composer, too, but in this respect his efforts were not very remarkable—perhaps because he had too many Wagnerian themes in his head. For he was a fervent Wagnerite, and as such one of the founders of the Berlin-Potsdam Wagner Society, to which my wife and I also belonged. The concerts he got up for this Society in the rooms of the Military Academy were excellent. He had a cosmopolitan acquaintance in the operatic world, and knew all about every great singer and conductor. He was often our very welcome guest in the evenings, and many a time did he delight us with his wonderful playing.

But with all this Chelius was a very unaffected fellow, an excellent officer, and unusually mature for his age, which made him grave and composed in manner. To this was added such trustworthiness and unblemished loyalty that one could build on him as on a rock. We made friends during his period as regimental adjutant, and when he subsequently entered my personal service he remained unchanged through all the vicissitudes of the times.

Chelius spoke Italian particularly well, and so, on my visits to Italy, he was of inestimable service to me in my intercourse with society, as well as with the Italian authorities, whom he managed with great tact. He read aloud beautifully, and my wife and I used greatly to enjoy his rendering of the splendid *Wanderjahre in Italien* of Gregorovius, when he read it to us on board my yacht, the " Hohenzollern," as we floated past the coasts of Southern Italy and Sicily under the brilliant southern sunlight. I was able to give this ardent lover of Italy, who was a devout Catholic, a great pleasure when I attached him to General von Loë's staff for the latter's mission to the Vatican ; and later when I appointed him military attaché in Rome. He became a universal favourite, and made a fine position for himself.

His wife was a daughter of the Minister von Puttkamer ; she met with a fatal accident at Königssee in 1922 ; three weeks

later he, too, died. His death made such a gap in my circle of true friends as can never be filled.

* * *

Among the officers who came to the hospital established by my mother in the Palace at Berlin during the war of 1870 was First Lieutenant von Kessel of the First Foot Guards. He had been wounded in the arm at St. Privat. My mother often sent me to him with books or messages. His friendly, humorous nature soon won all our hearts. When, later on, my father selected him as his personal A.D.C., he so entirely gained his master's confidence that he was entrusted with the management of my father's private finances.

In another connection Kessel rendered my parents what might almost be called inestimable service. The relations between them and the Imperial Chancellor were not always entirely harmonious, and Kessel, being a cousin of Prince Bismarck's and a welcome guest in his household, managed by his moral courage and his tact to avert a good deal of friction. During the piteous hundred days of my father's brief reign he was indefatigable in easing the difficult situation in every possible way.

When, in 1877, I entered the 1st Foot Guards for active service at the front, Kessel was in the 6th Company, and he looked after me in the most friendly way, giving me hints as to official matters, particularly such as concerned intercourse with the men, and the best way to instruct them. He went over the regulations with me, too, and defined my position towards the officers of the 6th Company and the 2nd Battalion, as well as towards my senior officers in general. Kessel was a very popular personality, and, by us lieutenants, was looked upon as a " confidant " in the best sense of the word.

I was his brother-officer throughout my entire term of service, and often felt the benefit of his imperturbable good temper. I delighted in his anecdotes, both of war and peace. But he was also versed in fine literature, and had some artistic talent besides, so that he could paint attractive water-colours of beautiful landscapes and interesting buildings.

After my father's death Kessel entered my own service. All his life he was a faithful friend and counsellor to me. It was during the war, when he was Governor of Berlin and Chief Commandant in Prussia, that he closed his eyes for ever. Had he lived, the Ninth of November would have been a very different day. On that day no faithful friend was near me.

* * *

General von Hahnke is the last of the soldiers whom I shall refer to in this connection. In the war of 1870–71 he was a major on my father's staff. It was he who, as mounted orderly at the Battle of Sedan (where he was wounded in the head by a splinter of shell), brought my father the news that the French army had been encircled. My father had the incident commemorated in a picture by the battle-painter Bleibtreu, who happened to be staying with him. It represents Captain von Hahnke climbing the steep slope to the hill, his head bandaged, and leading his horse by the bridle, while with the other hand to his cap he gives his message to the Crown Prince. My father had so unusually high an opinion of him that whenever he was in Berlin they used to take walks together in the Tiergarten, while Henry and I followed with Hahnke's three elder boys. He was a remarkable-looking man, very tall and sinewy, with clear-cut features, a bony face, black hair and moustache, and thick, arched black eyebrows over a pair of lambent dark eyes. The rich olive tone of his complexion made him look like a native of Southern Europe.

Hahnke became Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st Guards Infantry Brigade at Potsdam, and, therefore, my superior officer. Between him and his charming wife, who with their numerous family, lived in the Colonel's quarters at Potsdam, and ourselves, housed opposite in the Palace, there was a great deal of lively, familiar intercourse. Among other amusements we had a reading—partly at our house, partly at his—of the Wallenstein Trilogy, with various performers; and we also enjoyed discussing and criticising historical personages.

General von Hahnke often came over to instruct me in technical details of Staff-service, such as drawing up reports,

the art of military brevity, arrangements for billeting troops on the march, and the right method of transmitting orders in the field. Above all he taught me, as I have already emphasised, to be prègnant and concise in written communications.

Nor was Hahnke devoid of humour. For instance, at one of his cleverly-devised exercises for smaller detachments of the garrison, which was carried out in the neighbourhood of Potsdam, an officer, recently promoted to be captain in the 1st Uhlan Regiment, who had hitherto been Assistant Quartermaster-General, was instrumental in creating some considerable muddle. During his criticism Hahnke inquired of this delinquent how he had come to make such a blunder, whereupon there ensued a dead silence. When this was at last broken by the then Colonel of the 1st Uhlans, Count Schlieffen, with the blunt observation: "Hitherto on the Staff," Hahnke drily remarked: "Ah, indeed! Well, if you have just come from the Staff, you can't be expected to know these things." The entire audience broke out into ringing laughter, while Schlieffen dropped his monocle, with a sarcastic smile.

At the time of my father's death Hahnke was in command of the 1st Guards Infantry Division. From this position I appointed him to be my Chief Aide-de-Camp and Chief of the Military Cabinet, a post for which he might have been born. His transparent rectitude, his clear insight into all that concerned the honour and standing of the officer, his incorruptible, sound judgment, evidenced no less by an inexorable severity than by a kindly indulgence, were a guarantee that both the weal and woe of the officers would be well looked after. Next to General von Kessel he was my most respected adviser and friend, who, no matter how difficult the problem, always hit the right nail on the head. I used to wish the Prussian Army many another General such as Hahnke.

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One of the men who later belonged to my more intimate circle was also among those with whom I became better

THE MARBLE PALACE AT POTSDAM

FROM AN AQUARELLE BY F. VON ARNIM

acquainted in the course of the 'eighties. This was Professor Güssfeldt.

I met that excellent, patriotic German through my former aide-de-camp Major von Bülow, brother of the Bülow who became Imperial Chancellor. Güssfeldt had entered the Second Dragoon Guards as volunteer in the war of 1870, and had thus been Bülow's brother officer ; he gained the Iron Cross at Mars-la-Tour. Subsequently he made a name for himself by his eminent achievements as an Alpinist, and also as an explorer in West Africa and the South American Andes ; and he wrote an enthralling book on his experiences. His verbal descriptions of the Alpine world—its beauties, its overwhelming majesty, and its dangers—given me on our walks or rides were uncommonly fascinating. His upright, frank nature, his tense virile energy, his wide geographical knowledge, his essentially German way of thought, and, last not least, his views upon educational matters and the training of our German youth made us very sympathetic to each other, and in time we became great friends. Our friendship remained unaltered to his death.

When, soon after my accession, I visited a panorama of Norwegian scenery, painted by a Berlin artist, which gave an arresting idea of the magnificent landscape from the heights of Digermulen over the Lofoten Sea and its mountains, I made up my mind to see that impressive region. Güssfeldt, at my request, undertook to arrange the expedition, and did so brilliantly. On my first trip I had the satisfaction of standing on the Digermulen ridge and admiring the glorious Scandinavian panorama which had so powerfully moved me in the painting. Thenceforth, Güssfeldt was my companion on all my Scandinavian tours. He was very popular with my " fellow-trippers," as my other guests jocularly described themselves, for he had a pleasant strain of humour. In a delightfully-written book he set down our adventures and impressions, giving captivating descriptions of beautiful Scandinavia, as well as valuable hints for German tourists, to whom Norway was then an unknown quantity.

I saw a great deal of Güssfeldt at Potsdam and in Berlin, and was especially beholden to him for encouragement during

the conferences on educational reform. Intercourse with Güssfeldt always refreshed and stimulated me, for our views on the most important questions of life either coincided with or complemented each other. He was all for a firm basis of religious instruction, was above any sort of party feeling and entirely unprejudiced in his judgments, which were wholly the outcome of his sound knowledge of human nature and a straightforward outlook on existence. He was what the English call an "all-round man"—which means the very opposite of a Philistine.

I induced Güssfeldt to join the Hussars of the Body-Guard as a reserve-officer, and he soon became popular with seniors and juniors alike. He was a good trencherman, and did not despise the friendly glass. His death in the winter of 1919–20 was a great grief to me, for in him I lost one of my oldest and truest friends, who had been an intimate before I came to the throne, and with whom I had visited Scandinavia for the first time. How many have gone before me, of that little group of "fellow-trippers"! I cherish a profoundly grateful remembrance of my friend Paul Güssfeldt.

CHAPTER XV

BISMARCK AND THE *KULTURKAMPF*

Training in Administrative Work, 1882–3, under von Achenbach, Governor of the Province of Brandenburg—Diplomatic Mission to Russia in 1886—Attached to the Foreign Office under Count Herbert Bismarck—My Position Recognised by an Order in Council—Count Herbert Bismarck's Rudeness to Subordinates—The Foreign Office a mere Branch Office of the Great Chancellor's: No Room for Independent Assistance as with the General Staff under Moltke—My Contact with and Debt to Bismarck—Breakfasts with Him and His Family and Distinguished Foreign Guests—His Neglect of Our Colonies and Naval Expansion—Count Herbert Bismarck Agreeable but Never Really Friendly—My Official Relations with Bismarck Resented by my Parents—My Services at the Foreign Office Continued for Another Year and Combined with Duties at the Finance Ministry—Bismarck's Proposal to Appoint a Special Official to Act as My Aide-de-Camp and Adviser—Opposed by My Grandfather and Postponed, the Scheme is Revived by Bismarck in 1888, and Two Advisers are Appointed, but Owing to My Father's Illness and Other Causes is of Little Practical Utility—The *Kulturkampf* and its Disastrous Effects in Consolidating the Centre Party—My Efforts to Promote Reconciliation Between Rome and Berlin—My Friendly and Confidential Relations with Eminent Catholics: Cardinals Hohenlohe, Schönborn and Kopp and other Enlightened Dignitaries of the Roman Church—The Centre Party Leaders More Popish than the Pope.

IN addition to my military training, the 'eighties brought me a period of instruction in civil administration by way of preparation for my later duties. In accordance with an Order in Council of 2nd October, 1882, I began work at Potsdam in the winter of 1882–83 with von Achenbach, Governor of the province of Brandenburg. From 11th October onwards, I attended his office from 9 to 11 every morning, or in the afternoon when the Governor's duties called him elsewhere. As I was to obtain by actual practice a thorough familiarity with the different branches of the administration and their purpose, scope and limitations, Achenbach did not give me mere academic expositions, but introduced me at once to actual

business. He used to go over the more important matters in hand with me every day, and combine with his discussion of any particular case a systematic account of the affairs involved from times past up to their present position. In this enthralling manner I was initiated comparatively quickly into national, provincial, county, and parish affairs, especially as regards self-government and questions of taxation and economics. As I have already mentioned,* I have retained from this period a keen interest in the economic aspect of the internal development of the country. Improvements, canal construction, road-making, forestry, the advancement of all means of communication, better housing conditions, the introduction of machinery into agriculture and the development of the latter on co-operative lines, were questions with which I was also continually occupied in later years ; most particularly hydraulic engineering and the development of the railway system, especially in the East, which was very backward in that respect. As part of my training I had also to deliver addresses at meetings and preside over one of the higher administrative bodies. In March, 1883, I attended a sitting of the Provincial Diet in the House of Assembly. This was for the time being the end of my civil training.

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During the meeting of the Emperors at Gastein, in August, 1886, to which I refer again in detail in a later chapter, I was entrusted with an important diplomatic commission. This incident induced Prince Bismarck to accede to my desire to be taught something of foreign politics ; for this purpose I was to learn by personal experience the business and management of the Foreign Office. My grandfather at once assented to the Chancellor's proposal, so that I was able to begin work at the end of September, with Count Herbert Bismarck, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It was not until later on, on 17th December, that an Order in Council specified in detail my activities in the Office : " With regard to the method to be followed in the instruction of Prince Wilhelm, I have decided

* See *The Kaiser's Memoirs.*

GROUP OF COUNTS

SOUVENIR OF THE KAISER DAYS AT HOMBURG V. D. HÖHE DURING THE VISIT OF THE KING OF SPAIN, 1883

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—LADIES: PRINCESS VICTORIA OF HESSEN, DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT, PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSEN, PRINCESS IRENE OF HESSEN, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA, CROWN PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA

GENTLEMEN: GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR, KING OF SERBIA, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, KAISER WILLIAM I, CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL, GRAND DUKE OF BADEN, KING OF SPAIN, PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, GRAND DUKE OF HESSEN, GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR, KING OF SAXONY, CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, PRINCE OF WALES

that he shall attend once or twice each week to receive tuition in the management of the Office and the distribution of duties among the officials of the various departments, and to become conversant with the trend of policy through the examination and explanation of individual dispatches." In a proclamation of 8th September of the following year, my grandfather appointed that my training should be continued in the coming winter. Of my activities themselves I have also already given an exhaustive account elsewhere,* and I can therefore confine myself here to the most important points. I had a room to myself and was given the papers concerning the formation of the Triple Alliance to study: individual officials lectured to me on their own departments—Privy Councillor Raschdau, for example, on commercial and colonial policy—while Count Herbert Bismarck was my instructor with regard to diplomatic events of former times, the general questions of the day in foreign politics, as well as foreign statesmen and diplomats, particularly the Ambassadors in Berlin. Councillor Raschdau's lectures opened my eyes even then to our state of dependence upon England, which was principally due to the fact that we had no Navy and that Heligoland was in English hands.

In the matter of outward discipline the Foreign Office had been very strictly trained by Count Herbert Bismarck, and I was struck by his rudeness towards his subordinates. Foreign policy was conducted by the Prince alone, who took counsel with no one but his son; the latter passed the Chancellor's orders on and had them cast into the form of instructions. The Foreign Office was thus merely a branch office of the great Chancellor's; it was no school for men of independence, happy in the exercise of their responsibility, and was thus in sharp contrast with the General Staff under Moltke. On the General Staff, the younger generation were painstakingly trained on tried and proven principles, but with due regard to all the most modern experience, and were brought up to think and act for themselves. In the Foreign Office, on the other hand, they were only the executive organs of a single will: they could

* See *The Kaiser's Memoirs.*

offer no independent assistance because they were taught nothing, or not enough, of the great interrelationships of the questions with which it fell to them to deal. The Prince bulked there like a huge granite boulder in a field; roll it away and you find beneath it little but vermin and withered roots.

My service in the Foreign Office brought me, among many other advantages, that of coming at last into closer contact with the great statesman, so ardently revered, who moved through the days of my youth almost like some warrior figure out of heroic legend. At first glance this may seem curious, but the explanation is that I was on duty in Potsdam and was only in Berlin for court festivities and special ceremonies. These, however, the Prince did not attend, for he usually took no part in social functions except at his own house.

At this period I was frequently invited to breakfast with the Prince, when those present generally included the Princess, her daughter, Countess Rantzau and her husband, Count Herbert Bismarck, and occasionally some friends, or distinguished foreign personages. The guests included, for instance, Lord Rosebery, Count Tauffkirchen of Bavaria, Frau von Meister of Frankfurt, the mother of the *Regierungspräsident* of a later date, and Professor Schweninger, the physician. The fare was plentiful, but as a rule quite plain. The wines were exquisite, most of them being gifts to the Prince from his admirers. The Prince was generally in a very expansive mood, and told many a lively story from his own experiences. After the meal he used to lie down on a couch and smoke his long pipe, which I have often been allowed to light for him.

I have already discussed in "The Kaiser's Memoirs" the Prince's attitude to the colonial movement which was at that time gathering strength in Germany, but I think I should observe once again that the Prince regarded colonies as mere articles of barter, and in my opinion underrated the movement, and possibly did not entirely grasp the significance of the colonial question. The German commercial community had very accurately realised the advantages that Germany would obtain in the matter of raw materials from colonies of her

own ; and the people for the most part had felt instinctively and accurately that their growth necessitated simultaneous expansion, while expansion was itself contingent on the possession of colonies. But neither the Prince, the public, nor the commercial community had yet drawn the logical conclusion that the possession of colonies necessitates a Navy capable of defending that property against foreign rapacity.

I succeeded in taking the Prince aback on one occasion, when I reported to him something that my brother had told me. When the " Adalbert," on which Henry was then serving as a midshipman, reached Eastern Asia, there was naturally lively intercourse with the German colony out there, and the representatives of German firms. Imagine, however, the amazement of my brother and the ship's officers when they frequently encountered in German circles the opinion that there was no need for a German Navy, for after all they had a British fleet there, which was there to protect them just as much as the British. On hearing this the Prince for once grew really angry and cried out, smiting the table with his fist, " There must be an end to this un-German conduct." " Yes, your Highness," I allowed myself to remark, " it will end as soon as your Highness helps us to get a Navy." From these premises I afterwards drew my deductions and, with the help of Admiral von Tirpitz, created the German Navy.

My relations with Count Herbert were also agreeable. Apart from our official connection, the principal bond between us was the admiration we shared for his great father. Count Herbert's passion for work, his inexhaustible energy, and his political knowledge were amazing ; while he did not possess his father's genius, he was undoubtedly his most gifted and important pupil. In personal intercourse, despite all his rudeness and lack of consideration for others, he could be a cheerful and entertaining companion, who knew how to gather round him a circle of interesting men, not from the Diplomatic Service alone. However, beyond a certain comradeship such as readily arises between young men, given similarity of interests and good will on both sides, our relations did not progress ; we were never united by sentiments of real friendship.

This was made particularly clear when, on the retirement of his father, I asked him to remain at his post and help me to carry on the same tradition in our policy. Count Herbert met this request with a curt refusal: he was accustomed to serving no one but his father, and could not come with his portfolio under his arm and make his reports to any other Chancellor. And so our ways divided for ever.

In one definite direction my appointment to the Foreign Office had occasioned me great discomfort. My parents, who were notoriously not particularly well-disposed towards Prince Bismarck, took it amiss that their son should wish to enter his circle. The offensive letter my father wrote to the Chancellor, objecting to my being employed in his office, is well known. Possibly he feared I might be influenced against my parents, or made ultra-conservative, or whatever all the dangers may have been which tale-bearers mentioned to my disadvantage. I have never replied to the things that were said behind my back. But my position in my parents' house was often made really difficult, and was many a time rendered painful by the backstairs politics of these scandal-mongers.

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On 7th September, 1887, Prince Bismarck placed before my grandfather a draft proclamation "by which the Prince's appointment to the Foreign Office was extended for another year, and His Royal Highness would at the same time be attached on a similar footing to the Ministry of Finance, the Prince having already obtained in Potsdam, under Governor and Minister Achenbach, some insight into the business of the Home administration." In the proclamation issued on these lines on the following day, confirming the prolongation of my service at the Foreign Office, as mentioned above, the Emperor expressed the desire that I should also be introduced to the business of the Ministry of the Interior and the Finance Ministry. Five days later the Foreign Office, to which I was attached, informed me that the Finance Ministry had been advised of my coming employment there, but that the notification of the Minister of the Interior had been "temporarily

KAISERIN AUGUSTA VICTORIA

WITH HER FIVE ELDEST SONS, 1888

suspended." Further developments also unfortunately prevented my training in the Ministry of the Interior from being carried out. I only completed my course in the Ministry of Finance. On 21st November my grandfather approved and ratified the scheme of work submitted to him for me.

During the winter of 1887–1888 I worked at the Ministry of Finance much as I had done previously at the Foreign Office, going over from Potsdam several times a week and taking part in the deliberations and duties of individual officials, notably with Meinecke, or having lectures from the Minister. Scholz, the Finance Minister, was a very able official in his own department who also did his best for me. He could not, however, make the dry bones of finances, taxes, estimates, and so forth, palatable and interesting to me. It was only in later years, when the gifted Miquel took over the Ministry, that I learnt to be on better terms with these important matters.

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In order to give me a thorough political training in this range of subjects in preparation for my high office, my entry on which already seemed relatively near in 1887, Prince Bismarck wished me to have, as a sort of aide-de-camp, an official with the requisite theoretical and practical knowledge, who should be my constant companion. The scheme broke down against the opposition of my grandfather, who did not wish to rouse in the mind of my dying father any idea that he was no longer being taken into account. In January, 1888, Bismarck once more took up the plan, and hit upon Herfurth, the Under-Secretary of State for the Interior, an expert of unusual ability, thoroughly well equipped in all matters of political science for the position proposed. He was, however, too old to be always with me, as had been contemplated; the mutual sympathy necessary for closer companionship would hardly have developed. Prince Bismarck was forced to let my objections carry some weight, and next lighted upon the notion of dividing the proposed position into two parts. As he explained to me, one person would give me a kind of

course in questions of political science, and the other, necessarily a younger man, would act as a civil aide-de-camp, always about me and constantly at my disposal as what the Prince himself called " a walking encyclopædia."

The plan was put into operation, Privy Councillor Professor Gneist being entrusted with the former post, and Councillor von Brandenstein of Magdeburg with the latter. The critical juncture of the following month, as well as my almost complete absorption by my military duties, did not permit the arrangement to be so fruitful as might have been expected in normal times.

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It was in the days of my youth that that unhappy conflict ran its course which is usually summarised in the catchword *Kulturkampf*. There can no longer be any possible doubt to-day that this struggle was a crushing disaster for the spiritual unity of Germany, above all in its after-effects in the strengthening of the Centre Party. For the Centre Party, which originally arose from a clerical and particularist opposition to the establishment of the Empire, united in itself on the basis of this tendency elements so diverse politically, socially, and denominationally—such as, for example, the Poles, the Alsatians and the Protestant Guelphs—that no one would have predicted for it a lengthy career. It was only the *Kulturkampf* that welded it firmly together. As the representative of the clerical " martyrs " in the struggle against Bismarck's " Diocletian-like persecution of the Christians," it gained its dominating influence over the masses of the Catholic electorate, and remained in being, to the detriment of our country, when the cessation of the *Kulturkampf* had removed the justification for its existence. Unique in Europe as a denominational faction in a political assembly, the party became, as it were, an end in itself. Being spiritually dependent on a foreign power, the Papacy, the leaders of the Centre Party could not deny their inherent antipathy to the Protestant dynasty, or rise to an unreservedly cheerful acceptance of the idea of Empire. In the absence of any consistent programme of national policy, the attitude of this

denominational party on any fundamental question of politics, any of the essentials of national life, speedily assumed a character of unabashed opportunism and expediency, and has retained it to the present day.

Nothing is farther from my mind than any wish to deny the patriotism of the millions of German supporters of the Centre Party. I have, nevertheless, as the result of many melancholy experiences, acquired the conviction that the sincere Catholic idealism animating these masses of voters is abused by leaders whose political activities in no way correspond to the real wishes of their followers. That this was, and still is, a possibility can be explained, however, by the disastrous impression left by the *Kulturkampf* in the minds of German Catholics. On that memory the Centre Party lives to this day; this is even now the source of its power. And thus generations yet to be must suffer because the State of the Bismarck era once pitted itself against the Papacy.

I hailed with joy the conclusion of the *Kulturkampf*, and, in the spirit of tolerance with which the teachings of Hinzpeter and the traditions of my family have imbued me, I did my utmost in the cause of reconciliation and the settlement of the dispute. It was my privilege to come to know a series of illustrious Catholics.

First and foremost among them I must name my uncle, Cardinal Gustav Hohenlohe, younger brother of the then Ambassador to Paris, afterwards Imperial Chancellor. He was a charming, cultivated man, a very independent churchman, quite definitely a supporter of the German Government, and perfectly willing to uphold the cause of Germany at the Vatican; there was even a portrait of Bismarck hanging in his study, inscribed in the Prince's own hand. The Centre Party, particularly Windthorst, bore him corresponding hatred. He had made a good position for himself in Rome, where he lived, especially under Pius IX, whom he had accompanied on his flight to Gaeta. I was on excellent terms with the witty, rather effusive and impressionable Cardinal. I had known him since my childhood, as he often visited my parents, who had a great liking for him; my mother used the

intimate "du" with him. I maintained a fairly brisk correspondence with him, and he kept me very well informed as to ecclesiastical and political tendencies in Rome. When I made my first visit to the Eternal City after my accession, he furnished me with valuable information which admirably supplemented the teachings of the talented Schlözer.

Among the able and discerning Catholics with whom I could discuss things freely I must also name Cardinal Schönborn, Prince Bishop of Prague, and the eminent Cardinal Kopp, whose simple, sterling, and genuinely German nature had the greatest possible attraction for me. Then, too, there was Andreas Thiel, Bishop of Ermland, who has attained a great age and has served under four sovereigns; I frequently went over from Kadinen to visit him. I was also on very good terms with the young, lively and energetic Prior Scheuffgen of Treves; we have often exchanged ideas frankly and without reserve. He was a humorous, jovial man of quick intelligence, besides being—a noted connoisseur of wines! He frequently visited me at Urville in later days, and was occasionally photographed together with my family. This was probably the origin of the rumour that he was—my late wife's father-confessor!

Among other dignitaries who came to Berlin for my grandfather's ninetieth birthday was the influential Cardinal Galimberti, who was there on behalf of the Pope; he was at that time deputy Secretary of State. As Secretary of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, which also conducted the Church's political negotiations with Prussia, he had done his utmost, as a great personal admirer of Prince Bismarck, to bring about the reconciliation between Rome and Berlin. During this visit his striking personality and his flashing southern eyes made a pronounced impression upon myself and everyone else; everything he said betokened great ability and superiority.

These were all men whose political outlook was utterly different from that of the leaders of our Centre Party. At the period of which I have just spoken, when the *Kulturkampf* had been broken off and the reconciliation between the Curia and the Prussian Government was complete, these leaders

showed themselves absolute extremists and really more popish than the Pope. In those days one could often hear people ask whether Windthorst or Leo XIII was the Pope, and even happen to hear the question answered in favour of the former. To me, personally, it was a source of delight and satisfaction that men like Kopp, and other Catholic dignitaries, should frequently seek my company and give me their confidence in the frankest possible way. I also found it possible on various occasions, as I was proud to be able to tell my uncle Hohenlohe, to further the wishes of these men and to provide successfully for their fulfilment. Thus, to my genuine joy, it was granted to my modest powers to co-operate in some small measure in the peaceful settlement of the ominous dispute.

CHAPTER XVI

ENGLAND IN THE 'EIGHTIES

Visits to England—The Hospitality of the Prince and Princess of Wales—Visits to Galleries and Studios: Leading Artists of Foreign Extraction—My Call at the Foreign Office on Lord Beaconsfield: His Peculiarities, Physical and Mental—English Enthusiasm for Sport—My Experience at the Eton *v.* Harrow Match—Stay with Prince and Princess Christian in Windsor Park—Queen Victoria's Kindliness to my Betrothed—Irving's Wonderful Performance in *The Corsican Brothers*—Visits to Aldershot and Portsmouth—The "Inflexible" and Captain Fisher—The Pre-War British Army the Best-Dressed in the World—A "Musical Ride" of the 1st Life Guards—The Duke of Cambridge and his Strong Language—I Represent my Grandfather at Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887—The English Pilot's Testimonial to our Torpedo-Boat Flotilla's Seamanship—Queen Victoria's Jubilee—General McNeill's Laconic Humour—Inevitable Dislocations in a Unique Celebration—Maria, Lady Ailesbury's Brilliant Conversation—Dinner with Mr. Goschen—The Jubilee Procession and Service in the Abbey—My Father's Superb Bearing—Queen Victoria's Gift and Courtesy.

DURING these years I visited England and my relations there just as often as in the days of my childhood, if not more frequently. I was once, for a few days, the guest of the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House in London, together with my parents. My uncle was an extremely delightful host, and the Princess of Wales, then a great beauty, seconded his efforts in the most charming fashion. I took advantage of my stay in London to find my way to the art galleries, museums, and collections, such as the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Wallace Collection, in order to enjoy and educate myself among their artistic treasures. I also inspected a few studios, notably that of Alma-Tadema, who could so strikingly render the nobility and harmonious beauty of the Greek antique. It may be mentioned in this connection that the three leading representatives of British painting at that time were Alma-Tadema,

a Frisian; Herkomer, a Bavarian; and Sir John Millais, a Frenchman. I was also able to admire the beautiful country round London on my visits to Richmond, Hampton Court, Kew Gardens, and the great hothouse establishments of Mr. Veitch.

During my presence in London I took the opportunity of calling upon the English statesman and Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield (Disraeli), at the Foreign Office. He was a very tall, broad-shouldered man with strikingly long legs. His face was colourless, ashen pale, almost waxen, his hair pitch-black and curly, and a little pointed beard adorned his chin, above which was a small mouth like a fine incision made in the face with a knife. It was hard to observe his eyes, as he never looked straight at his companion, whether speaking or listening. No definite expression could be traced upon this mask-like countenance, but it left a general impression of cleverness and cold calculation. He had also very adaptable, I might almost say supple, manners at his command. Soon afterwards I was able to observe him at Windsor in his relations with my grandmother, for whom, as everyone knows, he had secured the title of Empress of India. As the Queen used always to speak very softly and was comparatively small, the gigantic statesman had to bend down to her so far that his body almost formed a right angle. At the same time he displayed a submissiveness to his sovereign which made anything but an agreeable impression. I was very much surprised that the Premier stood so high in my grandmother's favour, as I knew that the Queen liked a frank, straightforward address and was averse from any parade of obsequiousness. She must, however, have set such a value on Disraeli's services, which were undeniably great, that she found it possible to overlook his peculiarities.

I always found it extremely interesting to observe the remarkably keen interest taken by the English in sport, about which no one in Germany at that time troubled in the least. I had a very typical experience in this connection at a great sporting event, the famous cricket match between Eton and Harrow, which, like the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, has

developed into an English national holiday. The partisanship of the spectators was remarkably acute. Everyone present wore ribbons of the light blue of one side or the dark blue of the other, the gentlemen in their buttonholes, the ladies on their hats. One lively old lady standing on a chair behind me noticed my interest in the game, as well as the fact that I was a foreigner. She invited me to get up on an empty chair beside her and acted with astonishing expertness as my tutor on the various phases of the game and the persons concerned. Suddenly it struck her that I had no ribbon in my buttonhole, neither a light blue nor a dark, and she remedied this deficiency by cutting off, with abrupt determination, a piece of her hat ribbon and inserting it in my buttonhole. When I asked her which side wore that colour, she answered, " Eton, of course ! Now you look a full-blown gentleman, young man. Before, you were only half one ! " I thanked her politely, and ultimately took a cordial farewell of my " benefactress."

In October and November, 1880, I stayed with my uncle and aunt, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, together with my fiancée. This visit had been arranged for by my mother herself, to give us an opportunity to talk together freely and get to know each other more intimately. From Cumberland Lodge we were frequently the guests of my grandmother at Windsor Castle, either by ourselves or in the company of my uncle and aunt. To my profound joy the Queen extended to my betrothed, whose mother also enjoyed her friendship, the kindliness and affection she had for me. These happy relations between the two exalted ladies lasted unchanged as long as the Queen lived.

One visit I paid to the theatre with my fiancée at that time has remained fixed in my memory owing to the great actor we saw, Sir Henry Irving. The piece was called *The Corsican Brothers* and was about twin brothers, one of whom is killed in Paris in a duel and appears to his brother in Corsica to tell him of his death, whereupon the latter goes to Paris and avenges his brother's death on his opponent. Sir Henry Irving played the two parts with consummate

mastery, and kept his audience worked up to the highest pitch until the close. It was a piece of acting that made a lasting impression upon me.

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The majority of my experiences on this visit to England, so far as they are worthy of record, are of a military or naval character. Once I visited the camp at Aldershot, under the guidance of my uncle, the Duke of Connaught. I dined with the officers of the 60th Rifles, and my hosts were all remarkably friendly and companionable, so that I enjoyed myself very much in their society. The bearing of the officers was in every way exemplary; this was shown even in the conversation, which was always carried on in subdued tones. I was deeply impressed when, at the end of the meal, all present stood up and the regimental commander proposed the toast of the Sovereign with the words, "Her Majesty the Queen!" and every man, each for himself, repeated "The Queen!" most of them adding "God bless her!" after which in solemn silence we emptied our glasses. In this dignified and impressive manner the thoughts of the British officer turned at the close of day towards his Sovereign.

Another of my uncles, General Prince Edward of Weimar, invited me to spend a day at Portsmouth, where he was in garrison. I spent some pleasant hours at his hospitable house in the intervals of visiting barracks and military establishments, as well as the dockyard. In the latter I inspected, among other new vessels in course of construction, the armoured cruisers "Inflexible" and "Dreadnought." The "Inflexible," a so-called turret ship, with a displacement of 11,400 tons, was at that time the most powerful vessel in the British Navy, and was afterwards attached to the Mediterranean Fleet, under the command of Captain Fisher, the famous admiral of a later day. I also had a look at the fort at Spithead, built of heavy granite blocks at the extreme end of a long sandbank, for the defence of the roadstead.

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On another occasion I had the opportunity of visiting a battalion of the Scots Guards, which was in garrison at

Windsor, under the command of Colonel Moncrieff, and had to supply the numerous guards for the immense Castle. The men's quarters were very simple, one might say Spartan, and exemplary tidiness and scrupulous cleanliness reigned in the barrack-rooms. Over the head of each bed was a shelf on which lay several coats carefully folded. My inquiry how many outfits they had per man at first elicited no information, as the word outfit (Garnitur) is not an English military term. Ultimately, I learnt that each man got a new coat every two years, made specially to measure for him. The cast-off coats became the property of the men, who could go on wearing them when they left the service or else sell them. Rooms with outfits and spare pieces, such as we have, did not exist at that time. The red cloth of the uniform was of splendid quality, and each coat, being made exactly to measure, fitted like a glove, an effect to which the slender, almost hipless, build of the Briton contributed its share. I am of the opinion that the pre-war British Army in its handsome peace-time uniforms was the best-dressed in the world.

I was also asked to visit the barracks which were occupied by part of the 1st Life Guards, and see some sections at work on horseback. The picked tall and handsome men on their black horses presented a striking equestrian picture. The whole direction of the mounted training of the regiment was in the hands of a so-called riding-master; the lieutenants had nothing to do with it. The riding-masters were men with special gifts for horsemanship, who had risen from the lower ranks, and they not infrequently reached the rank of captain (our *Rittmeister*), and need not originally have come from the regiment in which they held it. The riding-master I saw with the 1st Life Guards was a man already grey-haired, who wore lancer's uniform. As a finale to the inspection, the men, in full dress uniform and carrying Indian bamboo lances, performed, to the music of the band, a quadrille on horseback called a "musical ride," flawlessly executed without a word of command. The game of polo, moreover, had already got such a hold even then that, as a squadron commander mournfully declared to me, it was very hard to induce the

young officers to devote any considerable sum to the purchase of a fine charger for active service, as they laid out nearly all their money on their polo ponies, of which most of them had something like half a dozen.

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Both at the Queen's palace and elsewhere I very frequently met my grandmother's cousin, George Duke of Cambridge, who also always treated me in true kinsmanlike fashion. I looked up with awe to the imposing figure of the Duke, who had fought in the Crimean War, and was now Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He cherished a warm admiration for my grandfather, who, in return, bore him real friendship and rated his military abilities very highly. The Duke had a remarkably violent temper, and when his blood was up he always used very strong language, though he meant no harm by it, and did not realise the full force of what he said. Countless anecdotes were current in the Army in this connection, and a specimen follows. During some exercises at Aldershot the Duke had noticed the loud objurgations of the officers. In order to express his disapproval of their conduct, he gathered the officers round him at the end of the operations, and bursting with fury addressed them thus: "I heard a lot of swearing going on. I won't have this d——d swearing any more. Who the devil, gentlemen, ever heard *me* swear?"

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In May, 1887, I was commanded by my grandfather to act as his representative at the Jubilee celebrations of the fiftieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria, to be held in London on the 21st of June, since my sick father's strength had to be spared, and he could, therefore, take only an unofficial part in the festivities. Lieutenant-General von Hahnke and Lieutenant-Colonel von Kessel were attached to my suite, in addition to my personal aide-de-camp, Freiherr von Bissing.

With my grandfather's permission, I embarked on the "Blitz," the torpedo-boat flotilla-leader, commanded by the then Captain Tirpitz; the first division of the flotilla, which accompanied us to England, was under the command

of my brother Henry. We ran across the North Sea by night in the finest weather, and reached the English mainland in the early morning. A superb summer's day was breaking as we steamed along the coast to the mouth of the Thames.

At Lowestoft we took on board an English Thames pilot, a fine, hearty fellow, who very readily imparted information about anything to do with seafaring. There were plenty of vessels at sea, and, besides numerous fishing craft, we passed principally empty colliers bound for Newcastle. It is well known that a merchant vessel meeting a warship should show her flag and salute. As a number of these colliers neglected to show their flags, our pilot grew very angry at this discourtesy, shook his fist at them, and gave vent to his feelings verbally. On the other hand, he was uncommonly pleased with our torpedo-boat division, following in the wake of the "Blitz" in perfect formation, and he gave candid expression to his astonishment that such small vessels should risk crossing the North Sea, being quite unable to find words to express his admiration. It was, in fact, the first time that a torpedo-boat division had crossed the North Sea in close formation; it was at that time still thought that torpedo-boats might be useful for coast defence, but not on the high seas. Later on, when we were taking leave of one another, the worthy pilot shook my hand vigorously, and said with much feeling: "I am proud to have piloted the eldest grandson of my beloved Queen to Gravesend to take part in the Jubilee festivities of his grandmother."

The run up the Thames was full of variety and interest, owing to the busy shipping traffic. We anchored off Gravesend, while the torpedo-boat division had been dismissed by Captain Tirpitz, and had run on ahead to Sheerness, where it had been welcomed in comradely fashion by the English naval authorities, especially the station commander. My brother afterwards told me that the performance of the torpedo-boat division had also greatly surprised the naval officers at Sheerness. After waiting a few hours at Gravesend, I landed and proceeded by special train to London, under the escort of Sir Howard Elphinstone. At Spencer House, which had been placed at

our disposal as a residence during the festivities, I met my wife, who had travelled *viâ* Flushing, together with our eldest son. The little Crown Prince was the only one of the Queen's great-grandchildren who was present at her Jubilee.

Owing to the Queen's strict retirement after the death of the Prince Consort, the English Court had held no festivities for nearly three decades. The officials were, therefore, not properly prepared for the manifold requirements of a State Jubilee, and misunderstandings and some friction, due to unforeseen alterations, were unavoidable. That this would be so was foretold to us by General McNeill, aide-de-camp to the Queen, attached to my wife. He was a gifted Scot with a ready wit, who was always able to see the comic side of things, but never spoke a word more than was needful. When, on the first evening after our arrival, we had gathered together cosily in the smoking room and were discussing the forthcoming festive events, General von Hahnke produced a printed book of instructions for the ceremonies and began to study the section for the following day. On seeing this, General McNeill tapped him on the shoulder and said: "My dear Hankey, if you intend to go by this book, you will always be wrong, for everything will either be changed or has already been changed."

McNeill's prognostications were realized to no small extent. For instance, for the Banquet after the great Court Ball, a plan of the seating arrangements at oval tables was placed in our rooms. But when in conversation at the Court Ball with one of the masters of the ceremonies, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, a friend of my mother, one of whose bridesmaids he married, I casually alluded to the seating arrangements, he informed me that instead of the oval tables an open square had been adopted. A younger master of the ceremonies coming up then joined in and asked me if I understood anything of mathematics. When I boldly answered yes, he remarked in a friendly way: "Then you can calculate yourself where you will be seated when x oval tables are changed into one open square!" The result of my calculations brought me beside the dusky sister of King Kala Kana of Hawaii; she talked to me earnestly in good English, chiefly about her brother's visit to us in Potsdam.

However, these small occurrences did not disturb the general impression of this unique Jubilee.

On account of the imposing number of the Royalties invited, all of whom it was impossible to house in the Queen's palace, advantage had to be taken of the hospitality of the British Court. Thus my wife and I were at first entertained by Lord Cadogan. Among his other guests was a most interesting, lively and inspiring lady, who was on one occasion my neighbour at table. This was Maria, Lady Ailesbury, who, in her youth, had attended the coronation of my grandmother. When I, aged 28, as the youngest of the party, was asked to take in the oldest to dinner there was general surprise. This arrangement at table proved unexpectedly delightful to me; and, together with my brother-in-law, the Hereditary Prince of Meiningen, who sat on the lady's right, I was spellbound by her witty conversation, flavoured with a trifle of malice. In a sparkling flow she described events at Court and in society during my grandmother's reign with such striking and humorous touches of character that we never ceased laughing. The result was that the entire party dropped their own conversation and, gazing with envious eyes at us, tried to share in the revelations of Lady Ailesbury.

Another time we dined with Mr. Goschen, who later became one of England's most distinguished Naval Ministers. He had sprung from the famous publishing house of Goschen, in Leipzig, which he used often to visit; he, and his children also, spoke fluent German, and out of politeness he employed that language with the ladies and gentlemen of our suite. At his table I met Lord Lytton, son of the celebrated author of "The Last Days of Pompeii," which I had once read with ardent enthusiasm. There was also present the Duke of Manchester, who, as the brother-in-law of General von Albedyll, was always a most welcome guest at Court in Berlin. I had met him for the first time at the parade, commanded by my father, of the Second Army Corps in 1869 at Stargard. I have often looked back gratefully on this inspiring evening under the hospitable roof of Mr. Goschen.

Tremendous in effect was Jubilee Day, when the Queen

drove in an open carriage, escorted by the Life Guards and a mounted Indian guard of honour, through the streets of London, turned into a forest of flags, garlanded and adorned again and again with draperies, from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. With roaring, never-ending cheers her subjects, gathered together out of all England and from every part of the vast British dominions, greeted the Queen. Before her carriage we rode, her sons, her grandson, the husbands of her granddaughters, and her sons-in-law, in all thirty-two Princes. All eyes were especially drawn to the stalwart figure of my father in his Pasewalk Cuirassier uniform, "a true war-god to behold." That must have been the last time that I saw him mounted on his charger! Profoundly touching was the service in the wonderful Westminster Abbey, in which all the splendour of the Anglican Church was displayed. At the end of the ceremony we all paid homage to the Queen, coming forward one by one to kiss her hand, to which she responded with a cordial embrace. That day gave us all an overwhelming impression of the power and extent of the British Empire. My grandmother subsequently had a big picture of the ceremony in Westminster Abbey painted, and later on gave me a beautiful engraving of it, which I had hung, framed and glazed, in the companion-way of my "Hohenzollern," where it rejoiced the hearts of all English visitors.

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When, at the end of the festivities, my wife and I took leave of the Queen, she surprised us by placing her steam yacht at our disposal for the passage to Flushing. The English courtiers in attendance accompanied us to Port Victoria, where we embarked. Leave-taking afforded General McNeill one more chance of giving us a sample of his humour. When my wife's Mistress of the Robes, Countess Brockdorff, asked the General anxiously, in view of the night passage, if the ship was seaworthy, he promptly replied: "Not in the least, ma'am, she has no watertight compartments. If you have a collision, down you go like a bandbox! No time for crying 'Help'!" The poor Countess Brockdorff consequently never closed an eye the whole night.

CHAPTER XVII

NAVAL MEMORIES

My Hereditary Interest in Naval Affairs—Lectures, Naval Reviews, Manœuvres, and New Weapons—Visit to Kiel of British Reserve Fleet under the Duke of Edinburgh in 1881—I Welcome my Uncle and Inspect the Fleet—Meeting with Sir Arthur Sullivan—The Gigantic and Unconsciously Humorous Captain—Friendly Relations of German and British Officers and Men—Admiral Batsch's Considerateness—Evolutions of the British Fleet—An Armoured Ship under Full Sail—I Attend the German Naval Manœuvres off Zoppot in 1884—General von Caprivi—Captain Tirpitz's Plan and his Father's Intervention—I Study Marine Painting under Karl Saltzmann at Potsdam in 1884—Launch of the "Alexandrine" at Kiel in 1885—The Emperor-William Canal begun at Holtenau in 1887—My Grandfather's Speech—He appoints me *à la suite* of the 1st Battalion of Marines—My Delight at the Compliment—The Indifference of General von Bronsart, Typical of the Lack of Sympathy of the Army for the Navy—The Old Prussian Traditions Responsible.

IT is already sufficiently clear that I had a peculiar passion for the Navy. It sprang to no small extent from my English blood, on the mother's side. Repeated visits to seaside resorts—for instance, to Wyk on Föhr Island, Norderney and Scheveningen—contributed, along with visits to England, to this predilection. I have spoken about it at length in the chapters concerned with my childhood and youth.

In later years I have often striven, when in the First Foot Guards as well as in the Hussar-Guards, to awaken and develop interest in the Imperial Navy by means of lectures. Thus, I have spoken, for example, about types of ships, about the squadron manœuvres, which I attended nearly every year, about my father's inspection of the fleet in 1880, and about the naval review at Spithead that I witnessed in June, 1887, once also about marine mines and fish-torpedoes, weapons then beginning to attract attention. It is self-evident that the effect of my endeavours was limited, and that the

" opposition of the apathetic world " was not so quickly or so easily to be overcome. Later only was it given to me by virtue of " the faith that is ever increasing, now boldly presses forward, now patiently cringes," to drag my people along with me to take action.

In July, 1881, the forthcoming visit of the British reserve squadron, under the command of my uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, was announced to my grandfather. Kiel was the proposed anchorage, and I was delegated by my grandfather to represent him in receiving and entertaining the Duke. Full of joy I travelled to Kiel and was made welcome in the most amiable manner by Henry at the Castle, where he had meanwhile taken up his quarters.

In the outer harbour of Kiel creek were lying at anchor, according to my remembrance, the " Preussen," " Friedrich der Grosse," " Friedrich Karl " and " Kronprinz."

Next morning the British reserve squadron, consisting of full-rigged armoured ships with the Duke of Edinburgh in command, sailed into the Kiel lines and made fast to buoys there ; the flagship " Hercules " lying directly opposite the castle. After exchange of salutes and official greetings of the naval authorities, I went on board the " Hercules " and welcomed my uncle in the name of my grandfather. Thereupon he invited me to make the tour of his flagship, an improved and lengthened model of our " Emperor " Class, commanded by Captain Heneage, Flag-Captain and Chief of the Staff.

Then I steamed past the imposing array of English ships, in order to see them closer.

They were of very different types. Longest and most beautiful was the battleship " Warrior," the first and oldest armoured warship of the British Navy. The names of the other ships in the squadron were : " Hercules " (flagship), " Hector," " Valiant," " Defence," " Repulse," " Penelope," and " Lord Warden." Some had been built as two or three-deckers, and altered later into armoured ships by " shaving " away the upper batteries and laying plates on the ships' sides. The combined effect of the squadron was, however, grand

and very appealing, as all the ships were full-rigged. The eye dwelt with pleasure on the lofty masts and wide yards.

The Duke of Edinburgh had at his disposal, besides the flagship, a prettily furnished steam-yacht, the "Lively," which was anchored near the "Hercules," and was commanded by Commander Le Strange. On board the yacht was the English composer, Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose charming operettas "H.M.S. Pinafore" and especially "The Mikado" have been given on all stages. After the little dinner parties to which my uncle invited Henry and me in his yacht, Sullivan used often to sit down at the piano and play us his compositions.

In the evening Henry and I gave our uncle and his commanding officers a banquet, on behalf of our grandfather, at which Henry and the Duke interchanged toasts. After dinner the Duke made me better acquainted with his commanders, among whom was a gigantic gentleman with a violet complexion and a claret-coloured nose. My uncle told me that this unfortunate person had, on the voyage there, succeeded in running his ship, in broad daylight, on a sandbank off Heligoland, at that time still English, which had earned him a categorical reprimand. In the course of conversation this gentleman achieved a joke that was as good as it was unintentional. He told us how they had met a German frigate off Kiel and asked by the way what she was called. When the answer came "Blücher," the captain, after thinking it over a longish time, replied: "Oh, I suppose you mean Blujer! That is the name of the celebrated field marshal, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Then after a pause: "Well, I suppose the fine old warrior is dead now." It was really hard to answer this simple question in the proper drawing-room style!

The intercourse of German and British officers was in every respect cordial, and full of comradeship. This was especially noticeable at a successful garden party in Bellevue. Nor were the relations of the men otherwise. One saw the British sailors, who belonged to the Naval Reserve and had, therefore, been many years in the service, touring merrily round with

their German comrades on foot and in carriages. A laughable incident arose whenever such a group met German or English naval officers, and our sailors dropped the arm of their English comrades, in order to form front. As this style of salute was unknown in England, there used generally to come from the ranks of the British comrades a puzzled inquiry: "Hallo, Jack, why do you heave to?"

Since the resident Commander at Kiel, the distinguished Admiral Batsch, had served in the English Navy, he was only too familiar with the conduct of an English crew on shore leave. He therefore had the port guard-room amply provided with straw. On the beds prepared there the "bodies" brought from the drink-shops were laid, according to their ships, and taken on board each hour by the steamers that stood ready. Thus anxiety about the men on leave was allayed. The British squadron welcomed with grateful thanks an innovation which the Englishmen had not previously experienced in any port in the world, and which testified to German foresight and thoroughness. None the less a number of men did not return from their trips ashore, but took the opportunity to desert.

I had an unsought opportunity myself of becoming acquainted with the behaviour of British sailors. On the evening before the squadron sailed the landing stages were so crowded with men returning from leave in exuberant spirits, that the Duke found it necessary, personally, to conduct us ashore, with the help of his A.D.C., Commander Le Strange. We landed at the "Castle-Bridge," and the Duke was himself obliged to accompany us through the noisy throng. Under the protection of his admiral's uniform this was successfully done. Nevertheless we were often in danger of being pushed into the water by these "unsteady figures."

After a stay of five or six days, passed in every respect harmoniously, our English guests weighed anchor.

On the morning of their departure I went on board the "Grille," in order, with four other ships, to escort the British squadron to the open sea, while Prince Henry sailed for England on board the "Hercules." On the "Grille," with his flag-lieutenant, was the Squadron Commander, Admiral

von Vickede, who in his youth, under Tegetthoff, was present at the battle of Lissa.

The "Grille" led the four ships of the German escort, and awaited our guests in the Kiel lines, outside the Bay of Kiel, the "Grille" being square to larboard of the flagship "Friedrich Karl," which took the lead.

Soon afterwards the Duke brought his squadron out of the Creek into the Kiel lines and formed double column to larboard of us, four ships in each column directly opposite each other. The squadrons now steamed alongside one another, while the Duke made various wheelings and veerings. At the finish he carried out the manœuvre that is called in the British Fleet the "Gridiron." The two columns turned inwards, steamed through each other and went about to form double column, as before, on the old course. Landsmen can best compare this manœuvre with the *Française* or *contre-danse*.

After the parting salute of the German squadron, Admiral von Vickede took the opposite course, leading his ships along beside the starboard column of the British squadron. Our crews took boarding stations, and while the signal "Farewell, prosperous voyage," waved from our ship, shouted to their British comrades, who also lined the bulwarks, three hurrahs which they roared back again.

Soon afterwards we noticed that the last ship of the British squadron was down by the stern and making signals. Her engine must have been damaged. With lightning-like rapidity the ship spread an immense expanse of canvas and rode on under sail. It was the last armoured ship that I saw under full sail.

In the year 1884 the new Naval Minister, General von Caprivi, invited me to take part in the Fleet manœuvres off Zoppot. My grandfather granted me leave, and I received permission to sail to Zoppot on board the armoured cruiser "Hansa" (Captain Bex), which was stationed at Kiel as guard-ship. The crossing was uncommonly stormy, the "Hansa" rolled viciously and I therefore passed a bad night. Caprivi came on board off Hela and we then steamed past the lines of

ships anchored in the Bay of Zoppot, representing every vessel in the service down to the training brig. Also some of the first torpedo-boat models were included, as well as coast defence gun-boats of the "Brummer" class, each with one heavy gun. The whole were under the command of Admiral Count Monts, who flew his flag on S.M.S. "Baden." At the dinner General von Caprivi gave on the flagship I met my grandfather's A.D.C., Lieutenant-Colonel von Plessen, who had been invited by his old friend Captain Tirpitz to the naval review in order that he might report on it to the Emperor. Inspection of ships partly under sail and partly under steam was made. There were, likewise, battle-manœuvres and a trial landing on a large scale at Edingen, whereat the First Hussar-Guards from Danzig represented the enemy.

Tirpitz, who was there in charge of torpedo-craft, had worked out a battle plan which would show the approach of torpedo-boats under cover of the smoke from the firing ships. S.M.S. "Hansa" was chosen as the object of attack, and the manœuvre was to be "secret." Caprivi, Plessen, and we other witnesses were on board the "Grille," and anxiously awaited the events that were about to happen. Anticipation was made all the keener as, beside the big spectacle, a smaller one, but no less interesting, was being enacted. The secret police had reported that the Consul of a foreign power in Danzig intended to spy out the manœuvre. All the patrol boats were therefore instructed to be specially on the look-out for this gentleman, whose distinguishing characteristic was said to be a grey topper. At last the "Hansa" with thundering broadsides began to veil herself in a thick cloud of smoke, whilst in the canal of Neufahrwasser the smoke of approaching torpedo-boats became visible. The excitement grew greater. Then, all of a sudden, Tirpitz, pointing aft, cried out: "There's the fellow!" Our eyes turned in that direction, and, true enough, not far from the stern of the "Grille" we saw a row-boat in which sat an elderly man with a grey top-hat. The order at once rang out: "Pinnaces, at once bring that boat alongside the 'Grille.'" Like hawks the steam-pinnaces swooped down on the row-boat, lay to and began a lively

debate. But in vain did we wait for them to bring in the spy a captive. For the pinnaces returned a few minutes later without either the boat or the "fellow" in it.

A cadet, who had commanded one of them, handed Captain Tirpitz, greatly astonished like us all, nothing more than a card. Thereon his features relaxed and the highly unexpected exclamation "My father!" put an end to our common emotion. No spy, no Consul, no "fellow" but Tirpitz's own father was the gentleman in the grey topper. The card that Tirpitz held in his hand he had himself signed as a pass for his father. Meanwhile the torpedo-boats had hypothetically torpedoed the "Hansa."

In the year 1884 was realised an old desire of mine, inspired by my love of the sea and the Navy: to learn to paint marine pictures. The young artist, Karl Saltzmann, a Berliner, had attracted the attention of my mother with his splendid picture of craft entering Kolberg harbour in a storm. She brought about its purchase by my grandfather, who had it hung in his apartments at the Wiesbaden Château. When my brother started on his two years' cruise round the world on board S.M.S. "Prinz Adalbert" my mother managed that Saltzmann should accompany him. He brought back valuable matter in studies and sketches and pictures, and painted the impressive picture of S.M.S. "Prinz Adalbert" in the heavy typhoon that almost sent the ship to the bottom. At the beginning of my reign it was placed in the Star Chamber of the Berlin Schloss. After the return of my brother from his second long cruise, on board S.M.S. "Olga," in 1884, he lived for a time in the Villa Liegnitz at Potsdam, where he took lessons in painting from Saltzmann. I did not let this chance slip, but quickly determined to share the teaching with my brother. I have in truth never regretted it.

The things I learned from Saltzmann were, in the first place, the leading principles on which the painter must observe nature, where in general to place the horizon, the transition from the vivid tones of the foreground to the softer tones near the horizon, and so forth. He further explained to us broadly the "structure," to a certain extent the "construction" of a

wave, as well as its peculiarities, and accustomed us to study the influence of the wind on the surface of the waters. Then came instruction in the laws of mixing and applying colour. As it was not my intention to become a skilled artist, I made use of Saltzmann's teaching, principally, to obtain an insight into the problems to be solved by a landscape painter and their difficulties, and to learn the use of technical methods. In limiting myself thus, I probably gained, in my circumstances, the greatest possible advantage from the instruction.

The painting lessons were the more stimulating because the artist in all his instructions gave free rein to his priceless Berlin humour, and thereby made his already highly interesting teaching yet more enjoyable. On the later yearly summer trips in the North, Saltzmann was always my faithful and merry companion. He entertained the entire travelling party with his jokes, and yet, thanks to his extraordinary amiability and good nature, never hurt the feelings of anyone.

Saltzmann possessed the rare gift of sketching from nature in oil with great rapidity, just as others can in water-colour. But, in spite of his painting so quickly, the sketches proved complete in every detail. Once on a northern cruise I sat near him in the stern of my yacht from 9 to 11 o'clock one evening and marvelled at the masterly way in which he flung on his canvas the Fjord where we were anchored, with its surrounding mighty hills : in two hours, painting in oil. It was, in fact, a finished picture, though he described it as a sketch. The large oil-painting, after it, that I commissioned I had hung in a room at the Berlin Castle.

In February, 1885, my grandfather gave me the honourable task of representing him at the launch of a corvette in Kiel and of christening it, in his name, after his sister, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, " Alexandrine."

In June, 1887, the laying of the foundation stone of the Emperor-William Canal by my grandfather took place at Holtenau. The day before the ceremony I joined my brother and was able to inspect the final preparations at Kiel with him. The ships were made fast to buoys, steam pinnaces plied busily backwards and forwards; the scene of the ceremony was sur-

rounded with stands. Kiel and Holtenau were hidden in a forest of flags. As the Admiralty did not believe they could be responsible for the cost of commissioning the yacht "Hohenzollern," that was specially built for ceremonial purposes, they had fitted up the paddle-wheel despatch-boat "Pommerania" for the Emperor.

On the following day my grandfather arrived at Kiel in the finest weather. In the station square the officers of the navy greeted him with three thundering hurrahs. The guard of honour was inspected by the Emperor's A.D.C., Captain Freiherr von Seckendorff, who was also Chamberlain to my brother and the first naval officer to wear my grandfather's aiguillettes. In the ceremonial enclosure at Holtenau my grandfather delivered one of his arresting speeches, which made a profound impression on those who were present. At the end of the ceremony the Emperor embarked with us and his suite on board the "Pommerania." Led by my brother's torpedo-boat division we steamed slowly past the ships lying at anchor in the harbour. Dressed with bunting to the top-masts, they saluted, and those that were rigged manned the yard-arms. The hurrahs of the crews were loudly re-echoed by the crowds on shore. All were in high spirits.

That day brought another great joy to me. At the Emperor's departure from the railway station, I had already entered the compartment reserved for those in attendance on His Majesty and was standing at the window. As my grandfather took leave of him, it seemed to me that my brother made some further observation. Suddenly my grandfather turned his eyes on me, looked at me affectionately, nodded assent when Henry had finished and beckoned me to him. When I stood before him at the salute, the Emperor said to me: Henry had just informed him that I took a great interest in the navy and that the bond existing between it and me should have an outward symbol. After the splendid impression of that day he was especially pleased to gratify this wish, which doubtless I had secretly cherished. Therefore, he herewith placed me *à la suite* of the First Battalion of Marines! I was overpowered with joy and surprise. Henry flung his arms round me and

pressed me so hard to his breast that he almost squeezed the breath out of me. And the exalted naval officers who had come to take leave and who had heard my grandfather's words grasped me warmly by the hand.

After I had once again thanked my grandfather with faltering words, I withdrew into the compartment in which the Generals in attendance were sitting with the War Minister, General Bronsart von Schellendorff. To General von Albedyll's inquiry what had happened on the platform of so pleasant a character, I informed him of the distinction I had received. Whereon with hearty good wishes he shook hands with me. And his colleagues also cordially congratulated me. Only General von Bronsart read a document without taking any notice of the occurrence. When I made the announcement to him, too, he looked at me over his *pince-nez* and said with cool indifference: " Ah, dear me, you take an interest in that sort of thing," and continued reading.

General von Bronsart belonged to the group of older Prussian generals who cannot understand the value of sea-power and a strong navy. They look rather on the navy as an appendage to the army, and regard the money spent on it as wrongfully abstracted from the army. This attitude was in itself not strange to me; but, in view of his recent grossly expressed want of interest in the navy I could not check myself from pointing out to the War Minister that the navy was the legitimate sister-arm of the army, and upheld the honour of the German flag abroad. It was, I said, in my opinion high time that the army, too, should take an interest in that kind of thing. Having said my say I left the compartment.

For the want of sympathy in the army for the navy, the peculiar development of the officer corps of the old Prussian Navy was perhaps to blame. In comparison with the army it remained remarkably backward, since, for the most part, the commanders of ships were former mercantile-marine captains, called " Stürkes " or steersmen. They thoroughly understood everything concerning navigation, sailing and seamanship, but could know little of what was to be expected from officers and

an officer-corps. They were therefore seldom able to educate naval officers or to take the lead in an officer corps. In the expansion of the old Prussian Navy, a naval officer corps was entirely lacking. The few Prussian officers, who at their own request had been seconded to serve in the English Navy, like, for instance, Admiral Count Waldersee, were powerless to alter things. It would without doubt have been wiser, taking example by the early British Navy, which had on each large warship a "sailing master" responsible for the seamanship, to have appointed the "Strükes," as such, in charge of navigation and so forth on the ships, while as commanders one selected smart senior cavalry officers; for the guns artillery officers; and, for the interior service, discipline and drill, infantry officers. In that way a homogeneous naval officer corps, solidly united, would soon have been formed, and would have exerted an intimate reciprocal action on the army. Then such notions as those of General Bronsart von Schellendorff would scarcely have been possible.

In June that year I wore the uniform of the Marine-Infantry in England during my grandmother's coronation jubilee, at the Fleet review off Spithead, and at a great reception in the city. In September my grandfather conferred on my wife the honour of christening a corvette launched at Kiel by her name, "Princess William."

CHAPTER XVIII

HOHENZOLLERN AND HABSBURG

Hohenzollern and Habsburg—My Friendship with Crown Prince Rudolph—The Emperor Francis Joseph's Kindliness and Courtesy—His Many Sorrows—Misconceptions about the Empress Elisabeth—Her Fine Character and Fortitude—I Attend the Marriage of the Crown Prince Rudolph in 1881—Painful Punctuality—The Charm of Austrian Society—Archduke Franz Ferdinand—Manœuvres at Schmelz—My Relations with Hungarian Regiments—The Vexed Question of Salutes—Visit to Prague in 1883—Shooting Parties with Emperor Francis Joseph—His Wonderful Energy—Humours of the Chase—Visit to Crown Prince Rudolph at Budapest in 1885—Count Andrassy and the Prince of Wales—Hungarian National Enthusiasm—Viennese Disregard.

IN the spirit of the alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary, the younger members of the houses of Hohenzollern and Habsburg were also drawn together. As already described, I got to know the Crown Prince Rudolph at the time of the Vienna World Exhibition, and from that day onward maintained good comradeship with him. His was an inspiring, shrewd and in its fresh vivacity fascinating disposition, full of sparkling humour, frankly not without a notable vein of satire. Both of us were keen naturalists and fond of sport. Moreover, Rudolph was a trained zoologist, specialising in ornithology. To my regret, however, I was forced to notice, in the course of years, that he did not take religion at all seriously, and it pained me when he poured out his mordant wit not only on the Church and clergy, but also on the simple faith of country-folk. Nor could I help becoming aware of other faults of character, so much so as to destroy my original confidence, and we drifted further and further apart. I was also gradually forced to see how little real friendship the Crown Prince felt for the new German Empire and the Dual Alliance, and how his soul

revolted from the Prussian idea. For all these reasons our relations grew cooler until finally they were reduced to what political necessity demanded.

My relations with the Emperor Francis Joseph on the other hand were extraordinarily close and cordial. Indeed, I may say that I was treated by the Emperor almost as if I had been his own son. From the earliest days of our acquaintance I looked up to the ally of my grandfather and father with a respect and affection that so venerable a personality, so worthy of honour, must command from youth. The aged Emperor afforded me an illuminating example, in the resignation and unshaken faith with which he bore all the heaviest blows of fate, and in the proverbial sense of duty with which he worked, never resting, for the welfare of his people. The nature of my friendship with the Emperor Francis Joseph has undergone no change. I have ever regarded that noble ruler with reverence as my fatherly friend, and between us there existed at all times a close bond of mutual confidence that held fast until the hour when his head was bowed in death.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, who stood sponsor for my eldest son, from the beginning distinguished my wife by special attentions that brought out all the chivalry of his noble nature. When my son came of age his exalted godfather insisted on appearing in person to convey his good wishes. Let me cite a touching incident. When at lunch my wife addressed the Emperor as " Thou," which had not been her habit up till then, he at once told me about this " honour," as he called it. It redounds to his credit also that one who had lost his only son and his wife had steeled himself to this visit, where the picture of happy parents, surrounded by a band of healthy children, made the memory of his own bitter loss so much the more painful.

Another little occurrence revealed the kindness and exquisite *politesse de cœur* of the knightly old gentleman. With my wife and my daughter, Victoria Louise, I had visited the Emperor at Schönbrunn, and left the Princess, then a schoolgirl, behind at the station with him. When the train started we were touched to see how the Emperor bowed to

the little Princess, and, gallantly offering her his arm, led her to his carriage.

It is worthy of mention that the Emperor Francis Joseph spoke many tongues and had mastered the idioms of his people. During a manœuvre to which the Emperor invited me I stood with him on a height in order to follow the progress of the battle. Suddenly the Emperor noticed a staff-orderly, who seemed to be in search of the commanding-officer, and who rode aimlessly around. He immediately ordered one of his aides to direct the man, whereon a long colloquy, neither here nor there, began. Ultimately it proved too long for the Emperor, and he said to me: "See, they can't understand each other anyhow. The lancer is a Galician and the A.D.C. does not know a word of Polish. I must just look into it myself, otherwise the despatch will never reach its destination. You'll excuse me a moment." No sooner said than done! The Emperor sprang into the saddle with youthful ease, and on his superb English thoroughbred chestnut, jumped over the ditches that intersected the ground. In two minutes the man was already on his way holding the despatch aloft and crying out from time to time: "Manöver-oberleutnant," which should have been "Manöveroberleitung." With smiling eyes the Emperor came back to me, and remarked as he dismounted: "It's a good job one can speak the languages of one's people." But the incident gave me and my suite something to think over, in case it came to a serious issue.

In his life the Emperor Francis Joseph passed through more sorrow than all but a very few. When that abominable murderous blow snatched the beautiful Empress Elisabeth from us, I at once hastened to Vienna and stood beside her husband in sympathy. Never shall I forget the heart-rending sight, as, after a coldly formal service, the widower, bowed down with grief, descended from the Chapel to the Capucin vault, behind the coffin of his wife once so triumphant and adored.

The charming Empress, who had been the object of my youthful enthusiasm, was now gone. I had not come much in contact with her myself, but I know, both through my

grandfather and my mother, both of whom knew her well, that the general conception of her was false. Both declared her to be a remarkable woman, who possessed a deep mind and a great soul; and they greatly regretted that she should have been misunderstood in her own country. It was my mother's opinion that the Empress, when young, was bitterly disappointed in Austrian society. If the Austrians said that she was unapproachable and invisible, it was probably because the Empress could not take pleasure in their superficial and amusement-seeking society. My grandfather had often expressed his admiration for her clear comprehension and sure judgment and respected her greatly. Take, as an evidence of her strength of character, the words she spoke when she heard of Rudolph's death: "No one but I must tell the Emperor this, I will break it to him!" After this overwhelming blow the Empress withdrew still more from the world. In the Achilleion garden in Corfu there is a secret silent nook, where she placed a bust of Rudolph that could be lighted up with electric lamps. Often the unhappy Empress has sat there, weeping, throughout the night. Her fate was too cruel for anyone to make the solitude she sought a cause of reproach.

All these thoughts moved me, as I stood near the mourning husband beside the bier of his noble wife. She had been far more to the Emperor Francis Joseph than the world, which judges only by appearances, dreamed; and, had she lived, would certainly have been a sure support to him in the storms that came afterwards. But fate willed it otherwise, and in loading the splendid old man with sorrow upon sorrow spared him nothing of personal grief and political disillusion, save that it did not let him live to see his country's downfall.

I must now return to the events of my youth, from which overpowering recollections have distracted me.

* * *

In May, 1881, I was invited with my wife to the marriage of the Crown Prince Rudolph, and we were received by the entire Imperial Family with extraordinary kindness. We were lodged

PRINCE WILLIAM AND THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA, 1881

in a beautiful little rococo châlet in the Schönbrunn garden, named the "Kaiserstöckl." At our reception the Emperor Francis Joseph surprised me with the information that he had placed me *à la suite* of my grandfather's regiment, the Royal Hungarian Infantry Regiment No. 34, "King of Prussia" ("Prussian Infantry"), a honour which rejoiced me greatly.

Their Majesties had changed very little during the eight years since I had seen them last. Although he had become a trifle greyer, the Emperor retained his youthful figure and agility, and the Empress still looked marvellously beautiful. The festivities took place exactly according to programme, and with a really painful punctuality, on which the Emperor kept a terribly sharp eye. The Crown Prince Rudolph had drawn our attention to the fact that the Emperor, on principle, made a point of appearing fifteen or twenty minutes before the hour fixed. The consequence was that the Imperial family used to assemble half-an-hour before dinner. We naturally took the hint, thereby causing the Emperor, at our first meal, to say in jest that, being guests, we need not share this "bad habit." He had intended to come for my wife himself. Later on, however, I discovered that he had revealed his satisfaction to the family circle by declaring that the Prince William couple were very punctual. The Prince of Wales, who was staying at the same time in Vienna for the marriage, could not get accustomed to this punctuality and, therefore, went without any similar praise.

The Imperial cuisine was good but heavy. The Emperor's favourite dish, stewed beef steak, had achieved a certain celebrity. The table was always decorated with splendid gold vases and cups, in which the choicest flowers, mostly orchids from the Schönbrunn hothouses, were arranged in brilliant clusters. The Emperor loved flowers and was particularly fond of orchids of every variety. Nothing pleased him more than when one praised the flower decoration of his table, which one could, in fact, do with an easy conscience.

At the German Embassy and in Austrian houses we often had an opportunity of meeting the leaders of Viennese society. The women, mostly of imposing figure, often of great beauty,

glittered in the lustre of family jewels; the men, slim and tall, wore elegant mufti or uniform: all without exception were full of that charming Austrian amiability and courtesy that so quickly captivates the foreigner. In the hospitable house of the Archduke Charles Louis and his lovely wife I became acquainted also with the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, with whom I remained all my life on terms of close friendship up to his tragic end. Charles Louis was the most agreeable of hosts, and could talk in a delightful manner about the most varied topics.

* * *

When Regiment No. 34 of the Royal Hungarian Infantry was transferred to barracks in Vienna for a period, in accordance with the system of exchange prevalent in the Austro-Hungarian Army, I was invited by Emperor Francis Joseph to be present at the Easter manœuvres, at Schmelz. My grandfather willingly gave me leave for this. My grandmother, Empress Augusta, was particularly pleased about this visit, since it seemed to her to be a useful opportunity of strengthening the Austro-German Alliance and the relations between the Hohenzollern and Habsburg houses. It proved a wonderful military spectacle, and I had the opportunity of showing Francis Joseph my grandfather's fine regiment for the first time. The regiment maintained its reputation in the world war: at the storming of the Grodek position before Lemberg I was able to congratulate its commanding officer at the front. A few days later it performed a great feat: its capture of the Zlota Gora rock led the way to the relief of Lemberg. Later, near Podhorce Castle, to the south-west of Brody, I had a chance of inspecting it and commending its achievements.

Equally agreeable were my relations with my Hungarian Hussar Regiment No. 7, of which Prince Frederick Charles had been honorary commander. Emperor Francis Joseph gave it to me when he received the news of my appointment to the Hussar-Guards.

In the Austro-Hungarian Army, unlike the German and Russian Armies, the honorary heads of regiments were "Colonels commanding" the regiments in question: they wore a colonel's

uniform without the insignia of higher rank. The colonel commanding was, and remained, a Colonel. Not until long after my accession did Francis Joseph give me the special, and hitherto unprecedented distinction of being an Imperial and Royal Austrian and Hungarian Field-Marshal, with the right to wear the corresponding regimental uniform.

In accordance with the exchange system, my Hussar Regiment also had to spend some years in barracks in Vienna, and I was, therefore, able to display it to its exalted commander at an Easter manœuvres: I took the opportunity of visiting the regiment in its quarters and inspecting several battalions in training. Their seat was notably sure and light: one could see the men belonged to a race of horsemen. The horses, too, were good, real hussar horses, the jumping excellent, and vaulting at the gallop very neatly done. The review closed with a parade march, the massed trumpeters of the squadrons blowing a stirring fanfare, the "Aspern-Wagram Fanfare," to which the regiment had won the right by gallantry in those two engagements.

A tastefully illustrated regimental history, of which I was sent a copy some years ago by a lady of the regiment, records the achievements of my Seventh Hussars in the world war. Unfortunately I did not have this opportunity of wishing it God Speed in the field.

In this connexion I might here mention an incident, unimportant in itself and yet significant. It once happened that the Guard of Honour drawn up to receive me at a station, instead of presenting arms, stood with their rifles hanging over their shoulders: a position that, in the Austro-Hungarian Army, takes the place of our "Present Arms." Chamois hunting with the Count of Meran, whom I knew to be greatly interested in military questions, I reported my observation to him, and he then told me the reason. The Army authorities had reported unfavourably on the method of carrying the rifle over the shoulder because men with sloping shoulders were apt to let it slip down their arm, and so dig others in the shoulder. Therefore shoulder pads of cloth, ornamented with the regimental colours, were

procured. They made it much easier for the men to carry their rifles, but awkward to present arms, which involved slinging the weapon forward on its strap. This was proved by numerous reports from the army. Therefore, instead of ordering arms to be carried and presented in the one position, presenting was abolished. "So," cried the Count in despair, "the Imperial Royal Army is now the only one in the world which cannot present arms before its Supreme Commander, the Emperor King, but has to salute him exactly as it salutes a simple corporal!"

* * *

In May, 1883, I visited the Imperial family in Vienna with my wife, and later stayed with them at the Hradschin, in Prague. Crown Prince Rudolph paraded his division before me and it made an excellent impression. Later, Captain Count St. Quentin exercised a squadron of Savoy Dragoons before us. The men sat their horses superbly, and followed their leaders without a signal beyond a movement of his head. In attack, they held their sabres with the hilts at eye-level, the blades downwards, so that the man could see his opponent across his blade—an arrangement that struck me as more practical than ours, as a thrust is more effective than a slash in actual fighting.

* * *

Emperor Francis Joseph often invited me to his autumn hunting parties in the mountains, at Mürzsteg and Eisenerz, where a little group of expert relatives and friends would foregather. Among them were the King of Saxony, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the grand Duke of Tuscany (who had to keep the lists), Prince Taxis, the chief equerry (who had lost an eye in the wars), Prince Constantine Hohenlohe, the Grand Steward, and Count Meran, a delightful fellow and good friend of mine. Now and then Crown Prince Rudolph would join us. Mürzsteg, very simple but comfortable, was reached by special train on the pretty Semmering railway. We all wore Styrian costume: long trousers in the house and in the train, short leather gaiters over them for sport, and the famous

green hat ; a well-known shoemaker in the mountains provided us with the necessary nailed boots.

We generally had supper at 7, and then sat on at table smoking, preferably the Turkish Tchibouk. About 8.30 the Emperor would retire while we sat on chatting for an hour or so. Breakfast was usually about 5 a.m., sometimes even at 3 a.m. In any case the Emperor's punctuality was such that we were expected to show up some twenty minutes earlier—rather a trial for the elder members of the party. We then drove in carriages to the preserves ; Prince Leopold and the Grand Duke of Tuscany then mounted ponies, while the rest of us made the long ascent on foot, by the light of lanterns. By daybreak we would reach the butts, some in the open on the mountainside, others down by the streams in the woods. Driving took five or six hours : about half-way through the game would begin to be sighted from the butts. The bag varied greatly : changes in the wind make a great difference when one is hunting on mountains in uncertain weather.

One day the Emperor put me into the butt designed for him, as I had brought nothing home the day before. I was much pleased, although it involved a severe clamber, and at the end I had to climb a ladder to get into my butt. The view was shut off by dense mist. I had hardly got settled in and wrapped myself up in a warm fur coat, with a fur rug over my knees, before I fell into a sleep of sheer exhaustion. When my loader, Rolfing, woke me up the mist had rolled back and a magnificent panorama opened before me. In the same moment I discovered to my astonishment that I was on a rock platform swung out over the valley of not more than ten square yards in size. Never in my life have I sat so still as on that rock ! The wind was good, the approach likewise, the deer passed pretty near me, and I enjoyed the opportunity of watching them at close quarters. A female goat with a kid crossed my platform so close to my knees that I could have touched the kid with my hand, and then disappeared over the edge, apparently into the air. I was afraid that I should hear them falling over the precipice, but as a matter of fact a few minutes later I saw them comfortably clambering

on up the other side of the cliff. I got quite a number of chamois bucks.

At the end of the chase I scrambled down my ladder, and at the foot of the cliff met the Emperor coming away from his butt. When I reported my bag he congratulated me and, the other guns not having turned up, invited me to go down the valley and so home with him. Naturally I accepted gladly and followed him down the narrow path without at all guessing what was to follow. Soon the practised mountaineer began a rapid descent by sticking his alpenstock well into the ground and leaping forward on it, a procedure I could not imitate with but one good arm. I had to trot hard to keep him in sight, and reached the carriage some time after him, completely done up. He murmured kindly, " You are a wee bit warm ? " No sign of exertion in him.

One saw on these parties how Emperor Francis Joseph loved the chase in these glorious mountain surroundings, and how good it was for him to forget his manifold troubles for a brief space. He was care free and jovial : enjoyed the joking at table (apt to be in hunting slang), and would often contribute to it. He told a story of one of his hunting guests, Count Wurm, who one evening claimed two stags out of the bag, declaring he had got them with a *coup double.* The gamekeeper's report, however, showed that, as the Emperor put it, the *coup* had fallen at 8 o'clock in the morning up in the mountains, while the *double* followed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, down in the valley. There was a very pretty passage, too, when the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was making up the lists, compared the claims of the various guests with the actual total of the bag. Only too often there was a gap between the rather romantic attributions of the shooters and the gamekeeper's book. Great mirth arose over this : shots which the Grand Duke regarded with suspicion being marked up as " attempts at an item of game."

The chase was directed by an official belonging to the preserves, the so-called " huntmaster," and by the forester of the preserve. We saw nothing of the higher officials. The huntmaster arranged the butts and the driving.

The Emperor settled the distribution of butts himself, with the assistance of his faithful old groom of the chamber, Kundrat. He was treated with the greatest respect and politeness by all guests—did not the hunter's fate depend on him? I was once standing behind the Emperor when Kundrat suggested that a distinguished guest be assigned a certain butt and heard the Emperor repel the suggestion with mock indignation, crying, " Not if I know it! He never shoots a thing, anyhow! "

* * *

In the autumn of 1885 my wife and I visited the Crown Prince Rudolph and his wife on the occasion of the Hungarian Agricultural Show in Budapest. From the windows of the lofty Hofburg there is a superb view of the city set on both sides of the Danube. The streets were full of life and bustle and whenever we were recognised on our walks or drives the warm-hearted Hungarians gave us a friendly ovation. The show was admirably arranged, and I found the forest and game section, with its astonishing display of heads, exceptionally interesting. We used to be followed round by crowds, which appreciated our appreciation. In the antler section we ran into Count Andrassy: I was particularly pleased to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the man who had done so much to create the Alliance between Austria-Hungary and Germany. Andrassy was a pure Hungarian, with one black lock hanging down over his forehead; he made the impression of a man who knew precisely what he wanted. Such a crowd gathered round, while we were talking, that the Prince of Wales, who was also present, had difficulty in getting out. Suddenly someone in the crowd called for cheers for the German Ally and Count Andrassy, the maker of the Alliance. Cheers resounded through the hall, while I shook the great statesman heartily by the hand. Andrassy, pointing to the disappearing Prince of Wales, whispered to me, " He won't like that! He does not like the Triple Alliance. There will be storms in Europe when he is at the helm! "

In Budapest we also went to the theatre. The Crown Prince informed us, before we entered our box, that it was the habit of the public to give royalties an ovation, which must be received eyes front. So it proved: we were greeted with loud cheers. The piece was a present-day Hungarian drama and a very popular and lovely actress, Blahané by name, who was likewise an admirable singer, appeared in it. She introduced into her role a charming song, the "Maiden of Körösch" which was being much sung in Hungary—this by way of tribute to the Crown Prince, whose favourite tune it was supposed to be and one which he often hummed and whistled. It created boundless enthusiasm: the applause was so thunderous that Blahané had to sing it again and again. It was interesting to see how easily these intelligent Hungarians were stirred to enthusiasm. Their vivid nationalism makes them capable of extraordinary exertions, and I had the impression that anyone who understood and appreciated ought to have no difficulty in leading them.

In later years I more than once discussed this question with one of my own, and my country's, best friends, the Ambassador, von Szögyéni. He agreed with me entirely, subject to the reservation that Western parliamentary institutions were ruinous in Hungary. Andrassy had found this out, to his cost. All sorts of parliamentary incidents which were quite incomprehensible to non-Hungarians—sudden ministerial crises, scenes of uproar in the House, and so on—were, of course, to be attributed to family feuds among the Magyar magnates, dating back to the Middle Ages. Jousting and private war being out of date, they fought out their quarrels in the arena of Parliament. The passionate temperament of the Hungarian women contributed to embitter the conflict and widen its area. In Vienna, unfortunately, too little attention was paid to Hungary. The Empress Elisabeth, who did understand, was adored.

The following incident will illustrate the want of understanding of and attention to Hungarian wishes. Szögyéni told me one day that his countrymen were getting more and more exasperated by the continued disregard of their desire to have the Hungarian flag used in the Hungarian Army and in the Honved, as had been the case in the time of

Maria Theresa. He asked me whether the flag just given to the German State contingents was not an analogous case. I said yes : and told him the princes had been invited to submit pictures of their old flags. Where none such existed designs had been submitted to them, including the arms of the territory or of its reigning house, with the colours of the country and the monogram of the ruler. The King of Hungary could, in my opinion, do the same for the Hungarian troops, without infringing the rights of Austria. The ambassador had regretfully to inform me, later, that all his efforts and representations had failed.

CHAPTER XIX.

DIPLOMACY AND SPORT IN RUSSIA

Traditional Relations Between Berlin and St. Petersburg—I Attend the Coming-of-Age Festivities of the Tsarevitch Nicholas in 1884—My Friendly Reception by the Imperial Family—The Romanoff Physique—The Festivities mainly Military, Prefaced by a long Religious Ceremony—The Tsarevitch's Appearance—The Cossacks' Oath of Allegiance—The Competition for Recruits—My Conversation with the Tsar and Efforts to Gain him Over to the Entente with Germany or Austria—Impressions of the Wonders of Moscow—Prince Dolgoroukoff My Cicerone—I Inspect the Infantry Division of the Moscow Division—A Farewell Supper of a Dozen Courses at Prince Dolgoroukoff's—Visit to Russia in 1886—A Bear Hunt on Prince Anton Radziwill's Estate at Nieswiecz—Story of the Family Portraits—Hardy Peasants—Hunting Lodge in the Pripet Marshes—Hunt Described: Formidable Preparations—My First Bear—I Take Two Cubs Back to Potsdam.

IT follows from what I have already said that I grew up in the atmosphere of traditional friendliness between us and the Russian Imperial House, that had existed ever since the War of Liberation. Emperor Alexander II, when passing through Berlin, often stayed in the New Palace in my childhood; a special performance used to be put on in his honour in the pretty little theatre there, to which I was allowed to go. When the Tsar came to Berlin for the meeting of the three Emperors, he gave me, as I have said, the uniform of the St. Petersburg Grenadiers. I have also referred to his sympathetic words to my father on the losses of the Guards in 1870. The news of his assassination, a few years later, came as a frightful shock. On the evening when the news came we went with our parents to my grandfather. He was too deeply moved to speak: he sat silently weeping.

* * *

In 1884 my grandfather bade me go to St. Petersburg to take part in the coming-of-age celebrations of the then

VISIT OF PRINCE WILLIAM TO ST. PETERSBURG

MAY, 1884

heir apparent, afterwards Tsar Nicholas II, and present him with the Order of the Black Eagle. I have described the instructions given me by my grandfather and Prince Bismarck in my former book.* I left Berlin on May 15th, accompanied by General Count Waldersee, as well as by Court Chamberlain von Liebenau and my personal A.D.C.s, Major von Krosigk and Captain von Bülow. At Wirballen, on the frontier, I was received by a squadron of dragoons, constituting my guard of honour, and by Count Lamsdorff, Major-General *à la suite*, who looked after me and my staff in the friendliest fashion. At Gatchina our Ambassador, Lieutenant-General von Schweinitz, and Count Herbert Bismarck, then Chief Councillor at the St. Petersburg Embassy, joined the train, together with Lieutenant-General von Werder, then attached to the Tsar's person. They informed me about the Imperial family and the forthcoming festivities. I arrived at St. Petersburg at mid-day on May 17th. There was the usual reception at the station: all the Grand Dukes were there, and the Grand Duke Vladimir bade me welcome in the Tsar's name. He conducted me in rainy, sloppy weather to the Winter Palace, where I was received by their Majesties. I took the opportunity to transmit my grandfather's letter to the Tsar.

By a delicate attention on the part of the Tsar I was lodged during my stay in quarters directly under those occupied by my grandfather when in St. Petersburg. The windows looked out on to the great square in front of the Palace, taking in the Admiralty and a portion of the Nevski. A high fence protected the garden, which had been laid out in the square by Alexander III, and the Imperial family could walk there undisturbed by the gaze of the curious. The rooms, mostly furnished in the taste of the 'thirties, were comfortable, but excessively hot; the windows were still closed up from winter, and only a tiny pane could be opened. I was admirably looked after by an old Danish servant of the Tsaritsa, who spoke both German and Russian. The food was excellent,

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* *The Kaiser's Memoirs.*

notably such genuine Russian items as tea and breadstuffs, soups and fish dishes.

The festivities gave me an opportunity to become better acquainted with the Imperial family. They all treated me with proverbial Russian kindness and courtesy. The appearance of the men was very imposing, as most of them were above the average height, though the mighty figure of Alexander III over-topped them all. The Grand Duke Vladimir was fair, but his brother, the Admiral, Grand Duke Alexei, much fairer: his handsome face and figure resembled that of some Germanic chieftain from the Sagas. I received especial kindness from the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, brother-in-law of the Grand Duke of Baden and grandfather of the Crown Princess Cecilie. His was another proud and chivalrous figure. The Tsaritsa seemed a tiny and most attractive being by the side of her immense husband. Very stately was the Grand Duchess Alexandra, widow of the Grand Duke Constantine, with her tall, slim figure and erect bearing; her face was still beautiful under its crown of snow-white hair. She had been a favourite cousin of my father's, and was kind to me for that reason and because I had played at Cannes in the winter of 1869–70 with the son she had prematurely lost. Grand Duchess Vladimir was very beautiful in a matronly way. The wife of the Grand Duke Michael had preserved her youthful freshness. These three ladies were very good to me; they explained the habits and customs of the Court, and told me the visits I ought to pay, and so on. The family picture was brightened by the cheery presence of a large number of quite young Grand Dukes. An amusing incident used to enliven our meal times; when the Tsaritsa entered the room where we were all assembled, and the young Grand Dukes greeted her with heels together and spurs clattering, she would sing out to them the greeting given by a captain to his soldiers, and they then returned the correct reply in unison.

* * *

On the morning of my arrival I visited the Fortress of Peter and Paul, and laid a wreath on the marble tomb of

Alexander II there. Countless trophies from past wars decorated the church. I was particularly interested in seeing the little wooden house from Zaandam, in Holland, where Peter the Great had lived when working as a shipwright. On my return to the Winter Palace I had the honour of presenting the Insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle to the Tsarevitch in the presence of the Tsar and the whole Imperial family. The Tsar bade me convey his heartiest thanks to the Emperor.

The coming-of-age festivities were predominantly of a military character. The great halls of the Winter Palace, as I passed through them with the Tsar before the opening of the ceremony, were full of picked contingents from the St. Petersburg Regiments of the Guard, and with their flags and standards they were a splendid sight. When, after hurriedly getting into Russian uniform, I returned to the reception, the Tsar, to my great surprise, told me he had appointed me honorary colonel of the Viborg Infantry No. 85. Next day a detachment of this regiment, which had come from barracks in Novgorod by his orders, reported to me.

The ceremonies began with a service, my place in the princely procession being by the side of Queen Olga of Greece. It was an imposing scene : the Tsaritsa and the Grand Duchesses were in grande toilette and their striking Russian head-dresses gave them an almost fairy-tale charm. Throughout the long religious ceremony, conducted by the worthy Metropolitans of Novgorod and St. Petersburg, assisted by members of the Holy Synod and high clerical dignitaries in superb robes, and accompanied by an impressive choir, the little heir to the throne, a delicate boy of fourteen, stood alone before the altar in his pale blue uniform. In a clear voice he read the oath of fealty to Tsar and country and to the constitutional order of succession ; no one present could help feeling deeply moved. Then prayers were spoken by the church dignitaries, the Te Deum thundered out, the bells began to ring and three hundred and one salvoes of cannon resounded. After the " ad multos annos " had been given forth and the members of the Holy Synod had felicitated their Majesties and the Tsarevitch, the whole assembly moved in

close procession to the St. George's Hall, where the banners and standards of the military detachments were massed before the throne. The Tsarevitch took up his stand at a small altar.

A detachment of great bearded Cossack Life Guards next appeared, and lowered their ancient, richly embroidered standard before the Heir Apparent, now their Hetman. Taking hold of a corner he spoke the prescribed words of the oath with obvious emotion, but in a distinct voice. It was an impressive moment. Many wept; clear drops sparkled on the iron-grey beard of the old standard bearer. There were few unmoved faces when the ceremony ended with the embrace of the son by his parents. Many a quiet prayer for God's blessing for the future Tsar went up.

On the day after the coming of age the so-called Division of Recruits by the Tsar took place in the square before the Winter Palace, a ceremony which enabled the available infantry material to be surveyed. The infantry recruits stood, in regimental formation, in the first line, the cavalry behind them, and then the artillery. The Commanders, Inspector-Generals, Grand Dukes and Imperial Suite were all present. The material impressed me deeply; these were picked men. The Paul Grenadier recruits, who have to have slightly turned-up noses, were a remarkable sight. The Chevalier Guard and *Garde à Cheval* recruits were a very nice-looking lot, though the fact that hardly any of them had any hips made their white capes look as though they had been poured over their slim bodies.

As we went down the Tsar said jokingly to me: "Be sure to notice the keen competition for the best-looking men between the Preobrajensky, First Guards' Regiment, and the Naval Guards." And so it proved. A man like a young sapling wearing the Preobrajensky jacket was claimed by the captain of the Naval Guards; the Preobrajensky captain refused to give him up. The Divisional Commander and General in command spoke on one side, the Minister of Marine and Admiral Alexei on the other. The Tsar finally came down on the side of the Preobrajensky, to the obvious delight of the colonel and of the sergeant-major of the battalion to which the recruit

was assigned. This latter was a huge fellow with a vast beard and tremendous chest development, a pair of kindly blue eyes and a row of decorations extending from shoulder to shoulder. He was a special favourite of the Imperial family, and had more than once been presented to my grandfather on visits to Berlin. I shook his hand in congratulation on his acquisition and had my own arm nearly shaken off in his delight, as he cried in broken German "Soldier, not sailor; soldier better." When I met him again later in Berlin he told me, beaming all over, "Recruit good soldier; already subaltern."

The review over, I went to show myself to the Tsar in my Viborg regimentals. Although suspicious and reserved by disposition, the Tsar had taken to me and talked with unusual frankness and friendliness. I took advantage of the opportunity to execute my grandfather's commission and reassure him about the Bulgarian affair—to which I shall return later—and, at the same time, to endeavour to win his support for the "*entente à trois*" with Austria-Hungary. He proved to be deeply prejudiced against the Danubian monarchy, and all sorts of arguments had to be brought forth to convince him of the necessity of the Three Emperors' Alliance. I relied, as I had been instructed to do, mainly on the proposition, calculated to appeal to him, that the three empires must stand together against anarchy; in Prince Bismarck's phrase, the three empires must stand together as a triangular bulwark against the gathering waves of anarchy and liberal democracy. The letters of Herbert Bismarck* and the reports of our Ambassador† show that my efforts were not without result; indeed, two years later, when greeting the Tsar at Brest-Litovsk, my grandfather referred directly to this success‡. A conversation on the afternoon of the same day with Giers, the Foreign Minister, followed the same political lines, and can, I think, be regarded as having been of some service to the relations between Germany and Russia‖.

* See Appendix No. 14.

† "High Policy of the European Cabinets," 1871–1914. Vol. 3, Nos. 631–634.

‡ *Ibid.* Vol. 5, No. 984; note.

‖ See Appendices Nos. 7–17.

On 20th May the Grand Duke Alexei took me over the naval dockyards at Kronstadt and showed me the ships building in the slips.* Next day I attended the dinner of the Empress's Own Life Guards at Gatchina; on the morning of 22nd May I attended a fire brigade parade, and later inspected a battery of Guards Artillery; in the afternoon I received the French and Austrian Ambassadors and the Danish representative. This completed my official programme. I used the time that remained to visit the Cathedral, the Alexander Nevski Cloisters, the Hermitage and other museums. In the famous pilgrims' chapel on the Nevski, where the bones of Saint Alexander and other famous personages are buried, I stood before the tomb of the mighty General Suvaroff, with its impressively laconic inscription, "Here lies Suvaroff."

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It was often very late before I could sit down to write my daily report to my grandfather, but I enjoyed telling him of incidents in which I knew he took the liveliest interest, and sending him the greeting of old acquaintances to whom he had introduced me. Among these was Frau von Rohrbeck, who had been lady-in-waiting to his sister the Tsaritsa Charlotte, and now had charge of the crown jewels. The good old lady was much touched by receiving my grandfather's greetings.

Another of his sister's ladies was an ancient dame, Bartenieff by name. She transferred her devotion to me, and when I stayed at Peterhof for the first time after my accession she had herself wheeled to the window in her chair, propped up by cushions, to give me greeting. She was then 90. As we passed, the Tsar pointed her out to me, saying: "*Voilà la chère Mademoiselle Bartenieff, qui espère d'attraper un regard de ta part!*"

* * *

I left Petersburg on the evening of 22nd May for Moscow, as the Tsar, in our conversation of the 19th, had advised me to visit it. He further paid me the great and unlooked-for

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* See Appendix No. 10.

honour of accompanying me from the Anitchkoff Palace to the station in his open carriage, attired in Prussian uniform—a distinction that made a profound general impression, the more so that the Tsar rarely paid such an honour even to sovereigns. All the Grand Dukes and the Viborg regimental detachment were at the station to see me off.

I left Petersburg with the sense that I had fulfilled my mission to the best of my abilities.

* * *

I arrived in Moscow on the morning of 23rd May. After the usual reception at the station, I drove to the Kremlin, where the Tsar had had rooms prepared for me. I was received by Governor-General Prince Dolgoroukoff, and the President of the Household, Count Orloff-Davidoff, and his wife looked after me in every way.

The far-famed Kremlin is a city rather than a castle. Palaces, cathedrals, cloisters, barracks and administrative offices are enclosed within the famous wall, with its machicolated towers. On my tour of inspection I first visited the coronation rooms. Largely in the Byzantine style, with decorations in gold mosaic, they are indeed magnificent, and one is immediately struck by the Eastern influence. Then I went on to the Halls of the Orders, so called because each Russian Order has its hall, with the walls and furniture covered in the colour appropriate to it, and hung with the emblems and insignia of the Order in metal. The Andrew Hall, in pale blue satin, and the Catherine Hall in wine coloured satin with silver trimmings, pleased me best. The George Hall in white marble, with the names of the knights inscribed in gold, was the largest. I saw there the names of many Prussian heroes dating from the war of Liberation, reminder of the glorious days of brotherhood in arms, among them those of Prince Frederick Charles, of my father and of my grandfather. Higher up were dwellings in early mediæval style, dating from the days of the Grand Dukes and Tsars of Moscow, with windows supported on beautifully turned columns, decorated with many-coloured majolica work. From these windows there was a superb view

over the town, with its countless cupolas, gold, green and blue, crowned with crosses and chains of gold: with the sun playing over it the whole thing was fairylike and unique.

I visited a number of interesting buildings and churches with Prince Dolgoroukoff, and went, without him, to the old hospital and almshouses belonging to the German colony. I saw the Vassili-Blashinny Cathedral, built by Ivan the Terrible, with its conical and pineapple-shaped cupolas, vividly coloured, as was the rest of the church. Tsar Ivan is said to have been so delighted with this piece of architecture that he had the master builder's eyes put out so that he could never repeat it—a story also told of other princes.

I also visited the great church then in process of erection in a great open space outside the city as a memorial of the war of Liberation. Its aisles were inlaid with marble tablets, bearing inscriptions displaying Imperial rescripts, reports of battles, *ordres de bataille* given to the troops taking part in them, and names of the fallen—the whole constituting a remarkable memorial of a great period, and one in which Germany and Austria have their share. On Sparrow Hill I thought of the moment when Napoleon's eyes rested on the town for the first time.

Finally, I visited the Coronation Church and the cathedrals, where the coffins of the early Tsars of Moscow, wrapped in scarlet velvet, lie in rows, not in the vaults, but in the church itself. Prince Dolgoroukoff pulled me up as I was walking very slowly along this row, and whispered in my ear: "Ivan! Ivan the Terrible!" A shudder ran through me as I stood before the coffin of this grim and mighty prince. We left the place in dead silence.

At the Tsar's request I inspected the infantry divisions of the Moscow garrison in the great depôt there, the largest training establishment in the world. The huge size of this building made it extraordinarily impressive despite its austere simplicity. The niches were occupied, alternately, by great tiled stoves and chapels for military service, which the majority of the troops were thus enabled to attend on Sundays. Under the command of General (*à la suite*) Ellis I saw there, as

first line troops, four battalions of Grenadiers—"Frederick William IV of Prussia" *—ranked in battle column; behind them, likewise in column, eight battalions made up of regiments from the Moscow Grenadiers. General Count Brevern de la Gardie, commander of the Moscow military district, received me at the gate. At his request I shouted the usual greeting. The twelve battalions replied in unison, and then gave a triple hurrah. Both the present arms and parade marching were good; the march, easy and rather quicker than ours.

At a breakfast, subsequently given in the Kremlin for the higher officers, I made the acquaintance of some of their rather elderly generals. Many had been in Berlin in their younger days, and spoke appreciatively of our army and of its long-standing relations with the Russian. For example, General Brevern asked much about Berlin and Potsdam, where he had been in his time. He asked me so many questions about people at court, in society, and in the Guards, who were but names to me, that I at last asked when he had been last in Berlin. "Anno 1854" was his reply. There was another nice old general, whose name, as far as I can recall it, was Field-Marshal Count Barclay de Tolly, who had many Prussian memories. I felt that the old tradition of Prussian-Russian brotherhood-in-arms was a living thing for these men of the elder generation, and one they would gladly see revived.

My stay in Moscow ended with a farewell supper on 25th May, given by Prince Dolgoroukoff, at which the Mayor of Moscow and the Generals were present. His kitchen and cellar were renowned, and the report was justified on this evening. The *Sakuska* (hors d'œuvre) alone comprised a wealth of dishes and drinks more than sufficient to satisfy a Prussian appetite. Then came a menu of more than a dozen courses, and the kindly host exercised a "friendly compulsion" to partake of each. The meal lasted over two hours, and the old gentlemen gradually grew jovial and lively. At the close, the Prince called for three cheers for the Tsar, and, mindful of old times, for my grandfather. After dinner we smoked in another

* Shortly before the war I presented the regiment with a portrait of the King, on the occasion of its jubilee.

room, while Russian folk-songs were discoursed in tasteful chorus by gipsies, male and female, with voices of bell-like purity.

At midnight the Prince brought me to the station, where the officers of the Frederick William IV Grenadiers, and many of the dinner guests, saw me off. Loud hurrahs sounded as the special train, placed at my disposal by the Tsar, drew out from the platform. I reached Berlin on 28th May.

* * *

My next visit to Russian soil took place in 1886. In February of that year my grandfather's A.D.C., Prince Anton Radziwill, invited me to a bear-hunt on his Russian estates. Having received my grandfather's permission, I departed on 12th February *viâ* Warsaw for Nieswiecz, the Radziwills' ancient castle in the Minsk Government, accompanied by my A.D.C., Major von Krosigk. Our train was joined a few stations before Warsaw by Consul-General Baron von Rechenberg, a man for whom Prince Bismarck had a high esteem. He told us something of conditions in Warsaw. At Baranovitchi, which it was then believed would develop into a big junction, we exchanged train for sleighs that looked from the outside like the upper parts of carriages set on runners. Inside they were so roomy that one could either sit up or recline, wrapped in huge bearskin rugs, and well hidden under the hood.

The bleak and dreary countryside was several feet deep in snow: the track, indicated by two sets of wheelmarks was only marked off by the birches on either hand. The Empress Catherine laid out these birch alleys all over Russia and forbade anyone to cut the trees under penalty of death; but for them, the traveller could not find his way after dark, when the ground is covered with snow.

Nieswiecz is a huge old castle surrounded by a bastion of earth. In the yard I was received by the commanding and other officers of the Dragoon Regiment garrisoned there, of which the Landgrave of Hesse was honorary colonel. The Prince took me over the castle and showed me a great gallery

of portraits of his ancestors. They were martial-looking men, nearly all of them carrying a golden club in one hand and mostly attired in long fur-trimmed garments. I could not help saying that I did not think very much of these pictures as works of art. The jovial Prince declared with a laugh that he was entirely of my opinion, and would give me the history of the pictures. His uncle, General Leon Radziwill, once got a painter from France to come and restore the pictures. When he arrived Radziwill took him into the hall and indicated what he wanted him to do. The artist turned pale, crying desperately : " Monseigneur, je crains un malentendu, une confusion, car je ne suis point portraitiste, mais un peintre d'animaux." The owner of the castle calmly replied: " Mon cher, cela ne fait rien du tout. Ces gens là, regardez les bien, étaient tous plus au moins des animaux."*

In a cellar were a number of cannon from the time of John Sobieski, of the most singular shape I have ever seen. Most of them were cast in the form of Corinthian or Ionic pillars, including the capitals; others resembled trees with the branches lopped off. I told the Prince that the cannon must be pretty valuable, not only for their bronze content, but as examples of the art of the foundry such as hardly existed in any museum; it was a pity to let them lie neglected in a cellar. When he replied that he did not know what to do with them, I suggested that he might use them as supports for the roof of a little house in the great, rather desolate, court-yard. Later he mentioned that he had acted on this suggestion and the yard was much improved.

At mid-day we resumed our sleigh-ride to the Radziwill-Monte Estate. At one point we crossed a great wide road, on which, to my surprise, there was not a sleigh to be seen. This, so the Prince explained later, was the famous " Lord-street," drawn once by Tsar Nicholas I with his ruler as a direct route between Moscow and Warsaw. It touched

* " Sir, I am afraid there has been some mistake. I am not a portrait painter, but a painter of animals."

" Oh, my dear fellow, that doesn't matter. If you look at these people, they were all pretty much animals."

few towns and hardly any villages, and, therefore, was hardly used at all.

In the small town of Kilez we paused and fed the horses. The weather was glorious, five degrees below zero, with a brilliant sun, and the entire population was on its feet, gazing with a curiosity that never became offensive at our sledges, the hoods now thrown back. The men wore the usual Great Russian fur-coat. Their heavily lined faces, with light blue eyes and great surrounding mass of fair hair and beard, had a sort of resemblance to Dürer's Apostles. The women were well and strongly built; their dress consisted of a shirt, open at the neck and free about the arms, and skirt reaching half way down the calf; shoes and stockings seemed to be unknown luxuries. When the Prince told the people who I was, the peasants, bowing low, took off their caps, while the women, those of them that had children in their arms or at the breast, came up to the sleigh and held the babies out for me to caress. In the background the village boys and girls were sliding down snow mounds: I saw many a little creature with nothing on but a tiny shift, sliding bare as our children do by the sea. Such hardiness astonished me; the Prince remarked, "Anyone weakly that cannot stand this life, goes under. Those who survive are so hardened that they can stand anything."

We arrived in the evening at Radziwill-Monte, where cosy quarters awaited us. Then, on the afternoon of the next day, we reached the Deniskovicz hunting lodge, in the Pripet Marshes. We found there a small hunting party, consisting of a General *à la suite* whose name I have forgotten, Prince Matthias Radziwill, the Tsar's Gentleman-in-Waiting, and Prince William Radziwill, the Prince's brother. Deniskovicz, surrounded by underwood, was a simple wooden house with modest but comfortable rooms. I had a bedroom to myself, the others shared a big common bedroom; one room served as both drawing and dining room. A gigantic forester, born in Upper Silesia, called Biernatzki, reported that there were several lairs. Our hopes, therefore, were high. The Prince introduced Herr Ablamowitch, his estate manager, and the

Polish hunters who would drive the bears under Biernatzki's direction : they looked intelligent and businesslike.

Next morning the weather was glorious and we set off in sleighs. These sleighs were constructed out of washing baskets, filled with straw, fitted with a board seat and swung on runners. The driver sat almost on his fare's knees—each sleigh took one passenger only—and drove a little Galician nag with a bell round its neck. Sitting low down on the snow, one ran no danger from a fall or an upset. When that happened, the driver picked up passenger and basket without turning a hair, knocking off the snow, with the great Russian word that is always forthcoming in any contretemps by way of comfort—" Nitchevo " (It doesn't matter).

At the rendezvous, Biernatski and his huntsmen met us with the news that the bear was fast. The huntsmen wore neat grey fur-lined jackets, black fur caps, long stockings and high fur boots. They were equipped with rifles and hunting knives and carried large horns, fitted with mouthpieces to give the " bear signal " with as soon as the bear got loose. The preserve in which the bear had been scented was surrounded by between 400 and 500 beaters, standing so close that they could often touch hands. They were a parti-coloured and quaint-looking crowd : one saw every kind and colour of furs and cloaks. Some had great staves in their hands, others had shot-guns of every period, some even being booty taken from Charles XII of Sweden.

We now dispersed to our butts. Ablamowitch placed me by a huge and venerable fir tree. From this, his autumn lair, it was said the bear had moved into his winter quarters on the first fall of snow ; it was thought that when disturbed he intended to move back again. I was instructed to let him get as near as possible and not to fire until I had a clear sight with no branches to divert the bullet. To my right, at some 50 paces distant, Ablamowitch posted himself ; on my left a huge old bear-hunter who grasped my stoutest spear in his enormous fists. Close behind me stood my faithful loader Rolfing, with a reserve double-barrel, my first being cocked ready in my hand. Behind Rolfing again was the

good chief of the gendarmerie, with another spare rifle and cartridges, and behind him a captain of gendarmerie with some of his men as grand reserve for the great fight.

Accustomed as I was to go out shooting with one forester as a guide, alone with Rolfing, this display of armed might against one bear seemed excessive. Ablamowitch, however, said that a bear once shot at became uncontrollable, and would attack everything he saw. For that reason, even if the animal fell, I must not cease shooting till he became immobile; therefore, too, he had advised me not to omit to take a revolver for close fighting. My range commanded about some 150 yards; the view had an interesting outline owing to the fact that several mighty pines had been thrown across each other by the wind.

The huntsmen were busy with the dogs, using little pointers first to scent him out, while the big boarhounds would be loosed on him when he came out and then harry him until he came within the firing lines. Suddenly the profound silence of the lovely sunny day was rent by a howl from the horns mingled with the furious baying of dogs. Every nerve was taut. The hunter on my left with the spear nodded contentedly at me and pointed to the thicket where the bear would break loose. As soon as the boarhounds got the bear to the beaters they—in not unnatural anxiety—raised a loud shout and fired in the air so that he was driven back again.

All at once the huntsman to my left went rigid as a pillar of salt, his eyes sparkled obliquely and he whispered in his deep bass "Medwjed" (the bear), while Rolfing murmured to me "The bear is coming across from the left, about 120 yards off." I pointed my gun—directly after a wheezing and snorting was audible: another instant, and a great round dark ball of fur, a huge muff-like object, was rolling through the snow, driving waves of snow before it like a ship in swift motion.

As soon as the bear came out into the open I fired, aiming about a yard before what I thought might be the head. To my immense surprise the bear, without a sign, doubled like a hare. Hard hit as he was, he tried to drag himself along by his front paws until he lay prone, paws hanging over a fallen fir tree. Blood, pouring copiously on to the snow,

PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA

HUNTING BEARS IN RUSSIA, 1886

FROM THE PAINTING BY JUL. FAILAT

showed that the shot had been mortal. Since the bear's head was still erect, I gave him two more shots; whereupon my "armed power" felt it their duty to open fire. When it had, with some difficulty, been silenced, my bearhunter signed to me to go up and stepped out with his spear. I followed, my loaded revolver ready. The bear, however, was already done. My first shot had injured his spine, while the other two had gone through the heart. There was general rejoicing and congratulations rained in on me from all sides. I returned home full of pride, to inform my wife, my parents and my grandfather of my first bear. The event was properly celebrated at dinner that night.

During the next few days I shot two more bears, of which one was killed under difficult conditions. He came over an open level of snow towards the tree at the edge of the forest by which I was standing, in the middle of a wildly yelping pack of hounds, some of which had bitten themselves in firmly on his neck just behind the ears. It was impossible to distinguish which was bear and which was dog. As the hounds are very valuable, and it was not possible to recognize the head of the bear, which was half covered with snow, I did not dare to fire, and the whole scrimmage came to within twenty paces of me. When the bear caught sight of me, he turned like a flash, and so gave me the opportunity of giving him a mortal wound from behind, in a spot where there were no dogs, under which he at once collapsed. The great hounds rushed at the wounded animal from every side, and it was a hard job to call them off so that the skin should not be damaged. As paced out, he lay 35 feet from where I had been standing. This time the "armed power" had not intervened. For the rest, one of the bears killed was a female, who left two cubs behind. According to Russian custom, whoever shoots a female bear must take care of her young. I therefore took the two little bears away with me and had them brought up in the Palace at Potsdam, where for years to come they provided my children with amusement, and themselves with entertainment, by nibbling off all the buttons they could possibly reach.

My loader, Rolfing, told me much of what he had seen in the

village, including the primitive log houses in which the people lived, with the smaller domestic animals and the poultry, in a single room almost entirely without furniture. It is noteworthy that in the peasants' houses there often hung, in addition to the usual pictures of saints, colour-prints representing Alexander I, Nicholas I, Frederick William III, and my grandfather. In the year 1886, that is to say, there still lingered in the remote Pripet marshes memories of the Wars of Liberation and of the Holy Alliance! I myself visited such a house and convinced myself of the fact.

Another incident also gave evidence that the former intimate relations between Russia and Prussia were not forgotten. Late one afternoon I noticed a frequent and excited coming and going on the part of Ablamovitch and Biernatski, who looked very perturbed and had frequent talks with Prince Anton; at table, too, the Prince and Ablamovitch seemed to me to be very preoccupied. It was only on the evening of the next day of the shooting, after three bears had been shot, that the Prince explained matters to me. The beaters, besides their regular pay for beating, received in addition a sum for every bear shot. As four had now been killed, they were now in possession of a respectable amount of money, and they therefore announced their intention of not doing any beating next day, which they proposed to spend in converting their earnings into vodka. All efforts at persuasion were fruitless. At last the Prince was begged to speak to the people himself, which he did. When he, too, met with opposition, he was driven—to use his own expression—to his "last resource." He explained to the beaters that his guest was the grandson of the Emperor William I, the brother-in-law of the former Tsar Nicholas I. What would the King say if his grandson were to tell him, in answer to the question of how many bears he had shot, that he could have shot many more if the beaters had not refused to beat? That would be an eternal disgrace to them. Thereupon the people had met together for a short consultation, the result of which that they decided to beat on the following day after all. He said that, during the night, ski-runners (all the peasants in those parts

run on skis) had been sent out to the villages in the neighbourhood, and that, instead of the 500 beaters asked for, 800 had turned up. I begged the Prince to thank the blond giants for their excellent beating, and said that I would duly report it to my grandfather.

On 21st February we started on our return journey in the same fashion and by the same road, accompanied by my two little bears. When I got home I had, of course, to give a full account of my adventures. My grandfather was particularly interested in what I told him about the bear hunting, and the incident of the beaters ; for he was always delighted when the good old memories of Russo-German friendship were kept alive.

CHAPTER XX

THE BATTENBERG AFFAIR AND ITS SEQUEL

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, His Antecedents and Breach with Russia in 1883—Deported by Russian Agents, He Returns and Abdicates —His Engagement to My Sister Victoria in 1882 Leads to Acute Family Differences—The Marriage supported by My Mother, Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales—I Oppose it with My Grandparents and Bismarck, and the Marriage is Abandoned in 1885—Summoned to Gastein in 1886 by My Grandfather for the Conference with the Emperor Francis Joseph, I am sent on a Mission to Russia to Promote a *rapprochement*—I Reluctantly Accept—Indignation of my Father at Being Passed Over—Meeting with the Tsar at Brest-Litovsk—The Tsar's Personal Friendliness, but Hostility to Bismarck—My Return to Germany and Reconciliation with my Father—Increasing Tension of our Relations with Russia Owing to the Pan-Slav Agitation and Her Leaning towards France in Spite of Bismarck's "Re-insurance" Treaty in 1887—The Bulgarian "Forgeries" add to the Friction—Visit of the Tsar to Berlin and Conversations with Bismarck—The *détente* only Temporary—Moltke's Report on the War on Two Fronts—Bismarck Retorts to Russian Threats by Publishing the Treaty of Alliance with Austria-Hungary on February 3rd, 1888—His Historic Speech in the Reichstag Three Days Later.

AT this point the sequence of my recollections of Russia makes it necessary for me, however unwillingly, to deal with the unpleasant Battenberg affair. For obvious reasons, I will do this only so far and with such details as the circumstances demand.

On 22nd April, 1879, the Bulgarian National Assembly at Tirnova elected as their Prince the son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a nephew of the Tsar Alexander II, who had proposed him as candidate. He was a Prussian officer, had been attached to the Russian headquarters during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–1878, and had then been transferred to the Gardes du Corps. Here he was a second lieutenant when the news of his election reached him. My grandfather at once promoted him, and he took

part as a staff officer in the spring parade at Potsdam before setting out for his new country. At the age of 22 he was an uncommonly handsome and sympathetic man of tall and stately figure.

The relations between the Tsar Alexander III and the young Prince, which were at first cordial, suffered an irreparable breach when in Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia the efforts directed towards the union of the two territories grew more and more persistent. Since it was impossible for Prince Alexander to oppose these efforts, the Russians devised a plan for deposing him and bringing the country under their immediate rule ; the Congress of Berlin had assigned it to them as a sphere of influence. In view of these tendencies, which were presently quite clear, in September, 1883, Prince Alexander dismissed the Russian Generals and Ministers—Kaulbars, Skobelev and others—with whom he had hitherto ruled. The Bulgaro-Eastern Rumelian efforts resulted, on 18th September, 1885, in the proclamation of the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia with which, however, the Prince had of course nothing to do. Russia thought it impossible to consent to this in any circumstances, and so the tension was yet further increased between the Empire of the Tsars and the young State which it regarded as its vassal. Added to this there was a threat of European complications, when King Milan of Serbia, in view of Bulgaria's increase of territory, demanded compensations and declared war on Bulgaria. Contrary to Bismarck's wish, he was not prevented from taking this course by Austria-Hungary, which had been in alliance with Serbia since 1881. The Tsar now caused the name of his renegade cousin to be erased from the Army List ; the Serbians suffered a severe defeat at Slivnitza and were only saved from annihilation by the intervention of Austria-Hungary. This called Russia into the arena and there arose a serious danger of an Austro-Russian war, which for a long time assumed very threatening forms ; it seemed impossible to prevent the outbreak of a war between Russia on the one side and Austria-Hungary and the German Empire, which was allied with the Danube Monarchy, on the other, and into this war France would inevitably have been drawn.

Prince Alexander, then, who was forced to see that a reconciliation with the Tsar was outside the range of possibility, turned away from Russia and approached Turkey. Thus, in April, 1886, the union between Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia came about, the Sultan conferring the governor-generalship of Eastern Rumelia upon the Prince, though only for five years and without mentioning his name.

Russia now set all levers to work to recover her lost influence in Bulgaria and to get rid of Prince Alexander. Russian agents travelled about the country stirring the people up against the Prince. This led in the end, on the night of the 20th-21st August, 1886, to a mutiny of some of the troops and a *coup d'état* against the Prince, who was surprised while in bed and deported to Russian territory. He succeeded, however, in escaping into Galicia.

Meanwhile all the garrisons had declared for him, and a Provisional Regency had re-elected him Prince, and only eight days after his escape he was able to return to Sofia amid the rejoicings of the people. At this moment, in an effort to restore good relations with Russia, he made the mistake of declaring that he was prepared to give back his crown into the hands of the Russian Sovereign, since it was from him that he had received it. This speculation was in every respect unsuccessful. The Tsar replied that he disapproved of Alexander's return, and the Prince left the country for ever, after handing over the regency to Stambulov.

So much for the historical events. I have now only to add a short account of the effect they had at our Court and in our family life.

Prince Alexander visited Berlin first in June, 1882, and came again in the following June. On this occasion my sister Victoria fell deeply in love with the handsome Prince, a feeling which was obviously reciprocated. This projected marriage now became for years the source of violent differences inside the family and in the domain of high politics. The marriage was supported by the Crown Princess and by Queen Victoria, whose daughter Beatrice had married Prince Alexander's youngest brother, as also by the Prince of Wales and by

my sister Charlotte. The Emperor and Empress, on the other hand, absolutely refused their consent to it, Prince Bismarck having represented to them that it would bring us into conflict with Russia. Between the two contending parties my father, who would gladly have followed the dictates of his own noble heart, was in a position of great difficulty.

Like my grandparents, I took very decidedly the view of Bismarck and fought all tendencies in the opposite direction with all my strength. It was a great grief to me that this cast a heavy shadow over my relations with my mother, and I also took the personal fate of my sister very much to heart. But as the well-being of the Fatherland was at stake, all personal desires had to be silenced.

The affair ended, in the first instance, by my grandfather declaring to the Prince, in an audience in May, 1884, that he had no interest in Bulgaria, and by Bismarck telling him roundly that, so long as he was Chancellor, the marriage would never take place. Then, in March of the following year, my grandfather addressed a sharp letter to the Prince, in which he spoke strongly against the marriage, and Alexander thereupon wrote my grandfather a letter in which he renounced the project. This was not revived during my grandfather's life-time.

It has been necessary to mention these things in order to make the relations between Germany and Russia in the 'eighties comprehensible. I had already had to talk about the affair during my first mission to Russia, and it was again discussed during my second visit in 1886.

* * *

In the summer of the year 1886 I underwent a two months' cure at Reichenhall in consequence of the trouble in my ear. Here, at the beginning of August, I received my grandfather's command to join him at Gastein, in order to be at his disposal during his meeting with the Emperor Francis Joseph, which had been fixed for the 8th and 9th.

It was several days before the appointed time that I joined my grandfather, who was just then not in very good health,

so that I had an opportunity of observing the life at Gastein. The most notable personality among the visitors was the Empress Elizabeth, who was also doing a cure; she often visited my grandfather, in order to have long talks with him. Besides numerous members of the Austro-Hungarian nobility, there were many North Germans present, among them Prince and Princess Bismarck, Count Herbert Bismarck, General Count Waldersee, our Ambassador in Vienna Prince Reuss, the Military Attaché, Count Wedel, Minister of State von Boetticher and his wife, the old Count of Dohna-Schlobitten with his son Richard, and others. My grandfather's two Chiefs of Cabinet, his body physician, the Chief aides-de-camp Lehndorff and Radziwill, and the Marshal of the Court Perponcher were, of course, present. At mid-day, and in the evening a few German and foreign guests were always invited to my grandfather's table, and with these he conversed in the most amiable fashion and quite without any restraint of ceremony. Every afternoon I accompanied the gentlemen of his suite to a little country inn called "Zur schwarzen Lies'l," which lay above Gastein, where we played skittles.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, who came accompanied by his Master of the Ceremonies and A.D.C. Prince Constantine Hohenlohe, arrived at midday on 8th August, and was received by all of us; the mutual greeting of the two Sovereigns was exceedingly hearty. Count Kálnoky, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, with his secretary, Count Aehrenthal, arrived in the evening. During this and the following day the Monarchs and their responsible Ministers were occupied with political discussions, which were concerned above all with the threatening situation created by the revolt in Rumelia. To the best of my knowledge, Bismarck tried at Gastein to bind Austria-Hungary more closely and firmly to Germany, both economically and from the military point of view, but in any case he did not succeed in doing so. Since the Prince, after the Russian disillusionment at the Congress of Berlin and the rising of the tide of Pan-Slavism in Russia, had always been haunted by the fear of a Franco-Russian alliance, while, as I assume, his plans with regard to Austria-Hungary had now

broken down, he must have decided to bring about a new *rapprochement* with Russia, and for this purpose to guarantee the Tsar a free hand in the Balkans and the Straits. This was probably the reason for my mission, on which I touched briefly in my former book* ; it was intended primarily to advertise abroad the continued existence of the Alliance of the Three Emperors.

After the close of the political conversations, on 9th August, my grandfather commanded me to his presence and informed me of his intention to send me on a mission to the Tsar. This was a violent shock to me, as it meant that my father was to be passed over, and I ventured, with all reverence, to point this out. I received the answer that Prince Bismarck was firmly opposed to sending my father, as the Crown Prince was anti-Russian and pro-English, and was, moreover, a friend of the Prince of Battenberg, whom the Tsar hated. Thereupon my grandfather sent me to Prince Bismarck.

That was a hard path for me! I told myself that my father would be very deeply hurt, and that he would be bound to assume that I had tried by an intrigue to set myself in his place. I resolved, therefore, to beg the Prince to set me aside and to turn to my father. The Chancellor, however, cut all my arguments short by pointing out that the Emperor had issued his commands, and that it was for me to obey. The formal responsibility for this step, he said, was borne by His Majesty, and that morally neither he, the Chancellor, nor I, even as regards my father, had any responsibility whatever. So, whether I liked it or not, I had to undertake the ticklish commission.

At noon of the following day my grandfather left for Salzburg, *en route* for Potsdam, and I accompanied him for the first stage of the journey. Our travelling costume was black frock-coat and silk hat—in the fearful summer heat! For the leave-taking the Emperor Francis Joseph and a large number of German and Austrian guests had assembled on the steps of the hotel in Gastein. It was the last time that the two Emperors met.

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* *The Kaiser's Memoirs*, p. 12.

We drove down to Lend along a dusty road and under a scorching sun. My grandfather soon fell asleep. His *chasseur* therefore handed me an open umbrella, which I held over the sleeper during the whole drive. When we entered the railway-carriage we were met by a terrible wave of heat, for the train had been standing the whole day under the burning sun. At the station of Salzburg my grandfather already had great difficulty in alighting; he had, none the less, a few gracious words for each of the high Austrian officials who were in attendance, and for the Austrian ladies who presented him with flowers. In the hotel opposite the station very steep stairs had to be mounted, during which, by Leuthold's direction, the Emperor was supported by a *chasseur*. Much to the distress of the anxious physician, the actress Frau Kahle-Kessler presented my grandfather with another bouquet, which led him into a conversation, while numerous hotel guests crowded round. To cap all, at the top of the stairs stood the Grand Duchess Sophie of Saxe-Weimar and her daughter, with whom my grandfather also chatted for a while, until at last Leuthold and the *chasseur* got him into his bedroom. While we were waiting anxiously in the ante-chamber Leuthold appeared again with a serious face and announced that my grandfather had had a bad fainting fit.

We were, as may be imagined, greatly depressed. As the recovery of the Emperor was very slow, General von Albedyll and I decided to keep watch all night. We took our seats on a bench at the edge of the grounds, opposite my grandfather's windows, and there spent the greater part of the warm summer night under glorious moonlight. We talked long and intimately, summoning up many mental pictures of the past; during these hours, too, we adjusted our differences arising out of the fight about the Union Club, and were once more reconciled. Albedyll admitted that my standpoint had been right, and that in this matter he had done me injustice. I pressed the general's hand in silence, and so vanished the estrangement between us which had lasted for months, while with anxious hearts we looked up at the Emperor's windows.

Fortunately, my grandfather had so far recovered in the

course of the next day that he was able in the evening to continue his journey. I, myself, first returned to Reichenhall. Thence, on the 19th August, I went with Philip Eulenburg and the Duke and Duchess Karl Theodor of Bavaria to Bayreuth, where I spent some time at "Wahnfried," laid a wreath on Wagner's grave, and, as already mentioned, attended the festival plays at the theatre.

Returned to Potsdam, I once more took up my military duties. A visit to the New Palace confirmed my fears only too well. My father was to the highest degree indignant and showed himself deeply offended. The political commission assigned to me had, as I had foreseen, introduced bitter feelings into the house of my parents.

* * *

While my grandfather and father left to attend the Imperial manœuvres in Alsace, I myself, in fulfilment of the mission entrusted to me at Gastein, set out on the evening of 8th September for Brest-Litovsk, where the Tsar was attending grand siege exercises. In attendance on me were my Court Marshal, von Liebenau, and my two personal A.D.Cs., Major von Krosigk and Captain von Pfuel. After breaking the journey for a brief time at Warsaw, where I was received by Prince Chakovskoi and General von Werder, I arrived at Brest-Litovsk at 8 o'clock in the evening of the 10th September, the weather being intensely hot. I was received at the station by the Emperor, the Tsarevitch, together with the Grand Dukes George, Vladimir, Nicholas the Elder, and Michael Nicholaievitch. We drove from the station through impenetrable dust for four or five kilometres to the citadel, where there was a great display of military activity. The Tsaritsa welcomed me in the most friendly way, as the Tsar, too, had done in remembrance of my mission to St. Petersburg two years before. During my visit General Prince Chakovskoi and Prince Bielosselsky, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, were attached to me.

After dinner there was a great practice in arming positions by night, which we watched from a canvas-roofed stand

erected on the main wall. After the order to begin the armament had been given, and communicated to all the outer forts, intense activity began by electric light in the batteries below us—the levelling of the platforms and the bringing up of the heavy guns (15 and 21 cm.). There was no word of command, and no instructions were heard. Like a swarm of ants the artillerymen, pioneers and fortress infantry went to their work, so that within half an hour the great guns were in their positions, loaded and ready to be discharged. Immediately after this a rocket went hissing up into the night sky as a signal for the salute of the fortress to the Tsar. At the same moment a salvo roared out from the batteries below us, and was taken up by the rest of the batteries of the Citadel. The air pressure was so great that we felt a very considerable shock. When the salute was over all the troops which had taken part in the operations broke into thundering cheers for the Tsar.

In the course of the following morning I was shown the mighty stores of provisions and munitions, as well as the military carrier-pigeon station. In the first the usual ammunition-bread was baked and preserved as toast, in order that it might be kept longer in store. In the afternoon we drove out to visit the troops assembled in a great camp. On the way their Majesties were greeted with great jubilation by the men engaged on the fortress works, who offered them bread and salt. On our return hundreds of officers, waving their caps and cheering, ran behind the carriage, to the evident delight of the Imperial pair. Of the afternoon tea, which was taken in the intimate circle of the Imperial family, I still remember that, owing to the great heat, the milk was sour. As sour milk was a dish which Professor von Leyden had prescribed for the Tsar as an antidote to arteriosclerosis, the Emperor Alexander took it in large quantities, which was likely enough to cause considerable inconvenience to other mortals. In the evening, in honour of the Tsar's birthday, there was a great tattoo in the Citadel, which was accompanied by the thunder of all the guns in the fortress.

Meanwhile, I found the opportunity in private conversations

THE VISIT OF PRINCE WILLIAM TO BREST-LITOVSK

SEPTEMBER, 1886

INSPECTION OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR

Congress was springing up, and Russian dissatisfaction was turning with time more and more against the " honest broker."

Only a few months after my visit to Brest-Litovsk, which had undoubtedly relaxed the tension between Russia and Germany, there came fresh complaints from Russia that she did not receive enough support for her Balkan policy from Germany, which had regard only for Austria-Hungary. In Russia the idea of a war against Austria-Hungary and Germany became more and more acceptable. In the year 1887 the Pan-Slav agitation had reached its highwater-mark. Déroulède, the French apostle of *revanche*, was fêted in St. Petersburg with immense applause, and given a strikingly cordial reception at Nizhni-Novgorod. On the other hand, Russian generals and Grand Dukes made speeches in Paris attacking Germany ; the Grand Duke Nicholas, for instance, in replying to a toast on a French steamer, alluded openly to a forthcoming Franco-Russian war against Germany. Not in the letter, but in fact, the Franco-Russian alliance had already been concluded. In consequence of what was happening in Bulgaria, Russia concentrated great masses of troops on the Austro-Hungarian and Prussian frontiers. Furthermore, the Tsar issued an ukase directed against Germany, by which all foreigners, *i.e.*, Germans, were forbidden to acquire real property in Russia. Prince Bismarck replied by forbidding the Reichsbank to lend money on Russian securities, a measure which had undoubtedly the most fatal consequences, since he thereby closed the German money market to Russia and so drove her into the arms of France. The atmosphere was so charged with tension that at any moment the rifles might have gone off of themselves.

And this situation had arisen in spite of the fact that Bismarck, after the definitive collapse of the Three Emperors' Alliance concluded in 1881, had in June, 1887, concluded with the Tsar the Re-insurance Treaty which later on became so famous ! There was never the slightest chance that the existence of this treaty would in itself have prevented a war between Russia and Germany, or that, if at that moment a war had broken out with France, it would have ensured us the

neutrality of Russia. I have, myself, no doubt but that the value of this treaty has been in many respects greatly overestimated, and that it had no significance save as a device of the great Chancellor to assist him in his complicated game of juggling with the five balls.

The Tsar was also at that time personally much annoyed and very angry with Germany, by whom he believed himself to have been tricked. This was due to the so-called Bulgarian forgeries. After the definitive abdication of Prince Alexander of Battenberg in September, 1886, the Bulgarians had elected as their Prince, in July, 1887, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, in spite of the opposition of Russia, which wished to establish a Russian general as regent in Sofia. Once more, in the effort not to give offence to Russia, Germany did not recognize the Prince. But forged letters had been placed into the hands of the Tsar, from which it appeared that Bismarck had secretly promoted the Coburg candidature, and had assured the Prince of German support in the future.

Such was the highly tense situation when, in November, the Tsar, on his homeward journey from Denmark, arrived in Berlin with his consort and the heir to the throne.

I travelled as far as Wittenberg to meet the Emperor and Empress, while the official reception in Berlin was held at the Lehrte Railway Station. The feeling between their Russian Majesties and my relations was not very cordial, for the general political tension between the two countries had transferred itself to personal relations also. It is significant, too, that the Tsar refused to take up his quarters in the Palace, but alighted as usual at the Russian Embassy.

Here, in the afternoon, Bismarck had a long conversation with the Emperor Alexander, and had no difficulty in explaining to him the nature of the Bulgarian forgeries. The Tsar also expressed himself later as much pleased that the misunderstanding had been removed, but this friendly mood did not last long.

In connection with this visit of the Tsar there is still to be mentioned an incident which occurred at table. In arranging the seats at table, Prince Bismarck was not placed opposite

the Tsar, his usual position as Imperial Chancellor, but, in accordance with his princely rank, on the so-called "blood-side" among the royalties, where the Tsar could not see him. Bismarck was much excited by this arrangement, and, indeed, it is impossible to know whether it would not have been a good thing if Bismarck had had the possibility of talking to the Tsar during dinner.

* * *

The enlightenment of the Tsar by Prince Bismarck and the relaxation of the tension between Russia and Germany had, as I have already remarked, no lasting effect. The Pan-Slav flood rose higher and higher, the cry for *revanche* grew ever louder, and the rumours that a Franco-Russian Alliance had already been concluded became more and more consistent. There was, in addition, evidence of the movement of large masses of Russian troops on the Polish-Prussian frontier.

In the middle of December my grandfather commanded Field-Marshal Moltke to draw up a report on the war on two fronts, a war which to all appearance was imminent. In addition to Count Waldersee, who was then Quartermaster-General, General von Albedyll, and the Minister of War, Bronsart von Schellendorf, I, too, had to be present when the report was presented. My grandfather began by saying a good deal about the traditional relations between Russia and Germany, his views being dominated by the memories of his youth and by the good terms on which he had been with his nephew, the murdered Tsar Alexander II. After Moltke had delivered a masterly report, the Emperor sanctioned the resolution to transfer troops to the east and, above all, to press on the building of the eastern network of railways, which had been neglected. The latter measures demanded much time and large expenditure, especially as the projects for the great railway bridges over the Vistula and the Nogat had to be put through against the strong opposition of the Ministry of Public Works. Since the railway authorities judged matters from a purely economic and financial point of view, they had little liking for any other expenditure, and least of all for

that founded on the wishes of the military. The measures ordered by the Emperor William were only fully carried out during the reign of his grandson ; only under him did the eastern provinces obtain the railways so pressingly necessary for their opening-up. In this respect it is instructive to compare the East Prussian Railways of 1888 with the railway maps of 1913. There can be no doubt but that, with the old network, a great part of the eastern provinces would have been lost in 1914.

* * *

As the threats on the part of the Russians continued undiminished, Prince Bismarck decided to pay them back in kind ; on 3rd February, 1888, as a loud warning-signal, the Treaty of Alliance of 1879 between Germany and Austria-Hungary was published in the German *Reichsanzeiger* and the *Wiener Abendpost.* Three days later the Prince delivered in the Reichstag that mighty speech, in which he gave an historical exposition of the relations between Germany and Russia, and ended with the imperishable words : " We Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world ! "

The impression made by this speech, to which with my wife I listened from the gallery, was immense. In the House itself the enthusiasm was general. The speech was also understood on the other side of the black-white-and-red frontier posts.

It shows, however, very clearly in what direction the relations between Russia and Germany had developed at the end of my grandfather's reign.

CHAPTER XXI

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CROWN PRINCE

The Crown Prince's Fatal Illness Declares Itself—Specialists called in : von Bergmann and Gerhardt—Sir Morell Mackenzie's Intervention and its Disastrous Results—My Vehement Opposition—My Father goes to the Isle of Wight, thence to Toblach, Venice, and Baveno—My Mother's Optimism—Mackenzie's Telegram from San Remo—Painful Scenes—The Fatal Verdict—Political Difficulties—Bismarck Charges Me with the Duty of Acting as My Father's Representative with the Old Emperor's Sanction—The Order of March, 1888, Resented by My Father—The "Waldersee Assembly" Incident—Bismarck's Antagonism —The Old Emperor's Increasing Infirmity—Operation on the Crown Prince—Death of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria—My Visit to San Remo —Mackenzie's Renewed Optimism—My Father's Return Delayed—Death of the Old Emperor.

THE tragic events of the year 1888 already cast their shadow on the preceding year. The incurable illness of the Crown Prince began.

In January, 1887, a lasting hoarseness became disquietingly noticeable in my father, which he at first ascribed to his frequent colds ; it was only when it would not leave him that he began to have doubts. At the beginning of March Professor Gerhardt, of Berlin, undertook the treatment of the disease, which he diagnosed as a polypous thickening of the edge of the vocal cords. Thereupon there began for my poor father daily tortures, as Professor Gerhardt attempted to remove the swelling by means of red-hot wire and tweezers. On the occasion of my grandfather's ninetieth birthday, which imposed on my father many duties as his representative, these operations were intermitted for eight days, but were then resumed for ten days more. On 13th April my father went to Ems, in order to try the cure there. When he returned, on 13th May, Gerhardt had to report that this had been useless, and that the swelling had considerably increased.

Professor Gerhardt and Dr. Wegner, my father's body-physician, now advised the calling in of a surgeon, and the choice fell on Councillor von Bergmann, of Berlin. A consultation now took place, at which von Bergmann and Gerhardt already expressed their suspicion of cancer, and the former proposed external laryngotomy. All three doctors, however, advised that a laryngologist of reputation should be called into consultation, in order to obtain a confirmation of the diagnosis. Of the three foreign specialists whose names were mentioned it was unanimously decided to choose the English laryngologist Dr. Morell Mackenzie, who had been proposed by Dr. Wegner. A few days later there was another consultation, at which, in addition to the doctors mentioned and Dr. von Lauer and Dr. Schrader, the Berlin Professor Tobold was present by command of my grandfather. As Tobold also pronounced the disease to be cancer, the doctors decided on an operation for the removal, not of the whole larynx, but of the diseased portion of the vocal cords. According to the doctors, the only injurious effect of the operation would be roughness and hoarseness of the voice, which in view of the severe suffering otherwise involved would have to be put up with. My father gave his consent, and my mother also agreed, and I lay stress upon the fact that it was with her active support that preparations were made for performing the operation on the morning of 21st May in the New Palace.

Cancer is well known to be a treacherous disease, which often wastes the patient away for a long time before its presence is recognized, and when it is recognized it is generally too late. It is otherwise with affections of the breast or throat, which are often recognized in time and operated on with good effect. My father's case was therefore in no wise to be regarded as hopeless. Gerhardt declared, in the official report which was later drawn up, "No statistics can reproduce the whole probability, which existed in this case, of a permanent improvement. For in no case has the disease been recognized so early, I might say, in the germ. The constitution of the exalted patient was as strong as can be imagined. All means of

assistance were at command." Bergmann gave the following judgment: "The operation which we proposed was not more dangerous than an ordinary tracheotomy (incision of the larynx) which, according to our diagnosis, the Crown Prince would in any case have had to undergo sooner or later. We therefore proposed nothing but what for him was now inevitable."

The decisive interference of the Englishman Mackenzie on the evening before the day fixed for the operation had the most disastrous consequences. As the result of an examination, which took place immediately upon his arrival, he declared that it was not a question of cancer, but of a polypous or fibromatous swelling which could be removed, without any operation, in from six to eight weeks by a cure which he would prescribe; only the Prince, "like any other mortal," must come to his clinic for treatment. The recovery of my father's voice, "so that he would be able to command an Army Corps at a review," he represented as absolutely certain. He strongly opposed the operation planned by the German doctors.

Can my sick father and my mother, who trembled for the life of her husband, be blamed if, in view of such decided expressions of opinion on the part of a distinguished specialist, they believed and trusted him and decided for the safe method? This was to do even more than the operation, which would involve lasting hoarseness! It is another question whether the Englishman really pronounced his diagnosis in good faith. I am convinced that this was not the case. It is not only that he was a laryngological authority to whom a diagnosis so mistaken can hardly be credited, but the haste with which, without waiting for the result of his treatment, he was out not only after money, but also after the English aristocracy, tells against him, too. But the decisive proof is that, on the journey back to England after the death of my father, he admitted that his only reason for not diagnosing the disease as cancer was that the poor Crown Prince should not be declared incapable of assuming the government!

When one considers that, if the English doctor had not intervened, my father would in all human probability have been saved, one will understand how it was that I took every

opportunity of opposing the most violent resistance to this ostrich policy. That my mother could not free herself from the Englishman's authority, even when the facts had become fully clear to everyone else, had the worst possible effect upon my relations with her. There is no object in trying to draw the veil of oblivion over these things, which were dragged eagerly into the light and have for the most part been distorted to serve particular ends.

It was Mackenzie's fault that the second decisive mistake was made. The Englishman recommended my father to go to the Isle of Wight, the mild climate of which was considered to be favourable to the cure of affections of the larynx, while the German physicians opposed this on the ground that climate has no influence on swellings of the larynx, whether malignant or not. So my poor father set out on the long journeys, from which he was to return only as a dying Emperor, and the disease was allowed to run its fateful course undisturbed. The medical treatment by Mackenzie and his representatives during this time did nothing to alter this. As I have already mentioned, in June, 1887, my father took part in the Jubilee celebrations in London, arousing a storm of enthusiasm among the public there; they did not suspect that he was now able to speak only in a scarcely audible whisper.

Of course, neither the "cure" in the Isle of Wight nor that in the Scottish Highlands, where my father went in August, could stop the disease. When this failed, the growths increased, and the patient's general condition grew worse, Mackenzie could think of nothing better than to chase him from country to country and from place to place. In the Highlands the autumn air was too cold, so at the beginning of September my father had to go to Toblach in the Pustertal. Owing to its high altitude, this place proved unsuitable, and so at the end of September there was a migration to Venice. Since the city of the lagoons also brought no improvement, the journey was continued at the beginning of October to Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, until finally the last stage was reached at San Remo at the beginning of November. The voice now failed completely. Mackenzie meanwhile, during the whole

time since his first appearance in Berlin, had known how to secure the support, not only of the English, but of certain sections of the Berlin press. It was continuously trumpeted abroad in the world that he had saved the life of the Crown Prince by preserving him from an operation "dangerous to life"; whereas the German doctors understood nothing. With his help, it seemed, the Crown Prince was on the way to a complete cure.

In Baveno, on 18th October, we celebrated my father's last birthday; all the children except my sister Charlotte had driven over for this day and delighted their father by playing the piano, singing, and performing little plays and charades. The villa in which my parents had taken up their residence lay in a beautiful large park full of southern vegetation, with a most enchanting view of the lake.

I found my father looking comparatively hale and cheerful. I could not, however, share the fateful optimism of my parents as to his condition, but my representations to my mother only resulted in my incurring her severe displeasure. In her touching devotion to my father she wanted to keep away from herself and him, convinced as they were by Mackenzie's promises, all doubts as to the treatment when once it had been accepted as right. Truly those were heavy times, and not least so for me.

* * *

My father had scarce reached San Remo when an alarming telegram from Mackenzie was received in Berlin: suspicious symptoms had suddenly made their appearance, and he considered it necessary to call other doctors into consultation. If Mackenzie thus expressed himself, the matter must be very serious.

My resolution was at once taken. I begged my grandfather for permission to go to San Remo, in order at last to clear the matter up, and both the Emperor and Prince Bismarck approved my project, My grandfather commanded me to bring back an official report of the physicians, and for this purpose to take with me the well-known laryngologist Dr. Moritz Schmidt, of Frankfurt on the Main. I was

Fritz, ich, Dr Hinde, Gf Radolinski Nancy, Sophie, Vicky
Frau Bible, Heinrich, Capitain v. Lockstedt, Dr Schneider
Mlle de Perpigna - Mlle Bryant, Gf. Seckendorff, F. v. Rabe

KAISER FREDERICK III

AS CROWN PRINCE AT SAN REMO, JANUARY, 1888

INSCRIBED BY THE HAND OF THE (LATER) KAISERIN FREDERICK

to commission him to draw up a report to him, the Emperor, on the consultation of the doctors to be held. In addition to Dr. Schmidt, the distinguished throat specialist Professor Schrötter, of Vienna, and Dr. Krause, of Berlin, were, at Mackenzie's request, also sent.

When, on the evening of 9th November, I entered the Villa Zirio, wonderfully situated on the Mediterranean amid a grove of olives, my arrival gave little pleasure to my mother. She was doubtless afraid that the house of cards on which she had set her life's hope would now come tumbling down. Standing at the foot of the stairs, I had to allow the flood of her reproaches to pass over me, and to hear her decided refusal to allow me to see my father; I was at once to travel on to Rome. For, strange enough, it had come to be believed that I had been sent to Rome in order to carry the Order of the Black Eagle to the King. My father's condition, in my mother's opinion, gave no cause whatever for alarm, but the stony expression of her face, utterly different from what it had been at Baveno—proof enough of the hard struggle between her iron will and her growing anxiety—gave the lie to what her lips uttered, and fell like a crushing weight upon my heart. Then I heard a rustling at the top of the stairs, looked up, and saw my father smiling a welcome to me. I rushed up the stairs, and with infinite emotion we held each other embraced, while in low whispers he expressed his joy at my visit. During the heavy days that followed we came in spirit very close to one another.

The Villa Zirio stood on the slope of the mountain above the great Riviera road, only imperfectly concealed by a wall and by olive trees and palms; in comparison with the park of Baveno the garden was but small. I was assigned two rooms in the Hotel Victoria, which stood immediately on the high-road, obliquely opposite the villa; terrace and garden looked over the sea. The hotel was pretty full, and a large number of reporters of all nationalities made their presence felt in a most disagreeable fashion by their pushful curiosity and their spying. The majority of them consisted of Mackenzie's creatures!

I had now to concern myself with carrying out the Emperor's

command. After the doctors had undertaken a first examination, I summoned them to a preliminary and then to a final consultation. I called their attention to the fact that their opinions would have an official significance and would therefore have to be placed on record ; I then called upon them, in order of seniority, to give the verdict. The first to speak was Mackenzie, and not a little to my astonishment he pronounced definitely that my father was suffering from cancer of the larynx and would be dead in eighteen months' time. The other physicians agreed with this plain opinion, and declared that the effect of even the complete removal of the larynx would now be doubtful, so that the decision must be left to the Crown Prince ; Dr. Krause alone guarded his verdict to any important extent. Hereupon, I put the question, how long the evil must have been present in order to have reached its actual high degree of development, and received the answer : at least six months. I thought that Mackenzie would die of shame, but his face, which I was watching narrowly, showed no trace of emotion.

After the opinion of the doctors had been placed on record, Professor Schrötter was commissioned by his colleagues to report the result of the consultations to my father. We children were not present at this terrible revelation, it would have taxed our strength too high ; only my mother stood beside her beloved husband at this heavy hour. My father took his sentence of death—for such it was—like a hero, standing upright and looking the doctors firmly in the face. Then, completely unperturbed, he thanked them for all the trouble they had taken on his behalf. In view of the doubts expressed as to the success of the proposed operation, he refused in a written statement to have it performed. Our dear Chief Staff Physician Schrader, who had been with us at Cannes in 1869 as body physician, overcome by so much tragedy and greatness of soul, broke out into convulsive sobbing. When, after the departure of the doctors, we children, shaken to the depths of our being, came to our father, we were no longer masters of ourselves, and dissolved in tears. It was he who, with the calm cheerfulness of his soul, sought to

comfort and set us up.* But on the evening of this fateful day he entered in his diary : " And so I suppose I must set my house in order."

My poor mother showed a wonderful self-control. Only when walking with her once along the dusty Riviera road, followed and spied upon by the curious, did I experience a sudden collapse of the control which she had maintained with all the energy of her nature. Holding tightly to my arm, it was only after a considerable time that she again became mistress of herself.

Touching, too, was the care with which the valets Schulze and Vieke attended their sick master. Both entered my service after his death, and it was only during my residence in Holland that I lost these faithful men through death. They are not forgotten.

* * *

When, on my homeward journey, I reached Basel, Roggenbach, who was in great anxiety about my father, suddenly entered my section of the train. From the outset it had been Roggenbach in particular who had displayed a very clear vision as to my father's condition and had not allowed himself to be deceived by the English charlatan. And so it was of no avail when I gave a guarded answer to his enquiries as to the state of my father's illness by quoting the formula agreed upon at San Remo ; weeping, he replied that he knew well how matters lay. He then spoke for a long time with me about the difficult case into which our Fatherland was falling : the Emperor ninety years old and at that time very infirm, the heir to the throne hopelessly face to face with death. As things stood, I must face them firmly, and hold myself ready to shoulder the burden of government within a measurable time. We spoke then more particularly of the relations of the Emperor with the Princes of the Confederation, which might easily lead to difficulties were the crown to pass to a comparatively young heir. He urged me, therefore, at once to prepare a proclamation to the Princes, to be issued in the event

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* See Appendix No. 18.

of my taking over the government, in which I should define my own and their positions and the relations of both to each other ; if the emergency were to arise suddenly, it would be too late. As is well known, the fact that I acted on this suggestion drew down upon me the displeasure of Bismarck, to whom I had in all loyalty submitted my draft.

* * *

Now that the official verdict had made the condition of my poor father perfectly clear, Bismarck thought it necessary, in view of the patently increasing frailty of the venerable Emperor, shown by repeated attacks of weakness, to charge me with the duty of acting as his representative. The Military Cabinet, especially, urged that the Emperor should be relieved of the numerous signatures necessary, in order that business might not be delayed. My grandfather signed the order on 17th November. It ran as follows :

> " In view of the vicissitudes of my health, which compel me temporarily to abstain from all business, and in view of the illness of my son, the Crown Prince, I authorize your Royal Highness, in all cases in which I shall believe myself to need a representative in the current business of government and particularly in the signing of orders, to act as such representative, without there being any need in particular cases for any special order applicable to each separate case.
>
> William. v. Bismarck.
>
> *To* Prince William, Royal Highness.

It is thus clear that this representation was only of subordinate importance, and that, so far as all weighty affairs were concerned, it would only become effective in such cases as the Emperor himself might be unable to deal with ; for the rest, it was confined to the signing of the orders of the civil and military Cabinets, that is to say, of officers' commissions, appointments to official posts and formalities generally, always with the superscription : " By command of the All-Highest." It did not mean that any power had been given me to influence affairs of State. Moreover, the death of the Emperor would

at once have put an end to my functions as his representative, as the whole governing power would then pass automatically to the Crown Prince. This order, therefore, was not preliminary to any alteration of the succession ; nor, in fact, was any such alteration ever mooted.

On the following day the order making me the Emperor's representative was communicated to me, and it was at the same time notified to all the German Courts, though it was not published till 8th March, 1888. I learned, however, that neither the Ministry of State nor my father had been informed beforehand of the step about to be taken. I therefore at once went to the Chancellor and begged that my father should be immediately informed. In my presence he thereupon gave the order for an official intimation to be sent, and also promised me to write a personal letter. From home I also wrote to my father, and specially expressed the wish that the order might never have to be put into effect. I entrusted my letter to my brother Henry, who was about to go to San Remo.

This order, however, once more imperilled the cordial relations so recently established with my father. For he had scarce begun to read my letter when he became violently excited and burst out into bitter complaints against the Chancellor and me, as not even an official intimation had been sent to him. When my brother represented to him that he surely must have received Prince Bismarck's letter, it turned out that this had been kept back from him with the idea of sparing his feelings. The affair was now cleared up, it is true ; but it left my father, whose illness naturally made him irritable, in a mood of ill-humour out of all proportion to the importance of its cause. Owing to such misunderstandings I had often enough to put up with a good deal of unpleasantness in my parental house.

* * *

In the very same month, which had already provided me with so many soul-shattering experiences, a new affliction was prepared for me by a well-meant action which was conceived as a work of purest charity. As I have already said, the deeply

religious Countess Waldersee was on very intimate terms with my wife. In pursuit of her manifold charitable efforts she took occasion to persuade my wife also to interest herself in the bodily and spiritual needs of the people of the Berlin suburbs, and to support the very active Berlin " City Mission."

In order to awaken in society, for the most part ignorant of the condition of the poor, a living interest in the efforts of the City Mission, a meeting was arranged, at the end of November, 1887, in the house of Count Waldersee, in the presence of a circle of invited guests, including people belonging to all the political parties. On this occasion the well-known Court-Chaplain Stöcker gave, as the result of his experiences in connection with the City Mission, a harrowing account of the misery in the suburbs of Berlin, while I myself said a few words in favour of the cultivation of the Christian-social spirit. Out of this meeting the Press hostile to me manufactured the so-called " Waldersee Assembly," and overwhelmed the Count, and especially my wife and me, with unmeasured insinuations, slanders and attacks. It was painful to me that in this case, which had nothing to do with politics, Prince Bismarck took the side of my opponents. The letters which on this occasion I exchanged with the Chancellor have already become known. Immediately after his return to Berlin, too, a reconciliation took place ; neither this affair nor the proceedings connected with the projected proclamation to the Princes left any " resentment," as Prince Bismarck seemed to assume.

In spite of all opposition and all intrigues, the money for the City Mission was raised, so that it became possible to give generous assistance to the poor of Berlin. The support given to the City Mission led to the foundation of the Evangelical Church Aid Association, which, under the direction of the admirable Steward of the Household, Baron von Mirbach, did imperishable service in the domain of church and chapel building. Not only the outward success of our good cause, but also, above all, the numerous touching letters of thanks received from working-class circles were a fair reward for the annoyances we had suffered.

The days of the great Emperor were all but numbered.

It seemed a long distance from the time when, out shooting with Count Stolberg at Wernigerode, he had still covered a considerable stretch of ground, and had been extraordinarily lively and entertaining—and that had been only in the previous October! The attacks of weakness became more and more frequent, and the physicians judged that the life of the old man, who was now nearly 91, would shortly flicker out. Two things were yet destined to cast a gloom over the evening of his existence.

The one was the hopeless condition of the Crown Prince. On the 9th February the operation of tracheotomy had had to be performed in order to save the sick man from suffocation, and thenceforth he carried a silver tube in his windpipe. Often the Emperor asked weeping for his son and the heir to his throne—but he was far away. From San Remo more and more disquieting news kept coming in, and many were already afraid that the German Crown Prince would die on foreign soil. In these circumstances, at the end of February, the Emperor commanded me to travel to San Remo, in order to secure the return of my father as quickly as possible to Germany.

Then a second sorrow fell upon him. On 23rd February Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, the second son of the Grand Duchess Louise, died suddenly. The Emperor was specially devoted to this grandson, a splendid, vigorous young man and a smart soldier, who was a close friend of my brother Henry. His death in the flower of his youth, therefore, deeply affected him.

I now received the command to travel, in the first instance to Karlsruhe, in order to represent the Emperor at the funeral, and thence to proceed without delay to San Remo. On 2nd March I once more arrived at the Villa Zirio.

The aspect of my father was heartbreaking. The tall Siegfried's figure showed in its emaciation and the yellow colour of the face unmistakable signs of the rapid progress of the disease. He was perpetually tormented by a tearing cough, and no word passed his lips, for his mouth was already for ever dumb. Notes rapidly scribbled on bits of paper had

to take the place of speech when gesture and mimicry failed. But he bore his terrible fate with the greatest self-control, and even with a certain quiet cheerfulness. It was harrowing, too, to see with what love and devotion my mother nursed her sick husband, and how nothing in the world would persuade her to believe the awful truth. She would not grasp the fact that her glorious husband was being killed by an incurable cancer. Mackenzie still remained the great man who had her confidence and beside whom the pessimistic German doctors were as nothing. The diagnosis of cancer, with which he himself had agreed in November, he had in the meantime once more light-heartedly abandoned, and had inspired my mother with renewed optimism. In addition, precisely during the days when I was present, a certain improvement showed itself under her faithful nursing. In the morning the sick man was able to sit in the garden or on the balcony and enjoy the warm sun of the South, and often, too, from the balcony to greet the strangers, who came in hosts, full of gratitude for their sympathy.

A migration to Germany might, therefore, very well have taken place, in order to meet the wishes of the Emperor, if the winter at home had not been exceptionally cold and stormy. For this reason it was decided to await the coming of warmer weather, and I left without having carried out my commission. I could only arrange with Dr. von Bergmann, who also wished to return to Germany in the course of the next few days, that he should obtain a promise from Mackenzie to bring my father home in the event of his growing worse. In addition, his assistant, Dr. Bramann, who had performed the operation of tracheotomy, was to telegraph in cypher to Leuthold every day as to my father's condition. More I could not do.

Deeply depressed and hopeless I travelled back to Berlin.

* * *

When on the 7th March I arrived in Berlin, the doctors were counting the life of my beloved grandfather only by hours; already his pulse was continually ceasing to beat. It is

impossible to describe what I felt as I approached the death-bed, after just leaving another! As soon as the Emperor saw me, he asked about San Remo, and for some moments I was able to give him information—of course, in the form best calculated to spare him.

The old Emperor's flame of life flickered for yet two days. He was surrounded by all those most devoted to him, especially the Empress Augusta, who remained constantly at his bedside reclining in her wheel-chair, and the Grand Duchess Louise, who had just lost her son. My grandfather was still able repeatedly to talk to me, mostly about military matters; he was, above all, occupied with the spring parade, and he gave me exact instructions as to the disposition of the troops. The last thing of which he spoke to me, clearly in the belief that my father was standing before him, was the question of the relations of Germany with Austria-Hungary and Russia, which he saw again in the light of bygone years: I was to hold fast to the alliance with Austria-Hungary, but to preserve and cultivate friendship with Russia. Then there rose up in his dying imagination pictures of his youth, of the family life with his mother Queen Louise, of the Wars of Liberation. And then he bowed his head in eternal sleep.

The memory of the passing of the great Emperor is for me a holy and inviolable legacy.

CHAPTER XXII

THE NINETY-NINE DAYS

A Tragedy and a Nightmare—The Oath to the Emperor—I support Bismarck—Removal of Emperor Frederick from San Remo to Charlottenburg—His Physical Weakness and Mental Vigour—Revivals and Relapses—Journalistic Campaign Against the German Doctors and Myself—Difficulty of Obtaining Access to my Father—Queen Victoria's Visit—Marriage of my Brother Henry—My Father's Naval and Military Reforms—He takes the Salute after Manœuvres at Tegel—His Last Journey by water from Charlottenburg to Potsdam—Dismissal of Puttkammer by Bismarck: My Mother not responsible—Last Days and Death of the Emperor Frederick.

IT is only sadly and reluctantly that I take up my pen in order to describe the short reign of my father. It was so full of pain and suffering, so full also of cabals and intrigues against myself, that even to-day the memory of it oppresses me like a nightmare. Yet let that be said which must be said within the limits of this book.

* * *

Though my sorrow for my beloved grandfather was profound, I had no leisure to yield to it. For, since my father was living abroad, it was upon my shoulders that the whole burden fell of the measures connected with the change of Government as well as the arrangements for the lying-in-state and the funeral ceremonies, which often involved consulting my father beforehand by telegraph.

The first task was to decide by what name the troops were to take the oath to the Emperor. The answer to the question from San Remo was the instruction: His Majesty would assume the name Frederick IV. Prince Bismarck, with the utmost firmness, declared this to be impossible, as the German Empire founded in 1871 had nothing to do with the old Roman Empire

of German nationality. As King of Prussia His Majesty was Frederick III and, as the King of Prussia was at the same time German Emperor, he should as such logically bear the same name. Albedyll and I were in complete agreement with this view, and a telegram in this sense was at once despatched to San Remo. With the help of my mother, who expressed herself strongly in favour of this solution, the proposal thus submitted was accepted by my father.

I took the oath in the drill-hall in the Karlstrasse with the staff of the Guards' Corps and the 1st Guards' Division, together with the 2nd regiment of Foot Guards. I stood next to General von Schlichting, my Divisional commander. In front of us were held, wreathed in flowers, the flags of the regiment, which had waved in front of it in many a victorious battle under my grandfather. It was a deeply moving moment when, with hands upraised, we repeated the formula of the sacred military oath, which was followed by three hurrahs for the Emperor Frederick III. The emotion was so general that tears stood in the eyes of many of the officers and men. I, too, was so moved that I could not restrain my tears.

* * *

Preparations were now made for the transference of my father from San Remo to the Palace of Charlottenburg, which, being free from dust, quiet and surrounded by a park, seemed better suited to be the residence of the sick Emperor than his own Palace or the Royal Palace in the middle of Berlin. Everything possible was done to make it warm and comfortable to live in. The meeting with my father on the evening of 11th March was deeply moving. He embraced me with an indescribable expression in his eyes, which I shall never forget. His condition was so bad that he could not even be present at the funeral of his father. When, on the afternoon of the frost-bound 16th March, the funeral procession conducted the old Emperor on his last journey to the Mausoleum, he stood weeping at one of the windows of the palace looking out over the garden.

Soon after his arrival my father held a meeting of the Crown Council, at which the ministers took the oath. These gentlemen were profoundly affected by the altered appearance of the Emperor, whom they had not seen for more than a year. As my father could no longer speak, he asked questions and issued orders on slips of paper, and answered questions by nodding or shaking his head: his mental vigour was unimpared and fully as of old. One other memory remains with me of that sitting. It is that the Finance Minister Scholz spoke about the minting of new coins with the portrait of the present Emperor, and that when Scholz announced that the minting would take about two months, my father made a gesture with his hands which said clearly: I shall not live to see them! His foreboding did not deceive him, and after his death I considered it an act of filial piety to have as many coins as possible struck with my father's portrait.

On the first Sunday on which we children went to Charlottenburg to attend service in the chapel of the palace, my father showed me the plans and elevations for his projected rebuilding of the cathedral in Berlin, which were set up in his ante-chamber. These plans, my father told me, had been completed by the architect, Herr Raschdorff, in a year, after many consultations with him and with my mother. During their travels in Italy, it appears, my parents had made a consistent study of all domed buildings, and these plans were the outcome of their studies. He himself would not live to see the completion of the work and therefore left to me, as his legacy, the duty of seeing it carried out after his death.

In view of my father's painful illness, I again received an order authorizing me to act as his representative in the signing of the less important current affairs. Meanwhile the sick Emperor's vital strength once more flickered up. On the 28th March he was able for the first time to go out into the garden, and on the 29th he was even able to take a drive in the Grunewald. On 30th March and 1st April my father drove to Berlin, and was received with rapturous joy by the people of the capital, who covered him with flowers. But

the hopes excited by this visit to Berlin were to prove only too deceptive.

* * *

Unfortunately, the company of correspondents had also followed from San Remo and, under the protection of Mackenzie, had succeeded in pushing themselves into the physicians' room in the palace. It was thanks to these gentlemen that not only was a shameless campaign of denunciation conducted against the German doctors, notably Bergmann, but that in a certain section of the Berlin Press, as well as in English and French newspapers, there began against me a campaign of calumny and vituperation which can only be described as base beyond all example. (Later, of course, I have had a good deal more to put up with in this respect.) I rejected repeated proposals that I should take action to meet these calumnies; for my father's sake I preferred to suffer every injustice quietly rather than add to all his sufferings the torture of a public scandal.

There was, however, something else connected with the Press attacks which was far more painful to me. I soon noticed that difficulties were being put in the way of my visits to my father, that attempts were being made to cut them off, and, indeed, to prevent them altogether on the most flimsy pretexts. I had the feeling that efforts were being made to erect an invisible wall between my father and myself. Then I learned that spies were posted who gave timely notice of my arrival at the palace, whereupon I was either received by my mother or greeted at the house door with the information that the Emperor was asleep and that my mother had gone out for a walk. It was clear that I was to have no speech with my father without witnesses being present. When I at last succeeded, with the help of the valet Schulze, in slipping by the back-stairs unnoticed into my father's bedroom, he showed himself greatly pleased to see me and let me talk to him of many things, notably about my brigade. When he gave me to understand that I ought to visit him more often, as he saw me so seldom, and I answered that I had already called several

times but had never been admitted, he was greatly astonished and described this barring-out as senseless; he said that my presence was welcome to him at any time. When I next visited him I noticed that various faces unknown to me were watching us from the doctors' room, which lay further back, and I therefore locked the door. On leaving the palace I expressed to His Majesty's gentlemen in no measured terms my indignation at these proceedings, but all the answer I got was that they were not in a position to get rid of the journalists protected by Mackenzie. Even on the day of my father's death, when his eyes had scarce been closed, I found in the death chamber a Viennese journalist, introduced by Mackenzie. He went out faster than he came in.

On 16th April I received from my father's aide-de-camp, Colonel von Kessel, who lived in Berlin, a message to say that a mounted servant had just arrived at his house from Charlottenburg with the news that my father's life was in immediate danger. I at once had my swiftest thoroughbred saddled, and galloped out to Charlottenburg. My appearance seemed to cause great surprise and was greeted with visible thankfulness by my brother and sisters. For several days the condition of the Emperor was hopeless, and the doctors thought that the end was near. Yet the danger passed, and my father once more revived.

* * *

On 24th April Queen Victoria of England arrived at Charlottenburg with her daughter Beatrice and her son-in-law Prince Henry of Battenberg. By my father's command she was received by me and my brother and sisters and conducted by us to the palace, where she was greeted by my mother with deep emotion. The Queen was lodged in the pavilion on the east side of the palace, which my mother had had artistically furnished with the most costly furniture and stuffs in the rococo style of the time of Frederick the Great. In the evening various distinguished personalities, at their head Prince Bismarck, were invited from Berlin to dinner in order to be presented to the Queen.

As my grandmother had expressed the wish to see something of the troops of the Prussian Guard, my father commanded the 4th Regiment of Foot Guards belonging to my brigade and the Regiment of the Gardes du Corps to parade before my grandmother on the Charlottenburg parade ground; he instructed me to take over the command. Queen Victoria came out with my mother in a carriage drawn by four horses; I commanded the salute and then accompanied my grandmother's carriage as it drove down the front of the two regiments. The march past met with the whole-hearted approval of the Queen; standing beside her, I could see by the expression of her face how fascinated she was by the military spectacle. At the close of the parade she expressed to me her joy that my father had chosen me, her grandson, to lead these fine regiments before her. They were, she said, the first Prussian troops that she had seen since her visit to Coblenz as a young Queen.

* * *

At the beginning of May the Emperor once more rallied; once more he was able to visit his beloved Berlin and receive the homage of its population, but after that the course downhill was continuous. When, on 24th May, my brother Henry was married to the Princess Irene of Hesse-Darmstadt in the chapel of the Palace of Charlottenburg, the solemnization, at which the Prince of Wales also assisted, was entirely dominated by the profound sorrow caused in all those present by the terribly emaciated appearance of my father. He insisted, none the less, while the rings were being exchanged, on rising and remaining standing, like a hero of old, supported upon his stick, but directly after had to leave the chapel. Never again have I attended a wedding like this, at which not joy but sorrow filled all hearts.

In spite of his rapidly failing health, my father carried out his duties as ruler with all the deep sense of duty natural to him. Every day he worked, though in great pain, for hours together with Prince Bismarck and the chiefs of the two Cabinets. He wished to introduce a new uniform for the

Imperial Navy; he therefore commissioned my brother Henry to work out the various proposals made for this, and commanded me to attend the final exhibition, at which the models of the new uniforms were submitted to and approved by him. I secured their introduction after my accession to the throne. For the Army my father appointed a Commission to work out new rules for drill and new regulations for service in the field. The results of this were the abolition of the third rank, the introduction, as the basis formation, of the company column in three sections, the abolition of line tactics and of evolutions in column of battalions, and in their stead the increase of exercises in skirmishing and more thorough training in scattered fighting. On these principles, in the spring of 1888, I trained my brigade, as the first troop in the Army.

As I have already mentioned, my father also abolished the exercises which it had hitherto been the custom for the regiments and brigades to carry out in the spring. At my particular request, to which I had been moved by a petition from my brigade, my father gave me permission instead to train my brigade in fighting. My personal A.D.C., Major Baron von Bissing, who had often been entrusted with the command of the marked enemy and had full freedom of action, had at his disposal a flag brigade with the necessary personnel of officers, and was empowered to give both me and the regimental commanders opportunities for rapid decisions by unexpected measures. He carried out this task brilliantly, and at times succeeded in bringing about situations that were almost critical, but these were always exceedingly well parried by the commanding officers, acting on their own initiative. I was delighted to find that they, too, in spite of the old rules, thoroughly well understood how to conduct a battle on modern principles.

On the evening before the last of these exercises in fighting I was sitting with my officers over a glass of beer when I received a letter from Charlottenburg. I had a violent fright, as I could not but fear evil news; an icy silence fell upon the assembly. But who can describe my joy when I was able

THE LAST INSPECTION OF TROOPS BY KAISER FREDERICK III
IN THE PARK AT CHARLOTTENBURG, 1888
FROM THE PAINTING BY G. KOCH

to read out to my officers my father's command to the brigade, on its return from the manœuvres next day, to defile before him in the park at Charlottenburg! I had not been wrong in believing that it would give my father pleasure to see the troops—he had accepted the proposal I had made on the same morning. Three hurrahs for the Emperor Frederick III were the answer.

On the following day, the 29th May, there was a lively battle on the rifle-range at Tegel, which was decided by a clever flank attack by the Fusilier Regiment of the Guards. When the manœuvres were over the men of the three regiments of my Second Guards' Infantry Brigade were informed that they were to have the honour of marching past the Supreme War Lord, whereupon their joy was great. With song and jubilation the stretch between the Tegel rifle-ground and the park of Charlottenburg was covered. Inside the park gates, in accordance with the Emperor's special commands, I ordered columns of companies to be formed, and so before the garden façade of the Palace of Charlottenburg the march past took place, to the accompaniment of the rolling of drums and the music of the regimental bands. During the march past my father, in full uniform, and with his helmet on his head, sat in his open carriage, holding himself stiffly upright with all his force; I, myself, took up a position at the carriage door obliquely behind him. It was an unforgettable experience, deeply affecting to all who shared in it, for this march past of my brigade, as a sorrowful foreboding told everyone, was to be the only review of his troops ever held by my poor father. When the regiments had defiled past, he pressed my hand with deep emotion and, weeping, kept pointing to his heart. Then he handed me a slip on which he had written: "What troops those are of mine!" and yet another: "Have been content and felt great joy."

When I galloped along the line of the battalions, which had started on the march to Berlin before me, I found them wrapped in a deep silence, that lay upon them like a paralysing spell. The picture of my father's manly beauty which was still alive in their memory was in

terrible contrast with what they had just seen. They did not shake off this gloom till they had got well into the Tiergarten. The spot where my father's carriage stood is now marked by a vase, designed by Ihne, and dedicated by the 2nd Guards' Infantry Briagde.

My father's transference from Charlottenburg to Potsdam gave me the opportunity for the last service I could render him before he died. He expressed a vehement desire to get away to his beloved Potsdam, and especially to that New Palace which was so dear to him, " where he had been born and where he wished to die." This led to frequent conferences between the doctors, the General von Winterfeld, the Chief Court Marshal Prince Radolin, and with me. The doctors pronounced a railway journey too dangerous, and they also refused to risk a carriage journey along the dusty high roads, so that the perplexity was great. It was a joy to me to be able to suggest a satisfactory solution of the problem. The steam-yacht of the Royal Family, the " Alexandria," which, during the summer, was berthed at the " Matrosenstation," had been a paddle-boat dating from the end of the 'forties or the beginning of the 'fifties, one of the oldest steamers in Europe. When my grandfather, in his day, was informed that this vessel would have to be replaced, he had commissioned me to have a new steam-yacht designed. This new " Alexandria " had just been put into commission, after completing her trials, and was now lying at the " Matrosen-station." As the ship lay very low in the water, it was possible to board her from the shore by a level gangway, no ladder being necessary. The large saloon, which was on deck and furnished with comfortable sofas and arm-chairs upholstered in white calico, would provide every convenience necessary to the sick man, while the large windows, which could be opened or shut at need, afforded a wide view. My suggestion was accepted, and I caused the yacht to come by the Spandau Canal to Charlottenburg, where she was moored by the palace park.

On the evening of 31st May my father visited for the last time the silent Mausoleum in the park at Charlottenburg

THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY F. W. KLOSS

in order to bid farewell to the resting-place of his father and his grandparents, and on the following day went on board the "Alexandria," which he thus consecrated. My mother and we brothers and sisters accompanied him. It was touching to see what pleasure he took in the trim ship, with its light and cheerful saloon, and in the beautiful journey by water. Having been so long imprisoned in a sick-room, he was never weary of gazing at the sun-bathed banks of the Havel, which had become for us so intimate and so dear. When we passed the Pfaueninsel, where innumerable times as children, and later when grown up, we had spent happy hours with him in the intimacy of the family circle, he was overcome with grief. Slowly he waved to it with his hand, and a tear stole from his eye—he was taking leave of the lovely island and of all the fair memories associated with it. This moment was so poignant that I had to go on to the bridge in order to hide the emotion which threatened to overmaster me. I stood beside the master of the ship, Captain Velten, who was affected in the same way as I. He held the wheel firmly in his hand, his eyes staring into the distance and his jaws firmly set, while the tears streamed down into his great ruddy seaman's beard.

In the New Palace my father occupied the apartments on the ground floor which had formerly been reserved for the use of my grandfather when he visited Potsdam on the occasion of the *Schrippenfest* and which I subsequently used during the whole period of my rule. As the weather was glorious, all the doors could be left open, and my father was able at any moment to go out and enjoy the sight of the beloved park of Sanssouci, which was brilliant with a glorious wealth of flowers. He was now where he had longed to be.

* * *

Soon after the migration to the New Palace there followed, pretty unexpectedly, the dismissal of the Minister of State, von Puttkamer. This unloosed in the political world exasperation on the Right, joy on the Left, and everywhere great

excitement. Innumerable rumours and surmises buzzed about, which finally concentrated themselves into the belief that my mother was responsible for this event. My knowledge of what was happening behind the scenes enables me to declare that this assumption is wrong. It was not my mother who "behind the back of Prince Bismarck," as it was said, had by her intrigues led to Puttkamer's dismissal; on the contrary, it was the Chancellor who, in the hope of overcoming the opposition of which he complained on my mother's part, and of gaining her favour, dropped the Minister who was disagreeable to her. My mother suffered much under these rumours, and charged me to take the first opportunity of letting Puttkammer know that she had had nothing to do with his dismissal.

The Minister of Justice, Friedberg, paid several visits to the New Palace. He was, as I have already stated, an old and intimate friend and adviser of my parents, whom I often met in the house and whom I learned to honour and value highly. He possessed the entire confidence of all of us, for his was a thoroughly high-minded and noble nature. I often walked with him on the terrace of the palace, and on one such occasion he called my attention to the fact that, in the event of my father's death, an important document would be laid before me, to which I should give ripe consideration. I will at once mention what it was to which he referred. It was a sealed letter of King Frederick William IV, on the envelope of which were the seals of my father and grandfather, with notes that they had read it. In the letter the King exhorted his successors to abolish the Constitution which had been forced from him by the Revolution of 1848 and to restore the old form of government, as this was the only form in which it would be possible to rule in Prussia.

When Friedberg handed me this document after my accession to the throne, I at once saw that it might easily work the greatest harm if it were to come into the hands of an inexperienced heir. I therefore had no hesitation in tearing the letter up and burning it in my stove. On the envelope I wrote, with my seal and the date of the day below it:

"Contents read and destroyed." The envelope was returned to the archives.

* * *

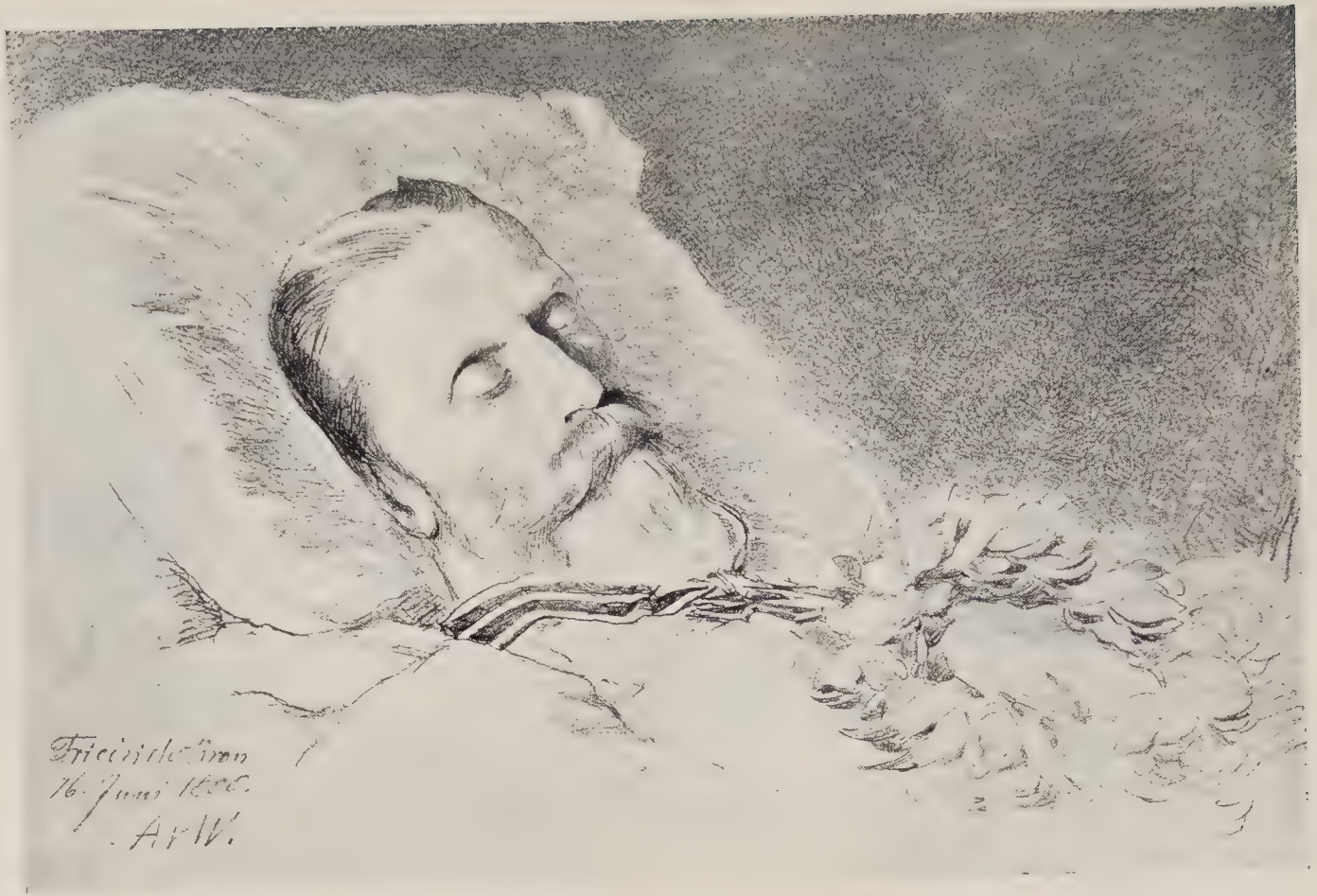
Now came the sorely tried Emperor's last days of suffering. On the 13th June King Oscar of Sweden came on a visit to my father. The two Sovereigns had long been friends, and the King had therefore expressed the wish once more to grasp my father by the hand. My father received him sitting, for he was now quite feeble, in a room situated on the garden side of the New Palace; he wore an old fatigue-jacket, of which the buttons at the top were undone. But only a few minutes had passed when the King came out to me on the terrace with a soul so harrowed that for a long while he could speak no word. The heartrending spectacle of that once magnificent figure had affected him too deeply.

In the morning of the following day Dr. Schrader and Professor Bardeleben, who had been called into consultation, announced to me that it was no longer possible to give my father nourishment, as the liquid food which he took ran out again beside the tube, the inside of the throat being completely destroyed. When I was admitted to see my father, I found him already in the death-agony. I therefore spent the night in the house, taking up my quarters in a guest chamber not far from my father's apartments.

In the early morning of the 15th my sister Victoria woke me, telling me that I must come over quickly, as the end was near. I found my father completely exhausted, shaken by violent fits of coughing, and near to death; my mother and my brother and sisters were already gathered round him. In order to give the dying man relief he was raised high up, so that he was almost sitting. Soon after I came he wrote with a trembling hand, hardly legible, on a scrap of paper, "Victoria, I and the children—": he wanted to express his satisfaction in having all his dear ones about him. These were his last words. But it was only after several hours that the release came. Once more he looked at us intently and lovingly with his kind blue eyes, and then he sank slowly back

on to the pillows. Through the large open French windows came the song of birds, the room was filled with the intoxicating scent of flowers from the gardens which he had tended with such endless love, and on his noble countenance, emaciated and lined with pain, fell the rays of the clear June sun.

Quietly and without any death-struggle the victor of Königgrätz and Wörth, the second Kaiser of the new German Empire, breathed out his noble soul.



KAISER FREDERICK III
ON HIS DEATHBED, 1888

FROM THE PENCIL DRAWING BY ANTON VON WERNER

APPENDICES

No. 1

(*See page* 46)

Prince Wilhelm to Kaiser Wilhelm I

January, 1871

Dear Grandpapa,

In these days so many wonderful things have been happening, and so many great experiences have been passed through, that I think I may venture to write you a letter; especially to thank you that you have been so gracious as to think of me, and to send me congratulations for my birthday. So do I congratulate you from my heart and with respect, that you have to-day become Kaiser, and I hope that you will possess that honour for long years to come. I shouted for joy when I heard that this had come about. I had been informed how the King of Bavaria made you the offer, the other princes had supported him, and how you at last had accepted the crown. It seems indeed a great happiness that you have been made German Kaiser, for now all the small German princes have been united into a great and mighty state. Now at last the time without a Kaiser has passed, and the German Empire is united. You may imagine how glad I am to belong to a race which has lifted you up to the pinnacle of the German Empire, and how proud I am to have such a papa and such a grandpapa.

Farewell, dear grandpapa, may God's protection rest upon you as heretofore; I hope to be able to welcome you crowned with glory as German Kaiser.

No. 2

(*See page* 79)

PRINCE WILHELM TO KAISER WILHELM I

Scheveningen, 1874

My Dear Grandpapa,

As I thought it would give you pleasure if I described to you the military experience of yesterday, I have taken up my pen to do so.

When after a good journey we arrived *incognito* at the Hague, (we travelled under the name of Count von Bergh), we entered our carriage to drive to Scheveningen, at half an hour's distance. As we drove down the road that led there, beside a canal, we caught sight on the other side of a wide space covered with grass and surrounded with noble trees. In this space, which has the name of Maliebaan, we saw troops standing, whose full-dress uniform glittered in the midday sun. In order not to miss the very rare spectacle of a Dutch review, General von Gottberg called a halt. Out we jump, cross the canal-bridge, are on the point of mingling with the spectators, when we suddenly hear the tramp of horses behind. As we turned, we saw a general with his suite riding past. We soon made room, and were able to observe the general more closely. His uniform consisted of a short black tunic, decorated with golden Hussar-trimming, grey trousers, which were cut so wide that they fitted like a couple of sacks, and a Hussar's fur cap. As soon as the general—Michelhof was his name—came nearer, a signal-trumpet sounded over the square, which was answered by the drummers with a roll of the drums. We now had time to observe the whole array of troops. This occupied three sides of an open square, the open side being in our direction. On the right wing, that is on our left, stood 4 battalions of infantry, 2 battalions of Grenadiers of the Guard, and 2 battalions of Jäger [Chasseurs], each battalion having 5 companies. Opposite us stood 2 batteries of 6-pounders, each six guns with six horses to a gun; on the last side, 4 squadrons of Hussars. As soon as General Michelhof entered the square he spoke first with some of the officers, while the troops stood at ease. At last he rode up to the infantry, in order to ride along the front. Now the men stood to attention, with arms at the shoulder, but not a word of presenting arms; the Grenadiers' Band played a pretty march, the Jäger Band did nothing. With the cavalry and artillery, squadron and battery commanders stood opposite their front, while the General rode between the two. When he had finished, he went round the cavalry

wing and inspected these as well as the other troops from the rear. As he passed each division the cavalry wheeled off, which was carried out tolerably well. The 4 battalions now advanced in column with sloped arms, turned on the heel, and took up such a position before us that they would have to make another turn in order to pass straight past the General. When they got there and the word "Halt" followed there was some little disorder for a moment, as some men stopped too soon and others went on, and so they had first to dress themselves. At last came the word for the march past with arms at the slope. The combined bands of Grenadiers and Jäger marched in front, and formed up facing the General, the infantry marched past in column of companies with four half-sections. The wheeling went well enough, but the stepping out for the march was quite disorderly again. Some stepped off with the right foot, some with the left; the lieutenants, who with us bring up the rear of sections, marched on their right flank. The uniform of the Grenadiers was: blue trousers, blue tunic with two rows of buttons, red collar and piping, shako with white woollen cords, curved side-arms, breechloader with bayonet, cartridge pouch behind; the cloak in oilcoth buckled on the knapsack. After the Grenadiers came the Jäger, dark green from top to toe, on the trousers a yellow stripe, yellow piping and facings; armed as the Grenadiers. The officers both in the Jäger and in the Guards had orange woollen sashes and little tufts of cocks' feathers on the shako; all the men had white gloves. The flank companies carried company colours, the Grenadiers blue and red, the Jäger green and yellow. After the Jäger came the Hussars, who had blue attilas with red trimmings and fur caps with white cords. The horses were small, but strong and compact. During their march past and that of the Artillery, the bands of the Grenadiers and Jäger went on quietly playing; their eight trumpeters only preluded the march past, which made a very strange impression. The guns of the Artillery are short 6-pounder muzzle-loaders, whose six riflings are so marked that the opening looks more hexagonal than round. The guns were drawn by six horses, the men being seated upon the off horses and the gun-carriages. The whole review made a very bright picture; the uniforms reminded me strongly of the pictures which I have seen of the Review at Kalisch.

I must now end, dear Grandpapa, and with my best wishes for your welfare I remain,

Your true and obedient grandson,

WILHELM

No. 3

(*See page* 80)

PRINCE WILHELM'S PROFESSION OF FAITH READ BEFORE THE ASSEMBLED COMMUNITY

On September 11, 1874

Praise, homage, and thanks fill my soul in this solemn hour for all the love and faithfulness, for all the grace and mercy, which God my heavenly Father has allotted to me in my life up to this time: Who has given me life, has preserved me, and saved me from all dangers; how richly, how more than richly has He blessed me with earthly and heavenly blessings, how He has shown His true love to me, how He has before all revealed His grace to me in this, that from my earliest youth He has had me instructed in the most wholesome doctrine of his Son, so that I can now celebrate this solemn hour, for which my soul has yearned, in order to offer and confirm to Him, my heavenly Father, and Him, the Son, that vow of faithfulness which according to my baptismal covenant I will abide by unto the end. Yes, in this hour full of praise and thanks my soul is prepared for holy vows, for ardent prayers. So therefore I vow before God, the All-knowing, as He can see into my innermost heart, and before all this Christian assembly, that to Him, whom I have recognised through Jesus Christ as the almighty and allwise Creator, Preserver, and Ruler of the world, as the holy and righteous guide of the fate of mankind as also of each individual, but also as the loving, pitiful, and gracious Father, who takes us to be his children in Christ and hears and fulfils our prayers,—to Him in childlike faith will I remain devoted all my life long, upon Him will I hope, in Him believe, that He in all difficult duties of my later life, and in all sufferings, will be near me also with His help and comfort:—to Him will I this day and for ever thank for His grace, which He has made manifest to me in Christ, in whom I believe as the only begotten Son of God, my Saviour, who ransoms me from all sins and has won everlasting life for me by His bitter death on the Cross. It shall be my most earnest endeavour to remain in continual communion with Him, and through Him with God, to pray daily for the power of healing from the Holy Ghost, and through the sacrament of the altar to nourish and strengthen the spiritual life born in me by my baptism, in order to attain ever to clearer knowledge of the divine nature, and ever to more perfect fulfilment of His holy will. Yes, my faith in God and my Lord and Saviour shall busy itself before all in the fulfilment of the holy commandments, and especially of the command which Christ himself has taught me to be the greatest. All my praise and thanks and vows culminate this day in

the promise: Him who has loved me so, will I love again with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength, and with all my mind, and my love to God shall show itself in love for my neighbour. In childlike love will I remain devoted to my own, my dear grandparent and parents, to be subject to them in glad and willing obedience and to seek to please them in every way. In true love I will remain bound to my brothers and sisters and kindred; affectionate sympathy for their welfare shall always move my heart. But at the same time it shall also be my most earnest endeavour to fulfil the commandments of love for God and my neighbour in the wider circles of life. Called to be a citizen of the Kingdom of God, I will do my utmost to help and to promote this Kingdom, the Kingdom of love, of truth, of holiness, of uprightness, of joy and peace, and to that end to keep my eye fixed upon all the bodily and spiritual wants of my brethren; to that end to resist all natures opposed to God, all that is unclean and untrue; to that end to cherish all divine and moral goodness, all that can serve for the edification of heart and spirit; to that end finally to help in promoting all profitable institutions of the commonweal, particularly the Christian church. I know that high and heavy tasks await me in my future life; I am also aware that God will demand an account of me, whether and how I have fulfilled my Christian calling; yet the thought of this ought not to make me despondent, but I will make it serve for the avoidance of all highmindedness, and now particularly for a serious warning, to employ the time of my youth with a true and good conscience for the building up of the gifts and powers which God has entrusted to me, true in obedience to my teachers, my gaze ever bent upon God and Christ. His example will I follow, His love, holiness, and truth will I strive after, and to that end pray the Father for his Holy Spirit. Yes, may God grant that I also may go about as a Christian, and that if I should become unsteady in my holy resolves, the memory of this hour may always strengthen me therein. May God grant that believing in my Saviour and Redeemer I may depart hence in the hope of a blessed eternal life. Amen.

No. 4

(*See page* 175)

Prince Wilhelm to Kaiserin Augusta

Reichenhall, 27.VI.1886

Dear Grandmamma,

At last as I feel my returning health and strength, which I have hitherto been able to make known by telegraph only, I am in

a position to write you a letter, laying at your feet my heartfelt thanks for your loving care and your warm sympathy. It has been a very heavy ordeal for me; less the pain itself than what followed from it, the complete cessation of all productive and profitable work to which my lately attained position has called me. Doubly heavy, since my passion for the service is so ardent, and because at the same time I was robbed of the possibility to show Grandpapa personally whether I was able to fill the office entrusted to me. I felt this loss all the more since it was very important for me to show that I am able to do my work properly. I left home, I must admit, discontented, not to say deeply hurt and offended. My fight against vice, debauchery, gaming, betting and so forth amongst our young men was unfavourably regarded by certain gentlemen of high position and great influence with Grandpapa; nay more, it was misrepresented, and a secret attempt was made to blacken me in his opinion, to engage him against me: our mutual relations have annoyed many. This attempt seems to have had some success; although I thought I could see from his kindness to me at parting that the success can only have been small. But I cannot refrain from telling you this, in order to show how hard my life has been made for me even from a military point of view. I have seen deeply enough into the life and ways of our so-called "good society" or jeunesse dorée, to feel horror and disgust; for which reason, as Colonel and leader of a body of officers, I made my aim from the first to implant in them a spirit of Christian decency, morality, and simplicity. But by my measures and my energetic action, along with the thanks which came in upon me from army and provincial circles in all parts of the realm, I excited resentment also from the persons who felt themselves attacked, and this caused them to agitate against me in secret ways through the personalities to whom I have alluded, and to entangle Grandpapa against me. It is not the time now to go through the phases of that eventful winter and spring. Aunt Louise and Uncle Fritz have shared my experiences to some extent and strengthened me by their support, and they could tell you much. But the machinations had only a partial success, and all they did was to make my battle against uncleanness considerably harder, since a false construction was put upon it for Grandpapa. I have been obliged to take many an insult and many a hidden prick without complaint for the sake of the cause; indeed, the good will and understanding, even the approval of my Father could not protect me. So low has the standard sunk of those who are about Grandpapa, that on account of their own personal plans and wishes they are not ashamed not only to intrigue against the grandson, who is concerned to build up a corps of officers genuinely Christian and German, and to put hindrances in his way, but even to dare by

slander to entice the Grandfather to take part against me! It is very painful to find this out, for me, who have always stood firmly and unshakably true to you and Grandpapa—and you are the only one who knows what I have had to endure at home; and how I have toiled day and night ever since I have been in the service (nine years) to give pleasure to Grandpapa, and where possible to read his wishes in his eyes and to carry them out before he expressed them. That is the hardest ordeal! I have certainly seen in this half-year who means honestly towards my grandparents and who does not!

All goes well here. We live quite quietly, still under the impression of the fearful fate of the poor dead King. With many wishes for your better health I kiss your hand as your truly obedient grandson,

WILHELM

No. 5

(*See page* 203)

PRINCE WILHELM TO KAISER WILHELM I

Berlin, 22.II.1888

Dear Grandpapa,

With most humble thanks I hasten to answer your letter just received. At Count Herbert Bismarck's dinner I saw and conversed with Herr Herfurth. I thus came to the conclusion that for the position mentioned for him, as my civilian Aide de camp, he is—too old. This view the Chancellor learnt through Count Herbert, and after long search he hit upon Gneist. The Prince told me at my visit of the day before yesterday that he held the same view of Herfurth as I did, and that he had (so to speak) put the post into commission. One personage should after a fashion read me lectures on all matters of constitutional law, this person should be regarded more as a professor, and Gneist was to be the man. The other person should be at my disposal and for more intimate use as a living lexicon; he must be younger, that is Herr von Brandenstein. The latter is, so far as I can learn, the son of the late chief of the Corps of Engineers, the predecessor of General von Stiehle; he is in every quarter extraordinarily well recommended by superiors and colleagues. He is already at 30 years of age on the Lord Lieutenant's Council!

The Prince has fully informed me about Gneist, saying with

emphasis how loyal he now is and out and out a Government man; as he has shown in particular by a vigorous speech in defence of the Throne and its rights as against the Reichstag. I am therefore convinced that if you would give orders that the Prince should speak personally with Gneist about his duties, and give him some directions, the man will certainly act and speak only as you will have it. For he knows his way about not only in this but in all other countries better than anyone else, and discourses well, as I hear. I am therefore fully in agreement with the choice of both gentlemen.

Thanking you must humbly that you take so kind an interest in my training, I remain,

Your most obedient grandson,

WILHELM

No. 6

(*See page* 211)

PRINCE WILHELM TO KAISER WILHELM I

My dear Grandpapa,

As I believed it would perhaps give you pleasure if I informed you of some of what we were allowed to see in military and naval matters, I take leave to lay at your feet two short reports, which shall give only what I have seen myself. So far as an inexperienced young man may have an opinion, I have allowed myself to express one.

Your most loving grandson,

(Signed) WILHELM

Cumberland Lodge, Nov. 14, 1880

Report on the Visit to the Forts and Docks in Portsmouth on Nov. 12, 1880 *

1. Inspection of the Spit Fort.

On November 12, before noon, along with Prince Edward of Weimar, the Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Portsmouth, I went out on a small steamer to the Spit Fort. The name Spit

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* The accompanying sketches are omitted.

comes from the long sandbank which stretches obliquely across the entry into the harbour, having this fort built upon its extreme end. This is the smallest of four forts lying well out in the sea, which nevertheless shut off to the east the space of an irregular quadrangle stretching between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth. The position is given approximately on the accompanying plan. The forts can support each other from all sides, and on their wings they are connected with very strong land batteries. The channel for all ships which enter the harbour leads (as I have marked it with dots) between the forts—and therefore in the most effectual cross-fire—at about sixty yards distance past Spit Fort.

This fort, like the three others, is round, built of square blocks of grey granite; on the sea side (to the East) it is also strongly armoured. The guns are placed in a circle within a bomb-proof casemated chamber of considerable height, which is very well lighted and ventilated. Spit Fort contains 16 guns in all, which are all Armstrong muzzle-loaders, mounted on built-up carriages with glycerine breaks, and fire through gun-ports. On the land side are seven 9-ton guns; towards the sea, nine 38-ton guns, which correspond fairly to our 28 cm. coast-defence guns. I had one of these latter worked before me.

About ten men make up the gun's crew. First an iron frame was hung right across the lower part of the gun-port; this was to support the sponging-rod in loading and sponging. The sponging-rod, 25 to 30 ft. long, which was hanging from the roof on the right of the gun, was brought down, and given to two men sitting in the gun-port before the muzzle. The sponger now hung some moments with almost its whole length outside the gun-port, whilst it was being put in position. Then the two hands sitting in the gun-port thrust the sponger into the gun, supported by the men standing on the left of the gun, who pulled together upon a strong rope (sometimes of wire) fastened to the end of the sponger's handle. Next the sponger was pulled out again, hung for a few seconds outside the gun-port over the framework, and was drawn in again. After this, two large flannel wads, having the exact form of the real powder charge, were handed up to the two men in the gun-port, who put them into the gun. These were then rammed into the proper place for loading by means of a rod almost as long as the sponger, which was handled exactly as before. So also the shot was put in and rammed home to the charge. The only difficulty, which in fact led to a stoppage, was in raising the shot to the gun's muzzle. It was brought in upon a small carriage, like the accompanying sketch; on loops which were affixed to this was hung a block-and-tackle, and the end by which it was pulled was passed through a little pulley on the left front corner of the gun-

carriage. But this is just the difficulty. For since the heavy shot makes a strong pull downwards upon the block-tackling, it needs the strength of all the hands on the left of the gun to counter-balance it, while one of them tries with all possible speed to pass the stout rope through the pulley or hook ; a thing which once or twice did not come off. At last the shot was level with the gun's muzzle, and was then carefully brought between the wall and the mouth of the gun, laid within it (the point forward) and rammed home, until it could be heard striking upon the flannel wads. When the rammer was taken out, and the two men from the gun-port had resumed their places, the loading was finished. Next the captain of the gun's crew mounted a little step behind the gun, and made a lateral adjustment, which was easily regulated by a cog-wheel under the gun-carriage, which ran in a semi-circular cogged rack sunk in the ground, while two men on each side of the carriage worked cranks. Next, the captain took his aim, and then the gun was ready. Loading took three minutes, aim and adjustment one. When the gun was ready to fire, from either side a heavy screen 2 inches thick, woven of hempen ropes, was pushed before the gun-port, so that only the muzzle of the projecting gun remained free. These screens are called mantlets, and are intended to keep out the smoke after the discharge. The gun is run out by being lifted a little by hydraulic pressure from behind, and it then runs down upon the projecting frame. The gun runs back by its own recoil, which is checked by the tilting of the frame, but chiefly by the resistance of the glycerine in the piston, which is underneath the barrel.

Unloading offered much the same scene as loading, except that both men in the gun-port had to put their feet firmly against the muzzle, and almost literally to lie on their backs, to pull out the extraordinarily heavy shot. I now mounted upon the roof. This was vaulted, and fell sloping in all directions, and on the inner side ran an iron balcony with a breast-high parapet : the commander of the fort and other officers have to stand upon this, and direct the fire of the guns beneath as they look over the parapet. To this end speaking tubes are run in the wall to the chief posts, which communicate with the corresponding guns or their captains. On the roof straight lines are painted in various oil-colours which answer exactly to the sighting-lines of the guns below ; these are directed to the most important points already fixed. The accompanying sketch should reproduce this sufficiently.

If we throw a glance over the preceding description, we shall say, I think, that in spite of all advantages which muzzle-loading may have (for one who has grown up with it and become accustomed to it), yet it shows grave disadvantages here ; may, indeed, even be called unpractical. For example, if at the moment of loading

when the sponger hangs out so far, a shell or even a large fragment of shell penetrates the gun-port, not only would the two men posted there be killed, but in all probability the sponger would also be smashed, making the gun useless for several minutes. Or at the moment when the shot is raised by the tackle before the muzzle, if a fragment should sever the single rope, the shot would fall and crush both the men, and if it were a shell it would explode on the floor and spread destruction around.

All the artillery officers who accompanied me, when I asked them to give me an honest opinion whether they were for the introduction of breechloading, answered that they were.

The other forts that lay in the water about us are larger than Spit Fort; they are armoured all round, and contain in two storeys from 30 to 50 guns.

2. Inspection of the "Inflexible" and "Dreadnought."

Leaving Spit Fort, we re-entered the harbour, and landed at the wharf where usually the troop-transports for India lie. At the moment, only a small transport was lying there, which had just arrived with invalids from the Cape. We entered a train and were drawn by a wharf-engine to the great basin in which lay, almost ready, the "Inflexible" and "Dreadnought" (lit. translated, the "Unbendable" and "Fearless"). On board the "Inflexible" awaited us the aged Mr. Robinson, the builder of most of the English armoured ships now afloat.

The armoured ship "Inflexible" is the most powerful ship at present in the British fleet; begun on 24th Feb., 1874, she left the slips on 26th April, 1876. Her chief dimensions are the following:—

Length between perpendiculars	97.54 m.
Greatest width	22.87 m.
Proportion of length to breadth	4.26 m.
Depth in hold	7.45 m.
Draught forward	7.14 m.
Draught aft	7.75 m.
Displacement	11,406 tons.
Surface area of the midship frame	156,40 sq. m.

This may be called the first of the "Fortress ships," that is, a ship's bulk which goes completely under water except for 1.96 m., and has a deck above curved, armoured, and proof against falling shot. Beneath are all the boilers, steering-gear, and engines, of which this ship has 40, two of them electrical. Above, in the middle of the deck of this fortress, stand the two turrets, the forward turret to port (left), the aft turret to starboard (right), not on mid-line as

usual in turret-ships. The accompanying sketch gives the side view. The armour of this fortress consists of :

(1) An armour-plate	305 mm.
(2) Teakwood backing	275 mm.
(3) Armour-plate	305 mm.
(4) Teakwood backing	152 mm.
(5) Two sheets of sheet-iron, each	25 mm.

Fore and aft of the fortress are two deckhouses, which are very high, well lighted and ventilated, in which the officers and men have their quarters. These are cut away at the sides, to make the field of fire as free as possible forward. From these two deckhouses rise the two great masts with complete rigging, which, however, are not now directly necessary, and for the movement of the ship and for quickness after " Clear for Action " can only be a hindrance, since they have to be completely dismantled.

Admiral Foley, whom I questioned on this point, gave me the answer that the masts are completely useless for such a ship, and that they have been put in more to drill the sailors who make up the crew, but that he, like most of the naval officers, had been against them.

In each turret the " Inflexible " has two 81-ton guns (16 inch), standing parallel. The inner diameter of the turrets is 8.53 m., outer 10.51 m. The lower edge of the gun-portholes lies 3.66 m. above the load-line, and 3.36 m. above the waterline (fighting waterline) ; the axis of the gun-barrel 4.41 m. above the load-line. The guns are as before, Armstrong muzzle-loaders, and are mounted upon a sliding-carriage, which in its turn rests on a great lever : this, as well as the trunnions of the guns, is connected with hydraulic apparatus. As soon as the shot is delivered (with elevation at will), the gun rolls back on its slide, which is lowered by the lever beneath, and takes the angle of depression necessary for loading (11°), that is, the muzzle sinks for 11° before an aperture in the deck exactly corresponding to it,and also provided with rifling. The accompanying sketch should make this clear. Then a sponger resting in the roof of the lower main-deck is brought up by hydraulic pressure into the gun which lies in the loading position. By means of a very simple hand-lever the loader manages the hydraulic sponger, and moves it up and down several times in the bore. Since the sponger is hollow, it is used at the same time to wash out the gun. A metal plate is fixed on the fore-end of the sponger, and upon this plate is a projection ; when the head of the sponger, which revolves, enters the muzzle, the projection is pushed back by the contact, and a stream of water shoots out with considerable force in front of the sponger, which continues until the sponger is brought out again and the projection is pushed forward again. It is true, this very simple and ingenious invention has a disadvantage : for as soon as

the sponger has come out, all the water which has been sprinkled into the bore pours out upon those standing below, or at least about them, so that a long fight might provide wet entertainment for the loading crew. If we add that four guns in all are at work, the atmosphere would in time become rather damp on the lower deck from the constant succession of cascades. Another question also arises, which Admiral Foley himself suggested. Would not the frequent washing make the bore so smooth that with the necessary depression the colossal shot would find no hold within, and when the rammer came out would slide out too? This is a serious question, which only the future can solve.

As soon as the gun is loaded the barrel is hydraulically raised again, receives its elevation, and is run out by hydraulic pressure, as the lever raises from below the carriage which rests upon it and so rolls the gun forward. The four guns can fire in any direction except aft; in that direction only two can fire at once.

From the "Inflexible" we passed on to the "Dreadnought," which is nearly the same, or rather stands between the "Devastation" class and the "Inflexible." It is smaller in size and carries only two 38-ton guns in each turret. Otherwise the arrangements are the same as on the "Inflexible." The turrets are similarly turned by steam, and within them the guns lie each on its own sliding-carriage. Both ships carry fish-torpedoes, which they can discharge from the sides, under water or above. The "Dreadnought" on the whole made a more pleasing and comfortable impression than the "Inflexible"; in particular, the officers' quarters and the Admiral's, very lofty, light, large and pleasant. The "Dreadnought" is quite ready for sea, and will doubtless make a voyage before long. We next proceeded to the new great docks, which have been dug by convicts and are of enormous dimensions. It is expected that they will be ready in seven or eight years.

In casting a glance back over the preceding pages, and especially the parts connected with artillery, we shall find, I think, that the muzzle-loading system demands a great number of very complicated machines (very pretty, too, no doubt), which again take up a great deal of room. These are, of course, not wanted with breech-loading, and their place is left free for other purposes. That breech-loading must come in seems to be the universal opinion of army and navy. Of course the introduction of the breech-loader implies a complete change of all the existing elements, both in men and in material, and this will be a giant's task, the realisation of which lies in the future and will need many years to carry out.

(Signed) WILHELM, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KAISER AND KING

No. 7.

(*See pages* 245, 246)

PRINCE WILHELM TO KAISER WILHELM I

Confidential *Winter Palace,* 18.v. 1884

Report on my Reception and the Ceremony of Taking the Oath by the Grand Ducal Heir to the Throne

My journey was broken only by changing at Wirballen, and a guard of honour there supplied from the 5th Dragoons (Courland Regiment), and I arrived at Petersburg on the 17th at 6 p.m. At the station appeared all the Grand Dukes, young and old, in full-dress uniform; those who had Prussian uniforms, in those. I was received and welcomed most warmly and heartily. A guard of honour from the Sheménov Regiment of Life Guards made a very smart and excellent impression. The men's faces were remarkably handsome, since men are chosen for this regiment just because of their good looks. I went with the Grand Duke Vladimir to the Winter Palace, where his Majesty greeted me in an uncommonly friendly way; he wore the uniform of the Tsar Alexander's Regiment. I handed your letter to his Majesty, and he, after a short conversation in which he enquired earnestly after you, returned to his palace, whither I followed soon with the Grand Duke Sergius to a family dinner. The whole royal family was assembled there. Her Majesty the Tsaritsa looked charming, and showed hearty and winning kindness to me, which almost abashed me; so did the others. The dinner was very lively and informal, and afterwards we danced, not only the young people but also the Tsaritsa with the little heir to the throne. He is indeed small for his age, but lively, brisk, and resolute, and has much in his looks of both parents. This morning, I drove to the tomb of the old Tsar in the fortress, and I believed myself to be carrying out your wishes when I laid a wreath upon his sarcophagus. I must admit that a feeling of grief crept over me for the time, as I stood by the grave of a monarch so amiable, who was always friendly disposed to us. After paying my various visits, I went out to the Prussian reception in the apartments where you last stayed, at the corner towards the Neva—they are just opposite my own—and distributed the insignia of the orders together with your Imperial letter, in the presence of his Majesty and the family. Hereupon the Tsar bade me follow him, and he reviewed all the detachments of troops drawn up in the different reception rooms. These made an excellent impression; it was impossible not to think that in the mass the Russian uniform really looks quite well. I felt most at home with the Pavlovsk Regiment with their Grenadier caps. From each regiment of Guards, and from the line-regiments stationed in the capital, came two parties with the colours. In

the morning I had already met different detachments bringing the colours to the Winter Palace. The troops had grey cloaks, leather equipment—an unpolished pouch on the right side—and a bashlik with one strap crossed over the other. Bearing and manual exercise in the street were as slack and dawdling as they were smart and good in the palace, where the troops stood without cloak. The detachment from the Nobles' Guard and the Horseguards were quite magnificent: the men all spick and span, slim and straight as tapers. The detachments of sailors were also very clever and attractive; they wear the ribbon of the George round their caps for distinction in war. After the troops had been inspected, we returned to the assembly-room, and I had a moment to change into Russian uniform. . . . . When I appeared again, his Majesty the Tsar informed me in the kindest terms that being delighted by my presence and by your consideration he had made me Colonel of the 1st regiment of the 22nd Division, Viborg No. 85, and that this had been announced to the troops in the orders of the day. A procession was now formed, in which I had the honour to be the partner of Her Majesty the Queen of Greece. We walked through all the halls, while the band gave the national anthem, to the Castle Chapel, where the religious ceremony took place. After a long and beautiful service, the little heir to the throne stepped forward and read the oath with loud, firm and vigorous voice. The royal personages, and we all, were deeply moved, and tears fell from the Tsar's eyes as this went on. After the final chant, the train proceeded to another hall, where all the colours were collected. After her Majesty with the Grand Duchesses had mounted the steps of the throne, and taken their places, the standard-bearer of the Cossacks came forward, and at a small altar swore the military oath to the heir to the throne. When the ceremony was ended the nearest band played the March of the Colours—the same which is used by the first Regiment of Guards at the march past—and the colours marched by us back to their detachments; then the train returned to the living-apartments, and we soon dispersed.

Now for a few more notes. First I wish to say that your idea in sending me here has been received by all with the most deep and undisguised satisfaction, which was shown clearly in my reception. The public opinion seems to be favourable. The royal family, especially their Majesties, are very much beloved. I have not yet been able to speak with the Tsar alone; to-day I shall meet M. de Giers and discharge myself of your commissions. The *démenti* on the Bulgarian business in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* seems to have a very calming effect here, since it did not seem clear what would come of it.

WILHELM, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

No. 8

(*See page* 247)

PRINCE WILHELM TO KAISER WILHELM I

Secret *Winter Palace*, 19.v.1884

Report on a Conversation with the Tsar held this Morning

When I drove to his Majesty this morning, to report myself in my new uniform, as Chief of the Viborg Regiment, No. 85, he received me with extreme graciousness, and indirectly suggested the wish that I should not miss Moscow. As I had heard that great value was laid upon that in the public mind, and knew that his Majesty regarded the idea with pleasure, I believed that I should act according to your intentions if I should fulfil this wish : and so much the more, as it could be fulfilled within the limits allowed by you. If all goes well, with God's help I shall be able to report myself to you on the 28th. Now I soon managed to find an opportunity (as you wished) to set his Majesty at rest about the Bulgarian business, which I went into quite freely and openly. I told him in general what it all meant, and what position you and the Prince our Chancellor had taken towards it from the beginning, and how you handled it afterwards. Of course, there could be no question of marriage, and the Empire has no concern with the Prince and his country—at any rate, not so much that you should allow the Bulgarians to disturb your friendly relations with the Tsar and his house. This announcement seemed to cause a great and visible satisfaction to the Tsar, who heaved a real sigh of relief. He declared, in the tone of a friend deceived and disillusioned, that he had quite miscalculated as to the Prince of Bulgaria, who had for a time, behaved very nicely and reasonably, but had then tuned another string to his fiddle, and at last had so demeaned himself to him that there was an end of everything. He had brought very many unpleasantnesses upon the Russian government, and spent a great deal of their money. Besides, the Prince had shown himself very ungrateful towards him, and had allowed himself to be found out in different untruths. The Tsar had come to the conclusion that he was doing no good, and he ended with the words : " Je crois qu'il ne restera plus très longtemps là bas." At this I took leave to answer that perhaps there was no great mischief in that. His Majesty thanked me heartily that I had spoken so frankly to him, and bade me thank you especially that you had been so gracious as to have him properly informed, which he regarded as a new proof of your friendly feelings doubly precious to him, and bade me to beseech you to stand by him in future.

WILHELM, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

No. 9

(*See page* 243)

FROM GENERAL VON SCHWEINITZ, AMBASSADOR IN ST. PETERSBURG, TO THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR, PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

(*Strictly Confidential*) *St. Petersburg, May* 20, 1884.

His Royal Highness Prince William had conversations yesterday morning with his Majesty the Emperor and in the afternoon with M. de Giers. His Royal Highness has not spoken to me about what took place, but both the Emperor and the Foreign Minister made communications to me towards the evening.

His Majesty observed amongst other things: "Tout ce que le Prince m'a dit m'a énormément plu*; his view of things is very just; he shows an intelligent interest in everything, and I am greatly pleased with the conversation I had with him. I am grateful to the German Emperor for the attention he has shown in despatching this unexpected mission."

M. de Giers concluded his communication with these words: "Le Prince s'exprime bien; il entre tout à fait dans les idées du Prince Bismarck; l'Empereur en est extrêmement content. Il doit comprendre que notre politique est la bonne," and he added, "la seule possible."†

V. SCHWEINITZ

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* "All that the Prince said to me pleased me immensely."

† "The Prince expresses himself well. He is in thorough accord with the views of Prince Bismarck; the Emperor is extremely satisfied. He must know that our existing policy is sound and the only one that is possible."

No. 10

(*See page* 248)

PRINCE WILHELM TO KAISER WILHELM I

Winter Palace, 21.v.1884

Secret

Report on the Inspection of Kronstadt

Yesterday morning at 9 a.m. we set sail on a charming yacht built in England, the "Strelna," under the guidance of Grand Admiral the Grand Duke Alexei, to Kronstadt. The weather was altogether favourable, without wind and the sun shining warm. Shortly before Kronstadt, we were met by Admiral Schwartz, Commandant of the place and all the ships. We first ran outside the protecting wall, which is still partly of wood, and that quite rotten. Arrived at the entry to the harbour, we transferred to a delightful and very

well-kept steam-launch with covered cabin, which also belonged to the Grand Admiral. We ran along the inner side of the harbour wall, here built of square stone blocks, past the armoured ship "Grand Admiral," turret-ship "Peter the Great," on to the armoured ship "Vladimir Monomach." A cruiser intended for the high seas, she carries her battery on the upper deck, like a smooth-decked corvette, and the guns were arranged as follows :—

(*a*) The Admiral's great stern-cabin, 2 long 15 cm. guns (20 calibres long), trained for stern-fire.

(*b*) Directly before the entry to the poop, in half-turrets built out, 2 short 17 cm. guns.

(*c*) In the Battery, 8 15 cm. guns (20 calibres long), for stern fire.

(*d*) In half turrets built out between battery and forecastle, 2 short 17 cm. guns, for chase and bow-fire forwards.

(*e*) Right forward under the forecastle 2 15 cm. guns (20 calibres long), for bow-fire.

In all 16 guns.

Of these, four to be used for stern-fire and four for bow-fire. The 15 cm. guns, 20 calibres long, have worn excellently, and have given admirable results, especially at 2,000 to 3,000 metres; to that they are now about to bring the short 17 cm. guns to the same proportion of 20 calibres. The quarters in the ship were very lofty and airy. Especially the large Officers' Mess, which occupies the whole space aft under the Admiral's cabin, where one can walk about comfortably with helm and plume without striking the deck. Forward the ship is fitted for torpedo-fire some four feet above the waterline. She is to receive 30 officers in all and shortly to set out on a voyage.

We went next to the "Peter the Great," which is of the same type as the "Devastation," which I took leave to describe to you in my report from England in the year 1880. Then we went round the naval port, and saw monitors with one and two turrets lying there in rows. Armoured gunboats, for a heavy gun, like our "Wasp" class, only larger, much wider in the beam and therefore no doubt more seaworthy. All lay in the first reserve. Besides, there were different cruisers and despatch-boats destined for service in the Mediterranean and the Pacific, with special service ships for gunnery petty officers, and ships' boys. The trading-port was packed full of large steamers, all busy with loading or unloading, a picture of brisk activity. We landed, entered the waiting carriages, and drove past the depôts and storehouses (*Equipages*, corresponding fairly to our "Divisions"). There are six of these, each containing 1,500 men. We saw the great dock, which Peter the Great laid out; great magazines for stores. Also the club house of the naval officers and the garrison, with a huge

fine hall for dancing. The torpedo school, where they seem to have lately discovered a liquid (brownish-red in colour), of which very small quantities have an explosive power 100 times stronger than dynamite (! ?), a specimen of which was shown to me in the shape of an iron plug which was burst out at the top just like a mushroom. Then we saw the vast arsenal, which contains weapons and shot of oldest and newest construction. Ordinary Hotchkiss, one-barrelled Hotchkiss, Nordenfeldt mitrailleuses, guns of heavier and lighter calibre, piles of shot mostly covered with lead, only very few with copper driving-bands (long shells). In particular, the long shells for the gunboats' guns had three copper rings. Next we went through the different repairing workshops and foundries, and then returned in the launch to the "Strelna" past several delightful yachts belonging to the Tsar. But all were surpassed by the fine large Imperial yacht "Dirshava," which you already know from the meeting in Danzig. We left the naval port, and took course for the outer roads of Kronstadt. We passed many large merchant steamers which lay at anchor awaiting the time when a berth should be free for them in the port. Then we passed between two old stone forts, built of square granite blocks, whose guns fire from three rows of loopholes one above another. These forts, taken from the front, lay in the second line echeloned with the new forts in the first line. The latter are placed some 800 to 1,000 metres further in front, and are built of square granite blocks with strong earthen revetment. These are armed with many guns of heaviest calibre and a number of mortars. They have also armoured roofs, *e.g.*, Fort Milutin has five armoured turrets with guns in them . . . . . Each of the newer forts has also a port of its own, within which the monitors, armoured gunboats and so forth can withdraw at will as soon as the enemy has done them damage. After exploring the place sufficiently we turned and ran back to Petersburg.

WILHELM, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

No. 11

(*See page* 248)

PRINCE WILHELM TO KAISER WILHELM I

Winter Palace, 21.v.1884

Secret

With regard to the Report on Kronstadt, I take leave with all respect to offer certain impressions and remarks, which I have partly learnt from others, partly made for myself.

First, in respect of his Majesty the Tsar. In the course of my visit he has been ever more and more frank and open with me, and I should like to ascribe this in no small degree to our late conver-

sation. He keeps firmly in view the closest friendship with us; however, he has still a certain amount of aversion for Austria, which had to be systematically persuaded out of him, and, indeed, it had to be done gradually, as I myself took leave to say something in the same direction. Conditions are excellent with his two older brothers, the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexei. The latter has changed remarkably for the better. Since he has taken over the naval administration with its heavy responsibility—although at first with the greatest reluctance—he has become much more serious and grave. In my voyage to Kronstadt I had the opportunity to converse at some length with him, and in the course of our talk he touched lightly on the frightful conditions which he found when he took over; in the walk round Kronstadt also he proved to be well acquainted with the different localities, and gave me any information I wanted with the greatest friendliness and frankness.

The Grand Duke Vladimir takes much interest in the troops put under him, and is fully at home in everything which concerns the regulations and military organisation. Yet I hear that he does all this from a feeling of duty, not for love of it, as, indeed, do most of the other Grand Dukes in the services. The *furor militaris*, which with us is traditional in the family and is taken for granted, appears not to exist in them. No less affectionate is the relation of the Tsar with both his uncles, who are both our firm friends. The only danger is, that some clever personality in the Tsar's following, or even in the wider circle of his acquaintance, might drop hostile whisperings in his ear. Against this, I believe, the greatest efforts of our diplomatist should be directed.

The Grand Duke Sergius has latterly occupied a specially isolated position in the family. He is always monosyllabic, always shows a discontented countenance, and is the only one who in my case has never passed beyond the most frigid politeness. The little Elisabeth von Altenburg, by her well-known refusal of the holy kiss, had given bitter offence to the whole family, and the last remains of this feeling have not yet quite disappeared. I had an opportunity to speak with her on this subject, and she admitted to me that she had made a fool of herself, though by false advice of short-sighted priests at home, and for fear of being compelled to change her religion. I reassured her on the last point, and reminded her of the example of the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who has also not become a convert. The latter works magnificently for the German cause, and is greatly beloved in the family and out of it.

As regards the position of Werder, it is not easy to form a clear picture: in any case it is not what it was. The Tsar is, indeed, very polite and friendly towards him, but he never gives him precedence of others in summoning him, nor discourses questions of importance

with him, so the impression is made somehow as if he were rather superfluous here, and General von Schweinitz were quite sufficient. But while General von Schweinitz, on account of his straight, upright, honourable character—which suits the Tsar most particularly—is beloved by all, Werder is rather the darling of certain circles of elderly ladies, who live in the memories of the past, and, therefore, do not like to be parted from him, just as one regrets parting from a favourite old piece of furniture which has become dear to the heart. Amongst these ladies the most prominent is the Grand Duchess Helene Kotschube, the friend and truest admirer of us all, and especially yours, who has overwhelmed me with greetings for you. An especial favourite is Count Herbert Bismarck, who in a short time has become the darling of the whole city. He has by his active energy, and his study of the tendencies and their sources in society here, gained a very accurate knowledge of the views which prevail here, and by his blunt open manner in dealing with eminent personages has contributed very much to the restoration of friendly relations with us.

Maluyev and Tolstoy have remained as good and true Prussians as they always were, and they are known for it. I have not made the acquaintance of the Minister of War; one hears little of him, and when one does hear something, it is usually not of a flattering nature; it seems that he is quite unimportant and quite in the hands of his Chief of the Staff Obrutshev, who is a red republican and a sworn German-hater. He is much distrusted even here.

As I close my reports, I take leave with all respect to express the hope that my modest powers may have succeeded in accordance with your views in contributing a tiny grain for the good of my country and for your contentment, and thereby in helping to establish more firmly the friendly relations of the two countries. To have done this would fill my soul with a proud joy.

WILHELM, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

No. 12

(*See page* 247)

FROM GENERAL VON SCHWEINITZ, AMBASSADOR IN ST. PETERSBURG, TO THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR, PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

(*Strictly Confidential*) *St. Petersburg, May* 21, 1884.

According to the statement of M. de Giers yesterday, his Majesty the Russian Emperor has spoken at length about his conversation with His Royal Highness Prince William, and quite in the same sense as in his talk with me, only in much greater detail.

The Foreign Minister recalled that in the report, which he delivered to the Emperor after his visit to Friedrichsruh, he wrote about your Highness's conceptions and views exactly what the Prince now says, or what is already in part happily realized. The Emperor added this: that he had recognized the truth of the point, clearly laid down, as it appears, by the Prince, that the three of us must unite to wage war against the Revolution; furthermore the Emperor informed his Minister what the Prince had said about Bulgaria, which was in complete and often literal accord with what your Highness expressed to M. de Giers. "Finally," said the Minister, "the talk was very largely about family affairs, which are naturally withdrawn from my criticism."

His Royal Highness attended to-day a military display at Gatchina. To-morrow he will receive the Austro-Hungarian and French Ambassadors and the Danish Ambassador, von Vind, who is about to be transferred to Berlin; he will lunch with the Emperor at midday and proceed in the evening to Moscow.

V. SCHWEINITZ

No. 13

(*See page 247*)

FROM COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK, SECRETARY TO THE EMBASSY AT ST. PETERSBURG, TO THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR, PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

St. Petersburg, May 22, 1884.

I was with Giers just now, to take leave of him, and will make use of the ten minutes remaining before the courier goes to write you some hasty lines.

Giers said: "I wish good luck to whoever it was who had the idea of sending Prince William. We cannot be too grateful to him.* The Emperor is entirely taken up with him. He has expressed himself about the Prince with affection and the highest appreciation. In my audience I made no progress in the transaction of business. The Emperor talked all the time of Prince William. I have never known him speak so continuously. He is at other times extremely taciturn. I told the Emperor there was nothing new to me in what the Prince had said. The Chancellor had said it all to me before at Friedrichsruh, but, in order not to paint the picture in too rosy colours, I had in the consciousness of my responsibility

* Marginal note by the Emperor William I: "Il faut que j'accepte le compliment! W." (I must accept the compliment.)

perhaps somewhat understated the reality in my report at the time: j'avais un peu baissé la note.* But now nothing better could have happened than that the Prince should talk confidentially with the Emperor Alexander, who is so susceptible to frankness once his confidence is secured, and that confidence the Prince has won in a high degree. How deep the impression of his words on the Emperor has been you may gather from the following: "Vous savez que nous ne portons pas dans notre cœur l'Autriche, il y a trop de pierres d'achoppement et de différences de vues entre nous, surtout pour le polonisme et le catholicisme; l'Empereur n'a pas de sympathie pour les Autrichiens, nous nous n'arrangeons avec eux que pour des raisons politiques. Cependant l'Empereur m'a dit avant-hier: 'le prince Guillaume s'est très-bien exprimé, il nous faut un lien d'amitié et une entente à trois pour combattre les flots d'anarchie.' C'est la premiére fois que l'Empereur a dit 'à trois'; habituellement il a toujours dit 'à deux' et même accentué l'entente à deux. Voilà un grand triomphe du prince Guillaume; il est arrivé dans deux jours à un point où toute notre diplomatie n'a pas pu amener l'Empereur dans six mois."†

Giers was radiant with satisfaction. He said, "Vous auriez dû entendre l'Empereur comme il parle de votre jeune prince et de tout ce que celui a dit au compte du prince de Bulgarie."‡

I am very glad about all this. The Prince is really excellent.

HERBERT

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* "I had lowered the pitch slightly."

† "You know that we do not wear Austria in our heart of hearts. There are too many obstacles and divergences of views between us—especially on Polonism and Catholicism. The Emperor has no sympathy with the Austrians; we only come to terms with them for political reasons. However, the Emperor said to me yesterday: 'Prince William expressed himself very well. We need a bond of friendship and a triple *entente* to combat the waves of anarchy.' That is the first time the Emperor has said 'triple.' He has always and habitually said 'dual' and even accentuated the dual alliance. This is a great triumph for Prince William. In two days he has reached a point to which all our diplomacy has failed to bring the Emperor in six months."

‡ "You ought to have heard how the Emperor speaks of your young Prince, and all that he said about the Prince of Bulgaria."

No. 14

(*See page* 247)

PRINCE WILHELM TO KAISER WILHELM I

Secret *Winter Palace, 22 May*, 1884

Dear Grandpapa,

Count Herbert Bismarck has just left me, and he brought me such a comforting piece of news, that I cannot help telling you of it at once.

Count Bismarck informed me that yesterday M. de Giers came to him in a state of joyous excitement, and gave him the following information. The day before yesterday, he says, when he went to make his report, the Tsar would not let him get so far, but spoke with him long and vivaciously about my late conversation, described in my second report, and showed himself so pleased about it that de Giers was quite astounded. But even that was not enough; since his Majesty came to the throne, he has never yet spoken of Austria otherwise than unfavourably, of course never suggesting any alliance with that country. But yesterday, for the first time since his accession, the Tsar used the word "three" in regard to the friendship of the monarchs, and explained that I had made that especially attractive to him by a symbol, that the three Empires must stand together as a three-sided bastion against the stormy billows of anarchy and liberalising democracy. This was an expression which the Prince, our Imperial Chancellor, used to me in my last interview, and which seemed to me so pregnant that I resolved to make use of it again. Now it seems quite to have done its duty. It was just this comparison, said M. de Giers, which gave extraordinary satisfaction to the Tsar, and has influenced him for the first time to speak of a friendship and common action for the "three Empires." Hitherto the question concerned only ourselves and Russia, and no one durst mention the Austrian Kaiser. M. de Giers finished by saying that in general the Tsar had become *ex abrupto* free and unrestrained, as he had never seen him before. If this change, so sudden and so encouraging, should really be due in part to my efforts, I should indeed heartily rejoice, for I should then have succeeded in following out your imperial intentions for the good of our country. The Tsar has also openly given signs of his especial favour and friendship for us. For example, at the great dinner for the heir to the throne, he had given orders that all Grand Dukes who possessed the Order of the Black Eagle should wear it, and he wore it himself on that occasion. So also yesterday at Gatchina, at the regimental festival of the Tsaritsa's Cuirassiers, he first proposed the

regiment's health, then the Colonel proposed the Tsar's, whereupon the latter lifted his glass again and invited the whole regiment to drink my health ; I was so taken by surprise, and unmanned by my feelings, that I stood there a moment as if thunderstruck, and before I could recover myself, the Tsar stepped up to me and pressed my hand in the most hearty fashion.

From all these signs I believe I may assert distinctly that he has really taken a liking to me, and given me open proofs of true friendship : which fills me with the happiest gratitude.

WILHELM, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

No. 15

(*See page* 249)

FROM A LETTER OF COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK, SECRETARY TO THE EMBASSY AT ST. PETERSBURG, TO THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR, PRINCE VON BISMARCK

St. Petersburg, May 24, 1884

Prince William has had a great success here. Schweinitz told me that he has lived to see a great many Princes on their travels and visits, but never knew of one who made so deep an impression. When the late Emperor returned from Plevna, the streets were not nearly so crowded and full of excitement as the day before yesterday, when our Prince drove with Alexander III in an open carriage to the railway station.

H. BISMARCK

No. 16

(*See page* 252)

TELEGRAM FROM PRINCE WILHELM, 27 MAY, 1884, TO TSAR ALEXANDER III

To His Majesty the Tsar.

As I leave Russia I pray your Majesty to accept my most profound appreciation of the reception which your Majesties, together with the members of your families, have thought good to give me. Penetrated with sincere gratitude, and charmed with all that your Majesty's goodness has allowed me to see at Moscow, with which I am truly charmed, I shall always account this first visit to Russia amongst the best memories of my life. I add my most sincere congratulations for to-day.

WILHELM, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

No. 17

(*See page* 247)

TELEGRAM FROM TSAR ALEXANDER III, 11 MARCH, 1887, TO PRINCE WILHELM

I am deeply touched by your affectionate remembrance of my birthday. I have not forgotten our interviews at Brest-Litovsk, and I keep a sincere friendship for you as I thank you cordially for your prayers and congratulations.

ALEXANDER

No. 18

(*See page* 281)

PRINCE WILHELM TO DR. GEORG HINZPETER

San Remo, 11.xi.1887

Dear Doctor,

The sentence of the physicians has been given; the frightful fate, which for a few initiated persons has long been standing a threatening spectre in the background, has fulfilled itself! According to the verdict finally given to-day by the doctors, my father is incurably sick of cancer, and no human power can now save him! It has, indeed, gone so far, that the great operation which Bergmann wanted in the spring could do no good. This morning his fate was clearly announced to him by the assembled gentlemen. Standing upright, unbowed, looking the speaker straight in the eye, he received the announcement. Without a tremor or the slightest movement he thanked them for their care and attention, and dismissed them; dumb and astonished they departed from the hero, still engrossed with his character, as he showed himself the true Hohenzoller and great soldier. When we were with him later, it was he who comforted us with gently smiling looks, as we, no longer masters of ourselves, were dissolved in tears! What a man! May God but grant him as little pain as possible in this frightful, unexampled end to his life! I would never have believed that tears are a relief, for I never knew tears before; but to-day I have felt how they lighten the frightful pain! Must it needs be he, just he, who is to suffer this agony? A blow, a bullet, anything would be better than this most horrible of all evils; I can hardly comprehend it yet. Enough for to-day.

Your truly devoted pupil,

WILHELM, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

No. 19

(*See page* 295)

Crown Prince Wilhelm to Kaiser Frederick III

28.v.1888

Dearest Papa,

I take leave to trouble you with a most respectful question. My brigade manœuvres to-morrow for the last time in the district of the Tegeler Heath, and finishes with the storming of the Charlottenburg Bridge over the Berlin to Spandau Canal. May I, perhaps, if this would amuse you, without disturbing you in any way, on the way home lead my troops past your window? Either in front of the Castle, or better perhaps through the park, along the road? No one knows anything of this plan. We could begin the fight at 7.30 and be able to pass about 10.30. May I beg for a simple Yes or No by the orderly?

With 1,000 greetings,

Your True and Obedient Son

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Wyman and Sons, Ltd., Printers, London, Reading and Fakenham.

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